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Poetry.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth the poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,
And, lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

A FAMILY JAR.

Mary an' me hez hed a row,
An' the house seems dark an' gray,
An' they ain't no light a-fallin'
Where sunbeams uster play.
The leetle birds ain't singin'
'N the cat's fergot to mew,
An' the clouds are dark and lowerin'
An' I'm jes' feelin' blue.

She's allers been a lovin' wife,
Who allers did her best—
Was allers bright an' cheerful,
An' never stopped to rest.
She's all the time a singin',
An' her voice is sweet an' true,
But I ain't no use fer singin'
When I'm a feelin' blue.

'Twas only yest'dy mornin'
Thet fust I tu'k the bit,
An' stopped my Mary's singin',
An' she ain't singin' yit.
I've allers been some cranky—
All knows that's nothin' new—
But danged ef I'll have singin'
When I'm a feelin' blue.

I'll wait till she quits poutin'
An' then I'll be so kind,
Thet thoughts o' rows and trubbles
Will vanish from her mind.
But when all things is settled,
I know thet she will rue
The time she kep' a-singin'
When I woz feelin' blue.
—Minneapolis Journal.

THE SAD STORY OF ELDER JONES.

There never was a better man
Than Elder Simon Jones,
He reeked with goodness, even to
The marrow in his bones;
And he'd have been beatified
Long years ago, I know,
But for his fatal tendency
To say: "I told you so."

No matter what might come to pass,
No shadow of surprise
Was ever seen by any one
In Elder Jones's eyes.
He'd simply listen to the tale
Of gladness and of woe,
And when it all was finished he'd
Remark: "I told you so."

A most exasperating man,
The neighbors all agreed,
They never knew, however good
He was in word and deed;
For when the most unlooked-for things
Had set them in aglow,
The stolid Jones would only nod
And say: "I told you so."

Well, finally the elder died,
As even good men must,
His mortal frame was laid away
To mingle with the dust.
But when his soul to judgment came,
Its course was turned below,
And all the angels shook their heads,
And sighed: "I told you so."
—Somerville Journal.

Miscellany.

WORLD'S FAIR STORIES.

"I suppose," said a visitor to the Washington state building, "that those apples are but gooseberries compared with some of the other varieties you raise in your state?"

"No, sir," replied the attendant, "those are the biggest apples I ever saw taken from a tree in Washington."

"And those pears?"

"The biggest that ever came over the hills or down a pike in Washington."

"And where are you from?"

"Washington."

"Live there?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are frank enough to admit that these apples and pears are the biggest you ever saw raised in Washington?"

"That's it."

"That is a commendable admission I must admit."

"Well, to tell you the truth, 'stranger,'" confessed the attendant, "I'm going to move to Oregon next week."

Baffin's Bey, of the Turkish village, has learned two things since his arrival in America. He has been taught that grease spots can be removed with a liberal application of gasoline, and that matches can be lighted by drawing their explosive head across one's hip. Baffin's Bey discovered that the most prominent portion of his baggy breeches was spotted with grease. Seating himself on a stool back of Manager Levy's office last week the bey scoured the stain with gasoline. Then in an unmuzzled moment, a day later, he scratched a match upon the seat of trouble. There was a flash, a howl, and one-half of a white suit went up in smoke.

Baffin's Bey is not being wheeled around in a chair. He is not sitting on the lawn. He is not sitting anywhere, in fact. He can't.

There was one copper-skinned man at the international ball who did not waltz or galop. In years gone by it was his custom to make other people dance. This man was old Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux warrior, who has had one leg on a strike ever since the day Custer fell on the Little Big Horn. The old savage looked on the novel spectacle without comment or change of expression on his strong, wrinkled face. There was a time, however, when Rain took "a step or two," but that was always when he and his band were up to some sort of deviltry. A bullet from a carbine of the Seventh cavalry, just as the famous battle was drawing to a close, placed the savage on crutches, and it was with their assistance that he was enabled to stump his way into the picturesque throng in the ballroom.

A Handle to His Name.

"I understand," said a pompous employer to one of his clerks, "that you are in the habit of speaking of me by my Christian name?"

"It is possible that I have done so, sir," answered the clerk, humbly.

"In future you will use the prefix 'Mr.' when alluding to me. I am 'George' only to my friends. Do not forget hereafter that I have a handle to my name."

"I will try to remember," said the clerk. "I know we always say George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Tom Palmer, but these are distinguished men, not every-day people, George—excuse me—Mr. Smythe," and the clerk retired to write out his resignation.—Detroit Free Press.

In the Plaisance.

"Where's your wife to-day, Tom?"

"Played out and in bed with headache. She saw too much yesterday."

"Don't let her work so hard. Make her sit down and rest in one of the state buildings an hour or two every afternoon."

"I guess you don't know my wife, Henry, if you think she's going to sit down and rest after she's paid money to go in."—Exchange.

COL. GRANT'S FAMILY

NOW LIVING QUIETLY IN THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

Col. Fred Grant, Who Looks Very Much Like His Father, and His Talented Children.

Of recent additions to Chicago society few, if any, have received more attention than has the granddaughter of Gen. Grant—Miss Nellie—the daughter of Col. Fred D. Grant, late minister plenipotentiary to the court of Austria-Hungary. Miss Grant is not merely a charming and accomplished young lady; she possesses also a spark of the old fire which has made her grandfather famous in history.

It seems but a short time since this young lady in short skirts used to step briskly along the uneven pavement of Alt Wien on her daily tour to her teachers and lessons. A year ago last winter, at one of the fashionable balls regularly given by her father at the United States legation in Vienna, Miss Grant, then about 17 years of age, made her debut. She has grown to be

MRS. GRANT.

a tall, willowly, graceful young lady, in figure and poise a credit to the Honores (her mother's family). Her symmetrical figure and unconsciously graceful movements attracted general attention. Miss Grant entered society as the daughter of the American minister. This fact at once established her status in the patrician and aristo-

MISS GRANT.

cratic society of the Hapsburg capital. Some months later a Post correspondent while at Vienna, was invited to a dine at the legation. It was an informal affair, strictly en famille. There were a few intimate friends outside of the Grants and the writer. After dinner coffee was served in that interestingly oriental style characteristic of

MASTER GRANT.

life on the beautiful blue Danube, says "C. F. D." in the Chicago Sunday Post.

In the handsomely furnished salon the guests lounged about on easy fauteuils, enjoying the aroma of the Turkish cup of Mocha, while Mrs. Grant, accompanied by her graceful daughter, flitted to and fro, solicitous for the comfort of her guests. Against the background of exotic flowers and artistic appointments in salon and reception rooms appeared in harmonious relief the ever-beautiful Mrs. Grant, on this occasion dressed in a black velvet frock, en traine, cut square and somewhat low at the neck, a pearl necklace of several rows encircling her shapely throat, with a coiffure not intricate but attractive in its simplicity

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS.

and singularly becoming to her beautiful face and Southern temperament.

Mrs. Grant has changed but little since she left America. The exceedingly happy life in gay and refined Vienna has preserved the smoothness of her brow. The small mouth, gentle but sensitive, has not lost the silent influence of saying much without moving the lips. Mrs. Grant speaks in low, suave tones, with a musically modulated voice, carefully trained cadence and pronounciation. She is entirely master of the occasion, many-sided. She speaks German and French fluently.

Miss Grant moves about without affectation. In face she greatly resembles her mother. It is oval, with regular features, inclining to brunette, and frank. A somewhat high forehead shows unmistakable intelligence. The eyes ae verritable mirrors of a big soul—large, blue and deep, looking straight ahead with confidence and hope. She speaks fluently, albeit with a slight lisp in the echo of an otherwise musical cadence. She appears like some tender plant in a beautiful garden, with thoughtful gardeners watching this budding flower.

Col. Grant's boy, too, now a smart lad, with an air of schooled refinement, seems to possess a turn, and for military matters. I was not a little amused to hear his opinion on the armies of Europe. Of the German and Austrian soldiers he speaks in highest terms. The latter, he thinks, use soap freely, and frequently appear clean and neat, in spite of their trousers, which are baggy and several sizes too long. The Turkish army, however, he considers "a lot of cowboys with dudes for officers." This is the most striking and concise opinion I ever heard, and knowing as I do the Turks, I was not a little amused to hear this fetching criticism from the lips of a lad scarce 14.

THE LITTLE SIN.

A little thought of doubtful kin
Came housed himself my heart within,

And spied about and furled his wings
And tried my heart's long silent strings,

And to the sound he wakened there
I sung a song upon the air—

A song and songs, and ever more,
I never sung so sweet before—

Until a whisper came and stayed
The sweetest songs I ever made,

And told me 'twas a very sin
Had himself so snug within!

And so I took that busy sprite
That was my helper and delight,

And drove him far before my fears
And cleansed his dwelling with my tears.

But since I turned him out of door
I sing my happy songs no more.
—From "My Book of Songs," Maude E. King.

GEN. BURD GRUBB,

Eastern Candidate for Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R.

The G. A. R. national encampment at Indianapolis will witness a great gathering of its members. The programme includes the reception of the naval veterans on the Kearsarge; the meeting of the Naval Veterans' association; reception by Governor Matthews to the commander-in-chief and department officers at the statehouse; G. A. R. parade; sessions of all the national bodies, for several days; election of officers.

Gen. Burd Grubb, ex-minister to Spain, is the candidate of the East, for the office of commander-in-chief. He is a man of middle age, and his

GENERAL BURD GRUBB.

residence is at Edgewater Park, N. J., about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. He commanded the City Troop for a number of years, and is a well known figure in Philadelphia society. His inherited fortune is extensive, and he is a large owner in one of the great coal mines of the Lehigh Valley.

In 1889 Gen. Grubb, who earned the title of colonel in Phil Kearney's famous brigade, was the Republican candidate for governor of New Jersey; but he was defeated by Leon Abbett. President Harrison appointed him minister to Spain, and it was while abroad that he first met his bride, Miss Violet Sopwith, daughter of a prominent Englishman.

His marriage with this lady created considerable interest, and was an elaborate affair which took place at London. Gen. Grubb's wife is a great beauty.

NEWSPAPER FUN.

People who blow their own horns seldom furnish good music for other folks.—Ram's Horn.

If this thing goes much further the solid silver watch will be ashamed to look the plated kind in the face.—Buffalo Courier.

Dimling—"Why did you leave the lecture platform, Larkin?" Larkin—"Well, I was egged on to take that step."—Life's Calendar.

"There goes Van Dabble, the artist. Is he rising in his profession?" "O, yes. Why, he has got so he can borrow five or ten dollars at a time."—Life.

Bartender—"Say, boss, there's going to be a bread riot here to-day." Publican—"Great Scott! Tell the brewery to double our order."—Detroit Tribune.

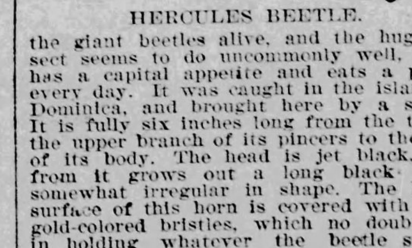
Crummer—"I always hate to go to a party at Murdison's. Mrs. Murdison works so hard to make people feel at ease that she makes everybody uncomfortable."—Truth.

The Bible plainly states the duty of Congress when it says: "Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay." This means a roll call on the repeal bill without any unnecessary speeches.—Galveston News.

A HERCULES BEETLE HERE.

Big Insect Thriving in the Natural History Museum.

The Hercules beetle (Dynastes Hercules), one of the largest species of the Coleoptera or beetle family, is frequently seen in the cases of the entomologist, but 't is seldom that one is seen alive in New York. Just at present Wm. Beutenmuller, professor of entomology at the Natural History museum at New York, has one of



HERCULES BEETLE.

the giant beetles alive, and the huge insect seems to do uncommonly well, as it has a capital appetite and eats a peach every day. It was caught in the island of Dominica, and brought here by a sailor. It is fully six inches long from the tip of the upper branch of its pincers to the end of its body. The head is jet black, and from it grows out a long black horn, somewhat irregular in shape. The lower surface of this horn is covered with deep gold-colored bristles, which no doubt aid in holding whatever the beetle seizes. Another but shorter horn grows out from the thorax, and the two form a powerful pair of pincers, with the body for a handle.

The elytra, or wing covers, are of a dirty dapple gray, while the under part of the body is black. There are six powerful legs armed with claws, which easily sink into the human flesh, while a nip from the pincers is a thing to be remembered, even when the insect has only begun to pinch. Professor Beutenmuller has the beetle in his departmental room in the museum.

Legally Certain.

Lord d'Masse—You have no marriage settlements in the states, I hear.

Miss Harcourt—No, but we have something far better.

Lord d'Masse—Aw—what?

Miss Harcourt—Allimony.—Vogue.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

The master's face is wrinkled now,
His thin, dark hair is turning gray;
Deep furrows of the unseen plow
Are on his forehead. Who can stay
The clock of time and make it slow
And lengthen out his holiday?

His ears are dull, his eyes are dim,
He bends beneath a load of years;
With feeble step and faltering limb,
He gropes along a vale of tears,
And soon the bell will ring for him
A summons from the heavenly spheres.

He is a good, old, faithful man,
Worn with hard study, toil and care;
His head was ever sound to plan,
His heart another's grief could share.
"Each one should do the best he can,"
He wrote in copy round and fair.

The old schoolhouse is standing now,
O'ergrown with moss, upon the green,
And the inhospitable bough
That furnished rods, looks bare and mean—
It shivers in the winds that blow,
And whispers of things that have been.

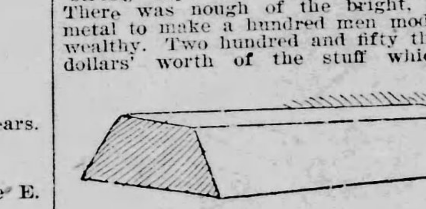
A fountain sparkles from the hill,
Adown the rocks the waters race,
And fancy deems the trickling rill
A tear stream on Dame Nature's face;
For school is out, and some are still,
And this is a deserted place.

We who survive are pupils yet,
How many teachers we have had;
Prosperity and scathing Debt—
Masters that made us poor and sad;
Affliction, that made faces wet,
And Hope and Joy, that made us glad.
—George W. Bungay.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Shining Bars of Gold Taken Into Wall Street.

It is tantalizing to the poor man to read about the gold which arrived from Europe on the steamship Saale and taken to the United States assay office in Wall street, says the New York Recorder. There was nough of the bright, shining metal to make a hundred men moderately wealthy. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the stuff which has



SPECIMEN GOLD BRICK.

caused men to commit all the crimes on the calendar came across the ocean in small wooden boxes, bound with steel bands. Most of the metal was in bars, 10x3 1-2x2 inches in size, and each bar is valued at $8,000. There were also some odd little bricks of the precious stuff, several of which could easily be carried in your coat pocket, which were worth $2,000 apiece. In another room there was $150,000 worth of the same metal, in bricks of a more solid shape. Several pieces had been chipped from the corners of many of the bricks for the use of the assayers.

But the more curious of the exhibits which arrived on the Saale is a bushel of Spanish gold pieces. These coins are valued at $145,000. A strong man like Sandow could have shouldered that bushel of coin and walked away with it, but he would have had to rest before going a block. The government officials are already engaged in melting the bars and changing them into $5, $10 and $20 pieces. It is quite a curious thing in Wall street to see a heavy truck drive up to the door of the assay office, upon the bottom of which lies a slab of gold weighing 80 pounds. Brokers pass by without looking at Uncle Sam's gold, but strangers look upon the gleaming bars with covetous eyes.

BELTS OF LEATHER.

Some Pretty Styles That May Be Worn With Shirt Waists.

The popularity of the belts made of gilt military ribbon, with a filagree gilt buckle, promised for awhile to throw leather belts into the shade. But it was soon found that the gilt straps were not appropriate for all seasons and occasions, and presently the shops were selling leather belts again. With women of taste nothing ever does take the place of the leather belt to be worn with a linen or cheviot shirt waist.

The single straps and the laced up girdles, which were well liked last summer, are to be found everywhere. The especial novelty in shape is shown in the copies of the silken girdls made of narrow ribbons, which have been in vogue during the last winter.

These new belts are made of five strips of leather joined flatly on the hips, where ornamental buckles are placed, and sloping wider toward the center of the front, where an upright leather covered whalebone keeps the strips in proper girdle shape. In the back is a solid narrower girdle of the leather. This style of belt can be bought in light tan leather for 70 cents, in block seal for $1.25, and in fine dark blue pebbled morocco for $1.69.

Such a belt is suitably worn with a silk shirt waist in the morning. When a linen negligee shirt is donned, the narrow straight belt with the square buckle is preferred.

The staight belts are made either of

SOME NEW BELTS.

suede or goatskin, in almost all colors, are not wider than an inch and a half and are stitched upon the edges. Similar ones in white pebbled morocco or in white suede, having gilt prongs to the white buckle, are extermely swell for dressier occasions, and cost from $2 upward.

Many young girls have begun to adopt the straps which adorn their brothers' outing costumes. These have big rings on either side and a square buckle in front, and are more popular in deep orange leather than in anything else. But they are very difficult to obtain at all in sizes small enough for "sweet and twenty." They are frequently bought in the larger sizes for 90 cents or less and altered by a harnessmaker for 50 cents to the proper size.

A Tank.

The Rev. Mr. Harps (solemnly)—Brother Isaac, are you not aware what a terrible thing it is to take an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains?

Alkali Ike—Wal, I dunno, Parson. Ye see, I avoid all the trouble by admittin' a whole procession at a time, and sorter lettin' 'em fight among themselves for the swag.—Puck.

Quite Truthful.

She—Oh, George, dear, I never loved any man but you!

He—But, Muriel—they told me that you had already been married and divorced.

She—Why, yes; but I didn't love him, or I wouldn't have got a divorce, don't you see.—Puck.

The Dire Result.

Tightpurse (who has been resisting a demand for a loan)—Well, if I should lend you $10 what would you do?

The Borrower (waxing indignant)—Think it a case of mistaken identity.—Chicago Record.

Accounted For.

"Is that Dr. Breadpills who has never lost but two cases?"

Gaffs—I guess it is; he's been hunting for the last two years to find one, anyway.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sure Recompense.

"Poor Gulper lost his head last night at the club dinner."

"I know; but he's sure to have one twice its size this morning."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Safe Rule.

Guest—So you always want pay in advance now, baggage or no baggage?

Hotel Clerk—Yes. You see, a great deal of money has been lost lately by hotels burning down.—New York Weekly.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR,'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Charles Morgan, who tells the story, returns from a long voyage to visit his father, the rector of Blathford, an English village, in August, 1850. He finds a visitor in the home, Miss Kate Darnley, a clergyman's daughter, and an orphan, and compelled to go out as governess to support herself. She detests the life, and makes many inquiries of Charles as to the opportunities for women who go out to Australia as emigrants, during the week she spends at the rectory with his mother. On a visit to Bristol to an old friend, Captain Bradford, the hero meets Capt. Cadman, of the brig Hebe, which is about starting for the Cape of Good Hope. Her owner, Mr. Fletcher, is to go on the voyage for his health. Morgan distrusts Capt. Cadman, who impresses him as given to double-dealing, while Mr. Fletcher is so pious in his talk as to raise doubts of his sincerity. Morgan is offered the chief mate's place, and accepts. Many things happen to make Morgan uneasy, and finally he overhears them discussing a safe coast to have the brig cast on the rocks and wrecked. It was determined to go ashore at the Salvage Islands, and replenish the stock of water. Fletcher and Morgan went ashore, and when on top of a cliff Fletcher pushed Morgan over, intending to murder him, then went back to the ship, which sailed away. Morgan was caught by a growth of bushes on the face of the cliff, and though scratched and torn, managed to work himself to a place of safety. The next morning a little vessel, manned by a Portuguese and a boy, came from Madeira to load with barilla, a shrub growing on the island, who cared a shrub growing on the island. They gave him food, and would have taken him to Madeira had not they fallen in with the ship Caroline, Capt. Blades, an old friend of Morgan's; and he went in her as mate. On May 1, they spoke the ship Earl of Leicester, making distress signals. In reply to a hail, it was stated that most of the crew had died of a fever, and they begged for aid. Morgan went in a boat to investigate. He went into the cabin to look at the log-book when the companion-way was closed from above, leaving him trapped below. He found the vessel an emigrant ship, with 90 women on board, bound for Australia; that lightning had struck the mast, killing the doctor, blinding the captain, and crazing the mate, who leaped overboard in an access of lunacy, and was drowned. The blind captain was anxious to be put on another vessel, to get back to England for medical advice. While the second mate had taken him for this purpose to a ship they had spoken, a squall separated the vessels, leaving the Earl of Leicester without any one capable of navigating her. Hence the ruse of the men to get Morgan on board.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A fresh breeze was blowing off the starboard beam, a point abaft it. The sky was red-hot from sea line to zenith with the sunset, and under the great orb, poised yet a few degrees above the horizon, the seas were working in blood. The ship had all plain sail on her and was making noble progress. Masses of orange-colored foam broke from her weather bow, and ever the rail to leeward the race was a wide and giddy swirl of froth, whose extremity trembled in a windy sparkle a league astern in the liquid crimson, which down there overhung the blue and breaking surge.

I stood a minute or two at the companion looking up and around to see what the picture was like. This was a fine little ship, her decks sand-white, brass and glass and paint work bright and gleaming, everywhere a finish as of yacht-like precision in smallest details, such as the grating abaft the wheel, the boat fittings, the compass stands, and so on. Her short poop was handsomely railed at its break with brass, where a row of trim buckets were neatly fitted. A central flight of steps led to the quarter-deck.

A couple of seamen patrolled the weather side of the poop; one of them was the dark, high-colored, fisherman-looking fellow; the other a middle-aged man after Brigstock's build and looks, with a sour curl of lip, and a pair of large globular gray eyes, the left lid with a droop that painted a leer upon his countenance. This man I reckoned was looking after the ship in Brigstock's absence, while the other might have been one of the men who had kept the skylight clear. They halted in their pendulum walk on wheeling round and seeing me on deck.

Brigstock exclaimed: "Our new capt'n, Joe; Bill, the new capt'n," on which both men flourished a thumb at their foreheads.

They were attired in the clothes they had shipped with, Joe in a fur cap and a worn monkey jacket; the other in the togs of the sailor end of London. Joe had the appearance of the master of a collier, sturdy, sour, and self-sufficient. Their attire made me suspect that Brigstock—that he might enjoy his temporary command of the ship up to the hilt—had clothed himself in garments left behind by the captain or mates.

"Joe's been hacting as chief officer," said Brigstock, "but the duty han't amounted to much more'n keeping a look-out. He'll do well as second."

I glanced at the men, but said nothing. Small wonder that the Caroline should have been quickly run out of sight in such a breeze as this. Her round bows might thunder out eight with half a gale of wind at her stern, but here was a clipper ship with lines for an easy twelve as the wind now blew, rearing such spacious heights as she did, everything aloft fitting to perfection, everything set with the critical care and eye of true seamanship, not an inch of the lustrous cloths but was doing its work. Yes, the Caroline had long ago faded out of sight like the honest old cask that she was; and then, again, the seamen of this vessel had headed her on a course that was not Blades', whose thoughts would not be of chasing, but of reporting.

I walked to the break of the poop and looked along the decks. I supposed the women had supped; there was no coming and going in the galley, at whose door three or four seamen lounged, smoking and staring aft at me. The decks were not so full as they had shown. Probably half of the emigrants were below, yet those visible made a goodly number as they hung here and there in groups or restlessly walked. It is women's apparel, I suppose, that, by filling the eye, seems to swell a mob of twenty of them into the bulk of forty men.

I stood looking, wondering what was to be the issue of this, the latest of my extraordinary adventures. Brigstock came and posted himself beside me. The man Joe resumed his walk, and the dark, high-colored Bill went forward. I took notice that many of those whom I viewed were young women ranging from eighteen to perhaps thirty years of age. Most had the looks of what you would call upper servants; others suggested the shop and the workroom. Here and there was a refined face. They all seemed in good health, as though picked for the most part, and well treated since they had been in the ship.

The main hatch lay open with a single grating across it. A few girls were seated on the coamings of the hatch, but they got up when they saw me, and then all the women seemed sensible of my presence at the same moment; every face was upturned; a pale girl with dark eyes, clothed in a hat and well-fitting jacket, stepped to under the spot where I stood, and cried out with an hysterical clearness and loudness of voice:

"If you are the captain will you please tell us, sir, what's to become of us?"

"Lady," answered Brigstock, leaning over the rail and speaking with the gravity of a man in the pulpit, "it's not in the captain's power to answer that question, and why? Because he don't yet know himself what our plans are."

"But we know what your plans are," cried the girl, looking around her as though she would summon others to form up and help her with their presence. "They talk, captain, of choosing wives out of our number and settling in an island, and there's them in this ship," she went on, with a scowl on her white brow as she looked around her, "as are base and vile enough to accept the sailors' offers. Oh, sir," she cried, lifting her hands and raising her voice into a harsh, unmusical, wailing note, "if you are a gentleman, as we see you are, you'll sail us to the country we're embarked for. We're many as wishes to have nothing to do with the sailors and who scorns the silly notion of an island."

"Mr. Brigstock," said I, "has told you the truth so far as I am concerned. I have no notion as yet of the men's intentions. Do you know how I was brought into this ship? What's expected of me I've yet to hear. But one thing I hope, indeed I am sure of; whatever the designs of the sailors may be, no mischief is intended you—nothing worse, let me believe, than a delayed voyage. Am I right?" I said, turning upon Brigstock.

"They know," he answered, spreading his square-ended fingers toward the quarter deck as though he blessed the crowd of up-lookers, "that no harm's meant. Yer'll larn all presently, Mr. Morgan, but I wanted jer to take a look round fust."

At this moment I became conscious of being intently watched by a girl who stood alone at the bulwarks abreast of the main hatch. Strange that one out of the many females who were staring at me should catch and fix my eye! I looked and looked again with growing wonder. I said to myself, "Where have I met that girl?" She wore a black and white straw hat with a black ribbon round it, and was dressed in black; her plain robe fitted her so as to yield to the sight most of the graces of her figure. Enough daylight yet lived to see clearly by. I streched my neck and screwed my brow to distinguish the girl, observing that she bowed and smiled, and with some color in her face came along to the poop ladder.

Not until she had reached the foot of the ladder did I recognize her. It was Kate Darnley!

In a moment I ran down to catch her hand and bring her on to the poop deck.

"Heaven preserve us!" I exclaimed, regarding her with amazement; in truth I was so entirely capsized by this sudden encounter that I forgot how to behave myself. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"It is an extraordinary meeting," she answered, with a great deal of color still in her cheeks. "What should I be here but an emigrant? But to find you in the ship!"

I glanced at Brigstock, who had stepped aside on my bringing Kate Darnley up the ladder; he was viewing us with complacency. His mind lay plain in the face: he was glad I had found a friend among the women; the discovery would reconcile me to my situation, perhaps. The women on the main deck looked and talked in asides; curiosity was strong in their countenances, and many of them were smiling.

"Well, I'm junked!" said I. "And yet I remember now you'd sometimes talk a bit darkly of emigrating. I recollect certain questions you put to me when we stood one day watching a streak of sea past ten miles of mud."

"I was without friends and I declined to starve," she answered, speaking quickly, "but I never bargained for this."

I led her aft. When the man named Joe saw me coming to the weather side of the poop, which is the ship's dignity walk, the place for the commander when he's on deck, everybody saving the passengers giving it a wide berth then, he crossed to leeward, joined Brigstock, and they paced athwart ships. Many of the women went some distance forward to watch us, of such importance in the dullness of the sea is any trifle which rises above the nothings of the everyday life spent upon it.

"I scarcely now credit my eyesight," said I. "Your face brings up Blathford, and I smell the sweets of the old garden again, and we're on the river watched by cows and sheep instead of—instead of—But you are looking well. Are not you plumper than you were? But, great guns! what a situation to find you in!"

She kept her dark eyes fastened upon me while I rattled on. Her color had gone, but it brightened again in a soft suffusing bloom when I talked of the sweets of the garden and our river jaunts.

"I am as astonished as you," she exclaimed. "It is a wonderful meeting. But then I have been watching you for some time, and my surprise has not the freshness of yours. Have you been wrecked? Did the sailors find you in an open boat that you're here?"

"Don't you know," said I, "that this morning a bark named the Caroline was spoken by this ship and her mate—myself—courted on board by the most artful infernal lie ever uttered by a respectable pious seaman?"

"All I know is this," she answered; "a vessel was sighted this morning, and when it was understood she was steering for us the sailors told us to go below, and covered up the hatches, and there they kept us for three or four hours till some of us were nearly dead with the heat and vile air."

I now told her my story, afterward going back to my start from Bristol, and working through my adventure down to that morning. She listened with eyes large with wonder and interest, sometimes uttering exclamations at the more tragic parts, as Fletcher's throwing me off the cliff. By this time the sun was gone, the shadow of the night was upon the sea, the stars were shining brightly, and there was a piece of red moon down in the southeast. The wind blew strong, and the ship was roaring through the darkness, throwing a faintness as of twilight upon the atmosphere round about her out of the foam she hurled to left and right.

"Capt'n, she's a bit pressed," called out Brigstock from the break of the poop; "shall we hease her of the royals and mizzen t'garn s'l?"

"I am no captain of yours," I sung back. "There's something to be said and heard before I take that post here."

"That'll be as soon as ever you're ready to step below, sir," he answered, as respectfully as any man could wish to be addressed by another; then spoke to Bill, who called out orders to clew up and stow the light sails just named.

"I hope you'll take command of this ship," said Kate Darnley. "What otherwise is to become of us? The sailors have some wild, dangerous scheme in their heads of choosing wives from the women on board and settling upon an island."

"They've been reading about the mutiny of the Bounty, I suppose," I exclaimed, not very credulous of what she told me.

"They've four women," she went on, "willing to accept them as husbands, and to settle with them."

"What! since you lost sight of the Sovereign with your blinded captain in her?"

"I suppose so. The men had very little to say to the girls when Dr. Rolt was alive."

"In ten days the Jacks have worked out a scheme of marriage and colonization! I'll hear Brigstock's yarn. What part of the ship do you occupy?"

"The 'tween decks with the rest of them."

"I'll have you out of it and put into a cabin aft. You have a fine spirit to start all alone on a bread hunt t'other side the world. You've no friends in Australia, I know."

"None. But I had no idea either of starving in England, Mr. Morgan."

"You called me Charlie at Blathford."

"And I'll call you so here," she answered, "but we've not met for many months, and this sort of meeting is being like introduced afresh."

"So it is. But still you'll call me Charles for auld lang syne, and you shall be Kate. I'll tell you why: if I take command here, the ship certainly must be navigated, and I guess I'm the only one that can do it. I shall be able to make you comfortable without exciting the jealousy of the 'tween decks or the criticism of the forecastle by letting everybody suppose you're a connection of mine, or if not that, an old and intimate friend."

"But," said she after a pause, during which she had caught hold of my arm to steady herself, for on a sudden the breeze had freshened in a shrieking gust, tilting the angle of the deck into a sharp slope, and setting Joe roaring out to the men to clew up the fore topgallant sail and to take in other canvas, "but what will you do," said she, "if the men insist on carrying out their scheme?"

"I must learn their plans from their own lips before I can answer your question."

Just then the shape of a woman showed darkly on the poop ladder. The moon made very little light. Her wake was a short scope of broken, leaping silver; the stars shone finely, yet it was a dark night, though clear, with swift gleamings of the cold fires of the sea-glow in the black ridges ere they broke.

"Is that you, Miss Darnley?" called out the woman, standing on the poop ladder.

The girl answered yes.

"It's eight o'clock, please."

"All right," returned Kate. "We're supposed to 'turn in,' as you sailors say, at eight," she added.

The woman disappeared.

"Who was that?" said I.

"Miss Cobbs, the matron," she answered.

"Do they still carry out what was done in Dr. Rolt's time?" said I, walking slowly with her toward the ladder.

"Nearly. Meals are served at the same hours, and we're called below by the matron at eight—the time was seven at first."

"I'm glad to hear that," said I. "It speaks well for the crew. There's no head—you can't talk of Brigstock as a head—and yet the rules, of Rolt's contrivance, I presume, are as much in force as when he was aboard."

"I'll say this," she exclaimed in a low voice, for the man Joe paced near us while we halted a moment or two at the head of the poop ladder; "the men so far have behaved with perfect propriety. I have not heard a complaint. Good-night. We shall meet to-morrow, I hope."

"I'll see you to your door," said I, and accompanied her to the main hatch, down which I watched her descend.

A middle-aged woman stood on the lower deck looking up. I rightly supposed her to be the matron. The ladder that sank to the 'tween decks was a wide flight of white wood steps with a single handrail. A dim sheen of swinging lamps came sifting to this large yawn of hatch—large despite the two gratings which were now upon it, and the crowding heel of a windsail whose white leg was blowing like an escape of steam to the mad swaying of the outstretched phantasmal head of it. Kate looked up with a smile and passed out of sight, and I walked to the cuddy with a design of calling for some supper.

All the women were apparently below; the decks ran forward dark and deserted, but I saw the figures of seamen in the fore shrouds against the stars coming down from furling the topgallant sail, and I heard the voices of men aloft stowing staysails, and the calling of men on the forecastle to others out on the jib boom. The cuddy was in darkness. I sang out, supposing there might be somebody about or in the pantry. Brigstock was busy with the ship on deck, the man Joe, as I reckoned, having gone forward to help the watch.

I entered the captain's cabin, and feeling on the shelf found the matches, and lighted the bracket lamp in the berth, then the cuddy lamp. The pantry was next to the captain's cabin. The lamp swinging abreast threw plenty of light into it, and in a few minutes I stepped out with both hands full of things to eat—biscuits, cold pork and a piece of boiled fowl. I judged by these remains that Brigstock and others had used the cuddy for eating in, though perhaps not for sleeping in. I sought again in the pantry for something to drink, and found a vinegar jar with a drain of rum in the bottom of it. Therew as nothing more in the shape of spirits, and no beer, but the rum made me a drink when I mixed it with fresh water from a decanter in a bracket over the cuddy door.

The lee lid of the skylight lay open, and while I was eating Brigstock put his head through and called down: "You're right to make yourself at home, sir. There's more wind a coming, I think, and I'm waiting to get the mainsail off her before I join you."

I gave him a nod, and went on eating.

The state of a man's mind is a tedious thing for another to read about, but even though I had the wish to weary you I should be little able to express confusion of my thoughts while I sat lonely in that cuddy, supping. The sailors were hoarsely bawling on deck, the wind was whistling and groaning and hooting like a theater full of maddened people, and the white seas poured from the cleaving stem of the driven ship in a sound like thunder. I had grown tolerably familiar with my new extraordinary situation; my talks with Brigstock, my view of the ship, had made a pretty real thing of it to me; the dreamlike character it had taken at first was passed. Yet now, when I thought of Kate Darnley, the whole passage seemed a wild, romancing vision again, something I should awaken from to find myself with Blades, or even with Cadman, and all between sheer nightmare.

However I began to see clearly after I had swallowed the rum and eaten some food. It was certain I was in the power of the crew, and that was to be kept steadily in mind by me, as assuredly it would be by them, in all that was going to pass between us. But I bit the salt pork with the savageness of a wolf when I thought of the trick Brigstock had played me, the lies he had told, the indignity of my imprisonment, his insolent indifference to my rights and convenience. Then, with the fancy of Kate Darnley, all became dreamlike again.

By and by the noise of men up aloft and on deck ceased; the ship, eased of the pressure on high, took the seas buoyantly, with now and again a sharp, hail like rattle forward when a weather lurch of her forward bow flung a bucketful of brine crisply inboard. I heard Brigstock call to Joe; a few faces of seamen now showed and vanished at the black cuddy windows. Presently Brigstock came down by way of the companion, and shaking a shower of crystals off his coat, he chucked his hat down and said, "I hope you found all you wanted, sir?"

"I have done very well."

"There's Young Gouger as'll be willing to help aft here when things get settled," said he. Yer read about the steward in the log book, didn't jer? Gouger can lay a cloth and bring a dish from the galley, and that's nigh all that's wanted. Did jer find anything to drink?"

"A drain of rum."

"We broke out a cask of bottled ale a day or two ago. There's some left in that cabin," said he, pointing. "Shall I fetch you a bottle?"

"No, thanks. But I'd be glad of a pipe of tobacco."

He pulled out a clasp knife and a plug of Cavendish, then going to the cuddy door, he called to a man, waited till he had done his errand, then returned with a clean clay pipe. While I was chipping a pipeful of the black tobacco into the palm of my hand he said:

"Mr. Morgan, will you set us a true course? This sort of sailing's mere rambling."

"Where are you bound?" I exclaimed, coolly striking a wax match and lighting my pipe.

"To put it straight," he replied, with the merest shadow of hesitation in his manner, "we're going for the South Pacific."

"What part? The South Pacifi's a big ocean."

"Well, it mayn't be the South Pacific either; it might come to what we want a-lyin' north o' the equator. But anyhow, all this aside: our course is for the Horn. Will you make it true?"

I instantly resolved to do so, since nothing could possibly come of stipulating at this moment, up here, too, on the equatorial verge of the South Atlantic, seeing how th eman's determination pointed. I pulled off the soft gray wide-awake and the slop jacket I had come aboard in, and, going to the captain's cabin, overhauled the chart bag and found a track chart of the world. This was good for my purpose. I recollected the situation of the Caroline at noon on the preceding day, and could guess the present position of the Earl of Leicester close enough to save me bothering with the stars.

When I came into the cuddy with the chart and a pair of compasses I found three seamen besides Brigstock standing at the table. They were bareheaded, and saluted me respectfully.

"Mr. Morgan," said Brigstock, "these men don't ask your pardon for being here, though there'll be no intrusion upon you when once the horder and proceedure of the voyage is settled. We view ourselves in the light of a republic; every man's as good as his shipmate; but, of course, all are resolved for the gen'ral welfare to obey orders and behave theirselves as men. More'n a man there's no need to be in this here world. This," said he, pointing to the active, wiry, crumple-faced young fellow with the large mustache, who was at the wheel when I came into the ship, "is Isaac Coffin; this here," he continued, pointing to a fat, staring sailor, with pig's eyes and hanging chops like a monkey's bags, "is Jupe Jackson; and that man," indicating the dark, high-colored fisherman fellow, "is Bill Prentice—three out of twelve of us. The port watch has gone below. These men attend on behalf of the ship's company. You want our yarn and we want your sarvices."

He pulled a globular silver watch from the band of his breeches, starting it with an effort, and bringing it out like a cork, and looked slowly and gravely upon it as it lay in the hollow of his hand on a level with the bottom button of his waistcoat.

"It's a little arter one bell," said he. "Well, it can't take us long to square this here circle and the ship's a-going along snug enough. Will you give us a true course for the Horn, Mr. Morgan?"

"Hold this chart open" said I.

I made my calculations and named the course S. W. by S., guessing that that would do till I had found the ship's true position. Brigstock stumped with his solemn gait up the companion steps, from the top of which he roared out, "How's her head?"

An indistinguishable reply like a half-smothered bark came dimly to my ear. It happened that the course I had given was the course within a quarter of a point the ship was being steered on; there was no need, therefore, to handle the braces. Brigstock came to the table.

"Now, sir," said he, "if you'll be good enough to sit down, I'll tell you exactly what us men's intentions are."

CHAPTER XVI.

BRIGSTOCK'S SCHEME.

I sat as requested, lighting my pipe afresh; the tobacco, being thick-cut and damp, yielded a long smoke. I felt nervous on a sudden. But the swing of the lamp threw a frequent shadow over my face, which I knitted into a hard, resolved expression, a thing not difficult to manage when you have plenty of eyebrows and slack, sailorly hair upon the brow, and when there's no hurry to speak or act.

The others did not offer to sit; they stood in the light watching me or Brigstock, who leaned with one hand upon the table, and leisurely and gravely motioned with the other while he addressed me.

"Perhaps," said he, "it'll be best to say right off what our scheme is. There's a good many little islands in the South Pacific unowned and uninhabited. Some lies near the hequator, some in more temperate climes, where the air's sweet as new milk, where little or no clothes is wanted, and where there's a whole toilin' of a Covent Gard'n Market in one hacre o' soil. Think of what's to be found and cultivated: fish and cocoanuts and bunaneys and breadfruit, vihapples, oranges, sugar cane, yams, and sweet potatoes. Aint that good enough?"

He looked slowly round at the three men, who responded with an emphatic nod.

"Nature is man's father and mother. She gives him bamboos for bricks, and the cocoanut's his rum cask and his oil can. Us men's scheme is to choose a good, unowned island down in them seas, and settle upon it along with certain females in this vessel who've agreed to be our partners in the undertaking."

He paused to observe the effect of this. I sucked my pipe and eyed him in silence, head back and arms folded.

"Of course you're aware," he continued, "that there's nothen original in our scheme. Others have hacted in a like way, and they've proved the glory of Britannia, as witness the United States of America, which was long a dependency of our nation; also Australia and Port Lewis; Berkeley Sound was colonized 20 odd years ago by Lieut. Smith and six or seven seamen, who built houses and growed radishes, onions and flowers. Yer'll have heard of the Spanish colonel as settled one of the Galapagos. He called it Floriado. When I was off it in 1838, the population had rose to 300. They sold us fowls and pigs, and they growed maize and sugar. Had they been English they'd ha' throve. That there colonel was an old fool. 'Stead of colonizing with steady, hard-workin' respectable gells like them we've chose, he loads out o' the gutter, manures his rock with everything that's godless in petticoats in Guyaquil, then takes and plants a shipful of pison weeds in the choice soil and turns in to dream of 'arvest. You're not going to get any building to stand upright long on mud and slime. Mix your scheme with the vartues if you want good concrete and a solid foundation. Ain't that right?"

The seamen looked as though, having on former occasions expressed their opinion on this point, they considered the question addressed to me. By this time I had judged that Brigstock was a man who enjoyed hearing his own voice, who also had a high opinion of his flow of language—one of your respectable, mulish, perhaps religious seamen, sullen, slow and stiff, with obstinate and absurd convictions, but of rude powers of mind, and capable of influencing, at all events, such sailors as I might judge composed the remainder of the original crew of this ship. But I also perceived that he had the forecastle project very clearly defined in his brain, and that I was called upon to deal with a man who had made up his mind.

"Your intention," said I, "is to settle an island—when you've discovered something that suits you—in the South Pacific?"

"South or north."

"You have found women among the emigrants willing to go ashore and live with you?"

"That's so."

"Are all hands of you agreed in this?"

"To a man, sir," he answered with solemn energy.

"How many females do you intend to take ashore with you?"

"Why, twelve, to be sure—a wife for each man," he answered in a raised voice, slightly accented by indignation, and some blood colored his face.

"What do you mean to do with the ship and the rest of the people?"

"We've given that our serious consideration," said he. "The ship's not to be hurt. The safety of the females left aboard has to be provided for. Mr. Morgan, here's our offer: Navigate us to the island that'll suit us; the ship's then yourn to do what you like with. D'yer ask who's to work her? Who but Kanakas, which we'll put jer in the way of filling your fo'c's'le with before we part."

The secret fears I just now called "nervousness" were by this time changed into tingling astonishment. It was clear, anyhow, no villainy was intended—nothing, I mean, that might correspond in rascality with the stratagem that had brought me into the ship. The fat seaman whom Brigstock called Jupe Jackson exclaimed in a queer female voice:

"How are we to know that the capt'n mayn't fancy our scheme and be willing to settle down along with us?"

"Ha! Why, of course," said Brigstock, "should you arter a bit see your way to make one of our colony, Mr. Morgan—and I notice you've already found a party on board as might be glad to take up with yer—then it'll be for us to consider in what way the ship and the remaining females are to be sent to a port."

"There's a-plenty of whalers as 'ud be glad to take the job in hand," exclaimed the man Bill Prentice.

"Wives for the askn' and piles o' salvage money to keep 'em on," said the wiry mustachioed seaman Isaac Coffin. "If whalemen han't changed since I went a-fishing they'll need no coaxing."

"Do I understand," said I, "that after you and the women that accompany you are landed, you'll hand this ship with her cargo and remaining passengers over to me to sail to a port?"

"To do what jer like with, I said," answered Brigstock.

"It's onderstood," said Coffin, "that we takes out of her what o' the cargo our colony'll need."

"They'll send a gunboat to carry you home and lag you for piracy and other crimes if you meddle with the goods in this ship," I exclaimed.

"I'm not of that opinion," said Brigstock after a pause. "We'll have a claim on the ship for wages. 'Stead of taking our earnings up in money we pays ourselves off in goods. Where's the piracy? Put us twelve men's wages together say for four months, and call the amount fifty pound a month. There's then two hundred pound a-howing. We don't want cash; we takes it out in goods. D'jer call that piracy? Let the owners send our wages to the people the goods are consigned to. That's my way of looking the job over fair from crown to heel."

I searched his face as he leaned across the table to discover by any twinkle of eye, by any twitch of mouth or curl of lip, that he knew he talked nonsense. But his countenance was as fixed and sedate with mulish and monkey-like complacency as thought it had been a figurehead likeness of him. I had no intention to argue.

"Did you men sail from London with this scheme in your head?" I asked.

"No. It's come along of our washing about here with nothen to do, and talking with the women," answered Brigstock.

"In less than ten days' time all twelve hands of you have lighted upon this fancy of a little Pacific commonwealth?"

"Commonwealth's the word, and a good word it is," said Brigstock, glancing with a leer at his mates. "Aye, it's all come in ten days, and the job's as ready for launching as if it had been in hand ten year."

"Are any of you married men?" said I.

"Joe Harding's got a wife knocking about somewhere at home, I onderstand," answered Brigstock, seating himself. "But if his yarns are true she's not a sort of party that any right-minded man would allow himself to be hindered by in detarmining to become one of the fathers of a new constitootion."

"Does the woman who is willing to become his partner know he is married?" I asked.

"Sartingly. I asked Bill here to find out, and she said Joe had told her at wanst."

"Do you expect to find a clergyman on your island?" said I.

"I onderstand your meaning," he answered, smiling slowly and gravely at Jackson. "It's agreed that I'm to be president. The president of a republic combines, as the sayin' is, the functions of the priest, as well as the magistrate. What's a parson at home? They ain't all made, jer know, by what's called consecration. My powers as a priest 'd be the same as any shore-going parson, whether he's consecrated or whether he ain't. Why? Because I shall be helected by the voice of the community whose hinterests I'm to represent, so that whatever I do 'll be the expression of their minds. My hacts 'll be law. Why? Because they'll be the construin' of the meaning of the people. I can marry 'em and I can divorce 'em. It was done down at Pitcairn and at Tristan, and it stands good. Every nation makes laws for itself. D'jer dispute 'em? Then it's for the police t' find out why jer do. That's how we've put it to the females here. They become as lawfully the wives of the men I marry 'em to as males here. They become as lawfully the though the Harchbishop of Canterbury had settled along with us and read the sarvice. So when we gets ashore I divorces Joe Harding from the woman he's left behind him. He's satisfied, and his pardner's agreeable. Therefore, Mr. Morgan, the customs and laws and regulations of what you rightly call our commonwealth having been established, what's the difference in principle betwean my divorcing of Joe and his being divorced by a judge in England?"

The fat seaman Jupe listened with a stupid face of staring attention; Bill and the others followed the speech with staggering appreciation. For my part I was amazed by the man's gabbling fluency, which I was forced within myself to own was not wanting in sense either.

"I don't think," said he, regarding me earnestly, and feeling in the breast pock-

et of his coat, "that my views are to be heasily upset. Settle a shipload of men and women upon an island, and the laws they make for themselves are the laws of their country, which all who visit them must respect. Ain't that right?"

I nodded, wondering now what the hour was and what resolution I must form with regard to the command of the ship. It was blowing with no more weight, yet the wind came hard. The dance of the sea was angry, and the roaring under the bows struck aft with the plunges in short thunderous shocks of sound like the bursting of a sail. The windy moonlight ran like a sheet of white silk thrown and then withdrawn upon the skylight glass. I hardly knew what sail the vessel was under, and my instincts as a seaman were teasing me to go on deck and take a look at the weather, and see how things stood with the vessel.

"Now, Mr. Morgan," said Brigstock, viewing a spectacle case he had pulled out of his pocket as though he could not recollect his motive in producing it, "we should very much like to have your opinion of our scheme, sir!"

The seamen looked searchingly at me; one as he lay swinging over the back of a chair, the others as they swayed side by side at the table; one with his hands buried in his breeches pockets, the others with arms akimbo, limbs of yellow flesh hard as rocks with muscle, and garnished with twenty wild and barbarous devices in prickings—the crucifix, the mermaid, the bracelet, the heart, and other forecastle poetic savageries.

"My opinion!" I echoed. "I'm an honest man, I hope, and you shall have an honest answer. Your notion of colonizing a South Sea island is good, and worth encouraging. Let British civilization spread! especially in waters where the black man's dinner is often still the white man. And you too are honest, Mr. Brigstock, eh—you and the remaining ship's company?" said I, looking at the seamen. "You don't want my opinion on this project?"

"Shouldn't have asked it otherwise," said Brigstock.

"Then do your duty as English seamen first," said I, "by which I mean that you've got to see the women in your 'tween decks safe ashore in the land the ship sailed for; then turn to and colonize as hard as you can."

Jupe Jackson looked quickly and with temper in his little eyes at Brigstock. Prentice and Coffin spoke together; Brigstock lifted his hand.

"We can't spoil our plan," said he very respectfully, and as solemnly as if he was talking to me across a dead body, "because your notions of dooty don't exactly tally with ourn. There's twelve of the females us men's going to provide for. All the hinconvenience the others'll be put to'll arise from their being kept at sea a little longer than they expected. But then, d'jer see, afore we make the island we want it might happen that other parties'll be glad to jine us in a motherly and sisterly way to help in the work all around, without, of course, considering themselves servants, providing the pardners we've chose are agreeable. Supposing that: then here's a colony that'll provide at the start for maybe twenty or thirty females who'd otherwise, for all jer to know, come upon the poor rates and raise the cost of livin' in Sydney. Aint that good enough to keep the rest who stops in the ship a bit longer at sea than they bargained for?"

"It's not answerable," said Coffin cockily.

"Another matter," continued Brigstock, putting on a pair of strong magnifying glasses, and standing up under the light to read from the side of an old newspaper which he had drawn out of his pocket carefully folded in canvas. "The notion of most of the parties below," said he, stooping his head to look at me over his spectacles, "is that they'll not be a week ashore afore they'll be all swallowed up in marriage. I've sounded 'em; it's their idea. Ninety squatters, a-wallowing in wealth, 'll be waiting at the dockyard gates for these females to land in order to court and carry 'em off to hupcountry palaces. What's the truth? Here's a piece we found in a paper that belongs to one of the men named Snortledge; I've read it to many of the women. Some it hinfluenced—twelve sartingly, and perhaps more"—he slowly smiled at Prentice; "unfortunately there's but twelve men."

Then, clearing his throat with a strong cough, he read the following:

"Viewed as a marriage market, New South Wales must at present be set down as decidedly and shockingly bad. A speculative young woman emigrating without capital in the hope of securing an establishment for life will no more succeed than would the young man without funds make a livelihood by coming out as a squatter. The reverses of the colony made men cautious, and they continue so. Strange to say, too, the well brought up and pretty maidens of the middle and servant classes of Sydney do not appear to be much sought in marriage. Yet it is undoubtedly in these classes that the well-known preponderance of males exists. The single men do not want wives, and the responsibilities and encumbrances of family life. They prefer working hard, working like slaves for four or five days, and larking the rest of the week!"

He dropped his head to look at me again over his spectacles. I had listened with attention, for there was truth in every word of what he had delivered, and all the while I followed him Kate Darnley had run in my head.

"It's reasonable enough," said he, "that parties going out to a new country mainly to get married should be quite willing to pick up with respectable men as they go along."

He carefully refolded the newspaper, stowed it away in its canvas cover, and pocketed it along with his glasses.

"Aint it about time that Mr. Morgan here should tell us what he means to do?" said Coffin, who had been pulling hard at his mustache, and making nervous grimaces with his eyes, vulgarly arch with looks of low humor, fastened upon me while Brigstock read.

"Yes," I answered quickly, "but bear this in mind: I've been in this ship since noon only, and have but heard of your scheme within the last hour. I'm not to be committed to a heavy responsibility without reflection. If I voluntarily consent to command the vessel I become one of your number, and I'd like to consider all that your resolution means before I settle with you."

"Make no mistake about one thing," exclaimed Brigstock, gravely wagging a forefinger at me: "when we was left helpless—that's to say, without a navigator in this ship—vartually we were as much discharged as though we'd stepped ashore and been paid off."

"I don't think so," said I.

"Well, then, I'm sure of it," he cried with some show of temper.

"Isn't a ship's crew discharged when she goes ashore and's wrecked? What's the difference being hard and fast on the rocks and a ship like ourn a-washing about helpless?" said Prentice.

"It's as I say," continued Brigstock. "We've been discharged from the articles by what the underwriters would term the hact of God. We can't go ashore in the middle of the ocean, can we? Then, having a ship under our feet, we've got a perfect right to sail her to any spot we may select as convenient to land on."

This was a sea lawyer! one of your rare hands who will play the deuce with a captain's nerves, and just the sort of philosopher to dominate a crew and make the sailors see things exactly from his point of view.

"You talk of hunting for an island in the Pacific, north or south," said I. "How long do you mean to take to find it?"

"Oh, we'll carry on, we'll carry on," answered Brigstock. "She's got heels, has this ship. We shall have the island aboard us in three months."

"Easy," exclaimed Coffin, with an impatient twist of his wiry figure.

"There are above a hundred souls on board," said I. "You've already drunk up a good deal of your fresh water, I guess. What stock's left?"

"Plenty," answered Brigstock. I allow that Capt. Halcrow never intended to touch at the Cape. The stock that's a-going to last from the Thames to New South Wales is a-going to last from the Thames to the South Sea. What's the difference? It'll be only putting her off west 'stead of east when the latitood's run down, with islands to rise every morning arter a bit when the Horn's sunk well astern."

"I advise you to count your gallons over again, Mr. Brigstock," said I.

"You're the scholar of this ship—we'll leave that to you, sir," he answered, respectfully.

"I'll give you a reply in the morning," said I, getting up. "I hear no bells. They should be kept going. What's the hour?"

He pulled out his watch and answered, "Half-past nine."

I pulled on my coat and put on my hat, designing a turn on the deck, for somehow I felt that I could think more clearly out in the wild freedom of the windy, starry night, with its flying moonshine, than down here in this horizon of elegant panels and creaking bulkheads.

"Let it stand till to-morrow, then," said Brigstock. "It's but right jer should have time to meditate a bit. Jupe, there's no rum, and the capt'n 'll be wanting a nightcap. Jump for a lantern, my lad. All the spirits are in the lazarette, Mr. Morgan. The hatch is padlocked and I've got the key, but it's yourn when your mind's made up. You'll see your way, I hope? What's the meaning of it but this: You're to put us in the road of getting ashore; the ship's then to be handed over to you. I'm no swearer" he continued slowly and deliberately, "but I could take a big oath"—here he let his heavy fist fall upon the table—"that a fairer, straightfurruder offer than ourn was never before made to a man, and that never in all the maritime hannals in the likes of such a traverse as this will jer hear or read of a crew of sailormen with honester sentiments and uprighter meanings than's in this ship."

I nodded that he might know I heard him, and went up the companion steps.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Queered Himself.

Elder Berry—Joblots made a bad break in church to-day.

Mrs. Berry—What did he do?

Elder Berry—Subscribed ten dollars toward sending Dr. Thirdly to Europe, and offered to double the amount if they would make it Africa.—Life.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to believe that it will also be of benefit to you?

HOW THE IRISH DISCOVERED AMERICA.

Unusual Significance to be Attached to the Celebration of the Sons of Erin at the Fair.

ST. BRENDAN'S LONG VOYAGE IN A FRAIL LITTLE CRAFT.

Seventeen Other Devout Souls Went With Him and Trusted All to the Lord of the Tempest.

St. Brendan sails the Northern main,
The brotherhood of saints are glad;
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late—such storm—the saint is mad!

He heard across the howling seas
Chime convent bells on wintry nights;
He saw on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery lights.

But North, still North, St. Brendan steered,
And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling polar lights are neared,
The sea without a human shore.
—Matthew Arnold.

September 30 is Ireland's day at the fair. The celebration will take the usual form of processions and speech-making in some place or places offered for the occasion, for as a nation

BRENDAN SETTING SAIL FOR THE LAND IN THE WEST PROMISED TO SAINTS.

the Irish have no home at the World's Fair.

As individuals they have the concession of two villages on the Midway Plaisance, but as a people their products, their manufactures, their literature, history and art are embodied in the British sections in the various buildings. Even their magnificent antiquities in the precious metals and gems, those evidences of a high civilization that existed in the Emerald

ST. BRENDAN'S BELL, BOOK AND CROZIER.

Isle when "the father of the skin-clad Briton was an otter of the sea," are placed in among the exhibits of English pottery in the Liberal Arts building.

So all their traditions of past greatness and their hope of a future place among the nations must be crowded into the enthusiasm and oratory of one morning. Then the thousands of Irish men and women will scatter through the white city, themselves visitors instead of hosts and standing

IRISH RELIC IN THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

to welcome guests in their own doorway.

What a picturesque and instructive feature of the fair would have been such a distinctive national exhibit as the Irish might have had if home rule were an accomplished fact. I can imagine in the wood eastward of the Fine Arts building the majestic sweep of the Ionic colonnade of the old parliament house of Dublin, reproduced here to complete the classic renaissance about the north lagoon. Within, for the most ancient hospitality afforded prince and sage and saint, the treasures of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy should be gathered. And standing out on a little rocky promontory over the lake should be a man in bronze—cassocked, sandaled, tonsured, worn with vigils and scarred with self-inflicted torments. Above him should rise a round tower; at his feet stand sculptured Celtic crosses and a group of beehive-shaped huts of uncemented stone—an Irish La Rabida on Inis Arran, to which St. Brendan went to a holy hermit for a blessing on his mission to find "the promised land of the saints beyond the western wave."

The voyage of St. Brendan is generally known to Irishmen and is a story that has been worn threadbare by unionists who would point a moral of Celtic mendacity. I do not know if the tale is very generally taken seriously by the Irish themselves, except always in that part of the kingdom of Kerry that lies about Tralee bay. But surely they have as good a right to their monkisk Odyssey of the sixth century as the Norwegians have to their viking legend of the tenth. Both stories were believed and recorded circumstantially in their time, and so genuine are they to this day that they bear no evidence of having been made to agree with modern discoveries and science.

The Bollandists relate the voyage of St. Brendan as one that cannot be wholly rejected; Montelambert made it seem possible; Charles Kingsley cannot reject it as entirely fabulous. In this day Charles de Kay has promised some evidences to show that "Celtic monks of St. Columb's epoch did leave traces on this continent." Very recently a book on Irishmen in America has been announced as coming from the pen of the learned antiquarian, Father O'Hanlon, of Dublin, with an introductory chapter on the voyage of St. Brendan.

So it is not improbable that on September 30 the claims of the sailor saint of Ireland to the discovery of a country in whose development Irishmen have had so large and honorable a part may be urged by the orators of the day. And if so this is the tale they will tell:

I.

Like the story of the Argonauts, the voyage of St. Brendan has seemed too magnificent a tradition to fit into the authentic history of his time. There was probably a period of less than fifty years when it could have happened at all. And that was the first half of the sixth century. The particular man might have come from any part of the old world had all the conditions been present as in Ireland.

Monasticism was, at the time, the inevitable reaction against an immoral and doomed civilization. Rome was dying of its own corruption and barbarians, on the throne of the Caesars, had brought the early twilight of the dark ages. The few men of the time with any spiritual insight and certainty of retribution to follow such universal wrongdoing began to flee to the confines of the earth where they might be alone with God, if by any means they might save each his own soul on the impending dread of judgment.

There were hermits in the mountains and deserts of Egypt, in the holy land, in Gaul, in Britain. And saints there were who performed miracles of endurance, if no other kind. St. Anthony was in the desert whence St. Athanasius fled. St. Augustine was in Gaul, St. Chrysostom in the east, St. Ninian previously in Scotland, St. David in Wales and how many anchorites were there in the catacombs and caves—and stylites standing on lofty pillars? And what marvelous ingenuity they displayed in inflicting self-torments! Many of them invented new kinds of torture when their persecutors ceased for lack of ideas.

Ireland was especially the island of saints, hermits, monks, miracle-workers, and remained so for centuries after the phase had passed away in Europe. Following St. Patrick, early in the sixth century, were St. Columb, St. Brigit, St. Finan, St. Adamnan, St. Enda, St. Brendan and a score of others.

Some of these were evangelists and miracle-workers; others were abbots (fathers) over communities of monks. But it seemed that in order to fit himself for the position of father to holy men a monk must pass some years in pilgrimage and solitude. The favorite places for meditation and for the exercise of self-denial were on the western coast and islands of Donegal, Galway and Kerry—regions which at this day support but the meagerest life as a return for the severest labor. At one time St. Finan was on Skellig Michael (the Way of the Cross), St. Enda on the largest of the Arran Islands and St. Brendan on Brendan mountain, on the forked tongue of land that runs into an angry sea out from Tralee bay.

The favorite torture of all these men, and of dozens of others like them unknown to fame, was a voyage at sea in a little skin coracle, or currach, to give the Gaelic name, such as is used to this day by coast fishermen in Connaught. It was a means of abandoning themselves utterly to the mercy of God. The ancient Irish were not sailors and never made an attempt to discover new lands. The hermits, like all their country-men of the time, were horribly afraid of the sea and never went upon it except to escape from the temptations which ease and safety on the land offered. They fled from men—more often women—to the deserts of the ocean, where the lusts of the flesh could not pursue them.

Attempts to navigate their little crafts were useless, even had they known how or desired to do it. For compass and anchor they had the bell and book—the gospels beautifully illuminated on vellum and inclosed in richly jeweled caskets; and the queer little oblong handbells, hollow cups, which they struck with metal bars to ward off demons; the bishop's crozier also, perhaps, for authority, and the cross to remind them to suffer without complaint. Continual prayers, prophecies and exorcisms were needed to bring them in safety to any land. And, often, when they were in extremity, St. Columb, in his retreat on Iona, must needs have a vision and forthwith pray them home. How else did they ever return?

So the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Hebrides and even Iceland were visited by these Irish monks and rude monasteries and hermitages built on all of them. Centuries later the vikings found their walled spiritual fortresses, their bells and books, their crosses and croziers in all these places and named the spots Papa Strona, Papa Westra and Papey after these fathers or popes who had preceded them. It is not impossible that the tale of St. Brendan's voyage was told to the Norse seamen on some of these remote islands and the daring Berserk followed where the timid saint had drifted on the pathway opened by the Almighty.

II.

From all the voyages that preceded and followed his that of St. Brendan differed in one essential particular. The others sought a desert where they would be forever cut off from human pleasure; he went to discover the promised land where the saints were to be rewarded for their plans.

He was born at Tralee in Kerry, "the nearest parish to America," it might have been called in his day had they known America was there, though Queenstown is so designated to-day. Here the land extends farthest west and here originated all those wild tales of the Land of Youth, Hy Brasail, Tir-na-Nog that the pagan Irish had in their mythology in common with the Greek, the Persian—indeed what ancient people lacked the inspiration of an undiscovered paradise in the west that was seen and lost to sight, where men never grew old nor died? Undoubtedly the Canaries, the Azores and even the West Indies at times served as a foundation to such tales.

In Kerry these stories were localized. The boy Brendan had doubtless seen the place among the lakes of Killarney whence Ossian went with the fairy princess to the Land of Youth. He had heard of the voyage of Maildun, of the sons of O'Corra, and of the disappearance of Coula of the golden hair. From the bay he could see the ocean mirage that is a peculiar phenomenon of the west coast of Ireland. When he was converted and became a monk—synonymous terms in those days in Ireland—he had many things to do. He made a pilgrimage to Patrick's purgatory at Lough Derg in Donegal; he established a monastery at Clonfert (Claen Ferta, curiously enough the pagan name of a house of retreat until death) and another at Ardfert, not far from Tralee, his birthplace.

It is said there were 3,000 monks under this Abba Brendan at Ardfert, where there was a famous school. At any rate, so many honors accumulated on the head of the father that he often left the monastery and betook himself to a secret solitude on Brendan mountain, where he was beaten by every wind that blew upon that wild and rugged coast. Once he brought with him for meditation a tale of one Barintus, a man of the royal race of O'Neill, of a nephew who, fleeing over the ocean to be a solitary, on a desert, had found a delightful isle called the Land of Promise of the Saints.

Here the sailor-saint remained sleeping in a cave, feeding on seakale and birds with his eyes always outward over the water, seeing only the flight of time, the ceaseless roll of waves, the littleness of human existence.

It was then he got into a little boat and sought St. Enda, on the Isle of Arran, and asked a blessing on his mission, for he had determined to go. He returned to Ardfert—to the Hill of the Miracles, as the place was called—and selected fourteen monks who were considered holy enough to venture on such a journey, for a man not sufficiently tried might bring storms, whales, seamaidens and other disasters upon them.

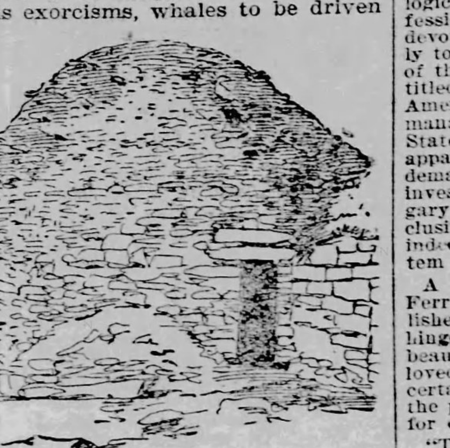
With these chosen companions he set sail from Tralee bay in a boat made of osier and wattles over which were stretched skins made of waterproof with pitch and tallow. In the middle was a mast and sail and forty days' provisions, not counting fast days. He commanded his monks to enter the boat in the name of the holy trinity. As he stood praying on the shore three others came and begged to be taken also. He gave them leave but prophesied that two would come to judgment while on the voyage.

III.

So they drifted out to sea and had no need of oars for twelve days, so calm it was. The first day they watched the misty peaks of Kerry—the fading outlines of a land over which St. Patrick had extended his hands and blessed it. They told secular tales of sin committed in pagan days; of the gold of Finn, guarded by his hound Brann, on the shores of Lough Lein; of the Druidic library in Ogham, written on stones in the Cave of Dunloe; of the Lost City at the mouth of the Shannon; of the battle of Ventry Harbor, that lasted a year and a day.

But as night came on they began to pray and sing the vesper hymn. They kept their eyes fixed on the stars, for when they looked down they saw strange creatures of the sea that had to be exorcised. They spent the night praying and seemed indeed to have spent the next eight years in much the same way. And much else they had to do. They knew that fair fortune could not come through seamanship when the Almighty held the deep in the hollow of his hand. They had need of the presence of this aged, scarred and tonsured saint for their comfort in dark hours.

There were tempests to be calmed by his exorcisms, whales to be driven



HERMIT CELL OF ST. ENDA, THE IRISH LA RABIDA.

to the bottom of the sea by the striking of his demon-dispelling bell, monsters to be exhorted to depart, winds to be laid, prophesies of fair weather to make them believe that storms would ever cease. When their provisions were all gone they had need of a miracle to bring an island up in the middle of the sea and on it an abundance of food.

The incidents are fantastic to a degree and differ so widely in different versions as to give color to the suspicion of their having been tampered with. In the brochure of M. Achille Jubinal is a distinct Gallic flavor that is anything rather than the Gaelic matter-of-fact method of relating a marvelous occurrence. The Golden Legend of Wynkyn de Worde betrays—can it be malice? Cambrensis we know was made up of a most malignant variety of malice. The Bollandists and Colgan merely record, and undoubtedly went back to the old manuscript life of St. Brendan in the book of Lismore. Dennis Florence McCarthy went there also, or to his co-worker in the Catholic University, Eugene O'Curry, which is practically going to the same authority. So did Matthew Arnold. Hence we get some versions that have the stamp of authenticity.

None can deny dignity to this tale. There is some truth to redeem the most incredible incident. They landed on an island that sank after they had left it, and then they believed it to be a monster fish. What is this but a reef or sand bar covered at a high tide? They came to an island of beautiful birds that sang matins and vespers, as indeed birds are much in the habit of doing everywhere when not disturbed by man. They saw a palace of crystal, with silver doors, and it was deserted. Icebergs, evidently.

But most dreadful of all they got into the vortex of six months night on the confines of perdition. They saw the geysers and volcanoes of Iceland, and when the sign of the cross was made the fire burst out of the mountain chimney, and from a distance they saw the whole land burning up. What had they witnessed but a volcanic eruption? They could not get away from this dangerous coast until one of the brothers who was doomed to come to judgment threw himself into the sea and made his way to the shore. They left him there to perish, as they thought, to build a hermitage that the vikings afterward found and named Papey.

The fantastic side of the story is, after all, not in these natural phenomena which they recorded as they saw but could not explain, but in the rigid obedience of nature to the rules of the church. On the Island of Beautiful Birds and on the mainland to the west the hours and seasons and festivals and fasts of the primitive church were observed, not only by man but by animals. This must be separated from the probable and be considered as allegory, the monastic ideal.

Undoubtedly it was so intended in the telling. But in the translation from the Gaelic the same difficulties are met as in translation from the Hebrew. Particles of speech are absent and must be supplied. So the higher criticism has as much place here as in the reading of the scriptures, and much that is incredible will be found never to have been intended to be taken literally.

The important point is that St. Brendan gives as true a local color as does Lief Ericson. He describes the vegetation of the West Inies, the cypress trees farther north, the grapes of the Norse Vinland and the volcanoes, icebergs, volcanic cliffs and long nights of the arctics. On his return voyage southward he reaps the harvest of fruits and grains of a South Atlantic autumn. He hears a marvelous bird "whose song is more sweet than the thrush"—our own nightingale. And then he finds a river "that divides the land into east and west" and is too wide to cross.

How should he conceive the Mississippi but as a dividing line between the things he might know and those he might not? So to him—it might be in a vision by day or night to one so absorbed in religious contemplation and to whom spiritual things were the only things real—came an angel bidding him return to his own country now that his mission was ended. It was promised that after many centuries other men should discover this promised land of the saints, and it should be a land of refuge to exiles from Erin.

So much for the prophecy. What would a monkish Odyssey be without a prediction? And in this day, verily, it is fulfilled.

IV.

In obedience to the angel St. Brendan returned to his native land and told the tale of his adventures. As an evidence of the truth of his story the odor of the Land of Flowers (Florida?) lingered in his garments for 40 days. In the fullness of time he died and was buried in the abbey of Ardfert, the ruins of which church, many times rebuilt, still remain the most beautiful of Kerry. About it after thirteen centuries the odor of his sanctity still lingers.

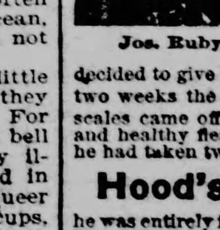
It was inevitable that the account of his voyage and discovery should have been carried to far countries, for all through the dark ages Ireland was still the island of the saints. Youths came for instruction to Ardfert, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise, Cashel and many neighboring monasteries, and Irish monks carried the light of knowledge and piety in the heart of Europe as far as Metz. So their annals became the common property and heritage of men of learning and holiness throughout the world.

Columbus could thus have heard this story at La Rabida, and was undoubtedly familiar with it; Lief Ericson could have heard it in Iceland. Many a secular voyage was undertaken in search of St. Brendan's land, and the West Indies were long believed to be his tropic isles of the beautiful birds; and on the mainland beyond his land of flowers, it was believed was to be found the fountain of youth. Ponce de Leon searched for it; De Soto went on to the river that divided the east from the west, and heeding not the warning of St. Brendan's angel found a grave in the stream that separated the known from the unknown.

Nora Marks

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores began to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of



Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Penn.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache. 25c.

THE LAST OF A FALSE ONE.

Dear perjuries I loved so well,
Dear dead believing
In these sweet written lies of his,
This fair deceiving.

Blistered with hot and happy tears,
Worn by my kisses;
Hid warmly on my breast at night,
What an end is this!

Dear yellow leaves, dear faded words,
The red flame flashes!
No elegy I speak but this:
Ashes to ashes.
—Kate Field's Washington.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

A book which will attract more than ordinary attention at this time is one recently published by the Arena Publishing company, Boston. The author is Mrs. Marion Todd, a most brilliant writer and logical thinker. She is a lawyer by profession, but for the last few years has devoted herself to political work, especially to that part connected with the finances of the country. The present volume is entitled, "The Railways of Europe and America," and she arraigns the present management of the railways of the United States in strong terms, presenting an appalling array of facts and figures that demand, on the part of the people, an investigation. The zone system of Hungary is treated at length, and shows conclusively that its adoption generally would indeed "revolutionize" the railway system of the world.

A charmingly written story is "Paula Ferris," by Mary Farley Sanborn, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It hinges upon the temptations of a pure and beautiful woman, who thought herself unloved by her husband, and touches upon a certain phase of social life that rests upon the possible friendships of men and women for each other.

"The Complaining Millions of Men," is a novel which includes in its plot some of the labor questions that are now surging to the front. The author is Edward Fuller, and Harper & Brothers, New York, the publishers. The scene is laid in Boston, and the first chapter introduces one of the prominent characters, Francis Barett, a young Socialist, with fairly good impulses, and the idea that while earning his living he is helping the complaining millions.

In Harper's Black and White series comes "The Work of Washington Irving," by Charles Dudley Warner. It goes without saying that it is a pleasant addition to this excellent series.

Among the reprints by Harper & Brothers of the works of William Black is "The Wise Women of Inverness." Several other stories are included with this one.

"Honor," a novel by Maud Howe, is published by the Price-McGill company, of St. Paul. It opens with a scene in a mining place, which introduces some of the leading characters. The hero is a handsome young miner, evidently out of place in his surroundings. What brought him there and what came to him afterwards forms the plot of the story, which is full of incident.

In a beautiful little volume, bound in green and gold, comes from Harper & Brothers, New York, "Other essays from the Easy Chair" by George William Curtis. Words of commendation of this charming book are needless. Another, from the same publishers, and both belonging to "The Distaff Series," is "The Literature of Philanthropy," by Frances A. Goodale.

From the Schulte Publishing Co., Chicago, comes a volume, entitled, "The Railroad Question," by William Larrabee, the late governor of Iowa. It is a historical and practical treatise on railroads, and remedies for their abuses. The author writes from the standpoint of one who is familiar with the construction and workings of railroads, and while he believes in all aid in forwarding honest enterprises of this kind he thinks that they will never serve their real purpose until they are controlled by the government "as thoroughly and effectually as the common road, the turnpike and the ferry, or the postoffice and the custom-house." The book is worth reading.

Among the pamphlet novels are the following: "The Athlete's Conquest," by B. A. McFadden, "The Star and the Cloud," by A. G. Roe, "A Changed Heart," by May Agnes Fleming, and "Gold," by Laura Daintrey, all from G. W. Dillingham, New York city.

"BOB" DOAN'S BIG SHEEP.

Has a Wonderful Fleece of Wool and a History.

The "Golden King" sheep, belonging to ex-Congressman R. E. Doan, of Wilmington, O., has a remarkable history. It is a direct descendant from the identical sheep, whose wool was exhibited in 1859 at Cleveland, Ohio, at the "Wool Growers and Manufacturers (World's) exhibit of wool." The committee, composed of manufacturers of wool from England and America, out of our 600,000 pounds of wool on exhibition, gave this wool the first premium. At public sale the next day this premium

GOLDEN KING.

wool sold for $1.15 a pound. The next best wool of all exhibited brought at the same sale but 60 cents a pound. This remarkable sheep, the most remarkable sheep in the world to-day, is the result of twenty-eight years experiment in breeding and raising sheep in this country. "Golden King" is of the Saxony breed, the finest wooled sheep known. This wonderful sheep has never been sick a day of its life. It has upon its back the finest of wool twenty inches in length and weighing 58 pounds.

Col. Doan believes that in the breeding this class of sheep the problem of raising long and heavy wool, at no greater expense to the farmer than ordinary grades, will be solved.

BRILLIANTS.

True wit is Nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.
—Pope.

Angels are painted fair to look like her.
There's in her all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.
—Otway.

Who would not die in his dear country's cause,
Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws;
From death he cannot fly—one common grave
Received at last the coward and the brave.
—Henry Fielding.

Place me beneath the burning ray
Where rolls the desert car of day;
And woman's love would charm my toils
And Love bring in her sweetest spoils.
—Francis.

I'm tired of land! My sight would win
A place where sparkling waves roll in!

True poetry the painter's power displays;
True painting emulates the poet's lays!
The rival sisters fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name.
—Mason.

Thy father was a worthy prince
And merited, alas! a better fate,
But Heaven thought otherwise.
—Addison.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good.
—Shakespeare.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run.
—Swift.

First affections,
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet the master light of all our being.
—Wordsworth.

They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, if need be to die.
—W. W. Story.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sterility in Cow.

O. R. A., Minnesota:—If your cow has constitutional barrenness, it may be on account of her being a free martin—that is, if she were born with a bull calf. When there is incomplete growth of the ovaries and malformation of the genital organs, sterility will result. Accidental barrenness may result either from the animal being too fat or two poor, or it may be in consequence of lack of exercise. Sweet food of any kind may prevent conception, as also may over-milking. Fine-bred cattle are subject to barrenness. In-breeding too closely is a cause. Keep the cow in good flesh, but not fat. Let her have the service of a young bull. Sometimes the changing of bulls will prove satisfactory. There is no medicine that you can give your cow that will do any good.

Tumor After Castration.

B. F. K., Washington:—In case of abnormal growth after castration, the services of a skilled veterinarian are necessary, as it must be dissected out, and the arteries tied as they are cut. No information the editor could give you would enable you to properly perform the work. Applications of any kind will not prevent the growth of a tumor, if the castration has been done in a bungling manner.

Plymouth Rock Fowls.

Mrs. W. H. S., Illinois:—Any poultry paper will give you information as to where the fowls named may be purchased. As an all-around fowl, they are excellent. Any live poultry breeder, by inserting a small advertisement in The Blade, would no doubt receive many orders for his fowls.

Enlargement After Castration.

J. H. St. C.:—Indiana:—The enlargement of which you speak should not be touched by an amateur. Arteries must be cut and picked up and tied, otherwise the mule would bleed to death. Get a veterinary surgeon.

Roup in Fowls.

Mrs. C. N. E., Kansas: Your fowls have roup. Separate the sick from the well ones at once, or it may spread through entire flock. Clean up the house in which they are kept. Do not permit the sick fowls to drink from the same water as the well ones. Wash the heads of the sick ones in tepid water in which a little vinegar has been stirred; dry the heads well, and afterward drop half a teaspoonful of sweet oil or melted lard down the throat. Squirt a little kerosene oil in the nostrils of each landfo ethemo nafci89 82828 293 . . . 4 fowl. Keep them out of the rain, and put them in the fowl-house when the air is chilly.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Calves' Horns.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—J. H. H., Udall, Kas., in Blade of July 20, asked for a recipe to stop calves' horns from growing. I have one that needs no advertising. As soon as the calves' horns start so they can be felt, wet the hair over the horn with water, and rub thoroughly with caustic potash. That can be obtained at any drug store for five cents.—Subscriber, Nebraska.

Up-Ground Cellars.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Will you please ask your many subscribers to inform me through the columns of The Blade how best to construct an upground cellar having an air space with double walls and filling with sawdust or some other substance. If some of your subscribers that have had some experience with that kind of a cellar will please let me know how they constructed theirs, it will greatly oblige an old subscriber.—Ohio.

Making a Cider Press.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Say to George R. Hurlburt, Tenn., we used to make a cider press in Indiana by hewing a log square, of the required size and length (30 or 40 feet long) then mortice one end into a tree, fasten with a pin so as to allow the beam to work up and down. Now arrange three uprights at the other end, with holes and pins and by means of a lever and by shifting the pins the beam can be raised and lowered. Have a square platform (not a free trade one, however,) near the tree end and cover this with rye straw. Now put on a layer of the pumace, and lap the straw over, then put on more apples, and lap over the straw again, and continue this until you have sufficient apples to press, and then let the beam down. It will require some little experience to arrange your "cheeses," but you will soon learn it. "Try, try again." A mill can be made as you would make a wooden corn mill. Get two beech logs the proper size and length; have them turned and then set cogs of wood in the rollers with notches for them to fit in, and then arrange a hopper against one side; put on a sweep and there you are. Hitch on one or two horses, fill your hopper, and drive on.—F. S. Miller, North Carolina.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Cheese Without Rennet."

Prof. H. H. Wing, Cornell.—Cheese is essentially milk from which a large part of the water and sugar has been removed. The removal of the water reduces the bulk and so aids in the ease of transportation of the nutritive properties of the milk. The removal of water and sugar together renders it easier to preserve the remaining constituents in a form suitable for human consumption and capable of being kept in the open air at ordinary temperature, without fermentation and with slight danger to decay. It is true that in removing the sugar we take away a part of the nutritive properties of the milk, but if it were left in, the amount of moisture (more than 30 per cent in ordinary cheese) would be sufficient to cause active fermentation of the sugar at ordinary temperature. "By simply reducing the pure, unadulterated milk to the consistency of cheese" we would not have a substance that could be kept in the open air for the reasons just stated. Evaporation has not ceased with condensed milk as The Rural showed several years ago in its articles on "Skim Milk on the Square," but if milk is to be preserved by evaporation in a form fit for human consumption it must be dried to such a point that fermentation will not take place. Condensed milk must be preserved in hermetically sealed cans because it has abundant moisture to cause fermentation of the sugar. We use rennet, as is indicated, to coagulate the casein and we do this to remove not only the water, but also the sugar. It seems to me self-evident that the water could not be so easily and cheaply removed by evaporation as by the use of rennet. In a vat of milk containing, say 5,000 pounds, by the use of a few cents' worth of rennet and by simply heating the mass from 82 to 98 degrees we are enabled to get rid of considerably more than 4,000 pounds of water and the milk sugar in a couple of hours. In order to do this by evaporation we would have to raise the temperature of the mass from 88 to 212 degrees and then convert the water into steam. The few cents expended for rennet would buy only an infinitesimal part of the coal required to do this work, to say nothing of the time and labor, and the sugar would still be left in the curd.—Rural New Yorker.

Berry Bulletin.

Fine manure, raked or cultivated in near the surface, will add fertility to the soil and make your plants grow.

Keep the ground moist and mellow by frequent cultivation; it warms the soil in early spring and retains the moisture near the surface in the heat of summer.

An application of hard wood ashes will supply the soil with potash, so necessary to the fruit garden.

If any plants have failed to grow, set new ones in their places at once. A large per cent of their labor is often lost by this neglect and profits for several seasons reduced.

Currants were much injured by the borer last season. As soon as the leaves start the affected canes are easily discovered, and should be cut out and burned at once. About June 1st the egg is laid; as soon as hatched the young borer eats its way into the cane, and remains until the following season.

The grower should understand at once that choice berries are always in demand, at good price, and the market is never overstocked.

Clean, well made packages, neatly stenciled on the sides with name and residence, soon becomes your "trade mark;" let it also be a guarantee of good berries honestly packed.

After clean cultivation and hoeing, apply summer mulch to raspberries and blackberries early in the month.

Green clover, cut in the blossom and applied at once, is best. It should be placed continuously along the hills about three feet wide and from four to five inches deep, leaving a clean place in the center of the row for cultivation.

Clover as a mulch is easily applied. It lays in a compact mass; retains the moisture; is free from weed seed; keeps the berries clean, and enriches the soil.

When the new canes are twelve or fifteen inches high, nip the tops back about two inches; this will cause numerous laterals to grow, which should be trimmed quite severely in the fall or spring.

Allow no fruit to grow on strawberry beds the first season; pick off all buds and blossoms.

With strong growing varieties, runners should be removed until the middle of July, then trained to form a matted row with clean paths between.

The time for guarding against insect and fungus diseases is now at hand.

It is estimated that fruit to the value of more than a million dollars is daily destroyed by these pests. They are the greatest obstacles the grower has to contend with. Guard against them in season.

The successful grower must become familiar with the London purple, kerosene emulsion, Bordeaux mixture, and kindred formulas. He should understand their uses as remedies and preventives as the skillful physician does his remedies.

The currant worm, which appears on the lower leaves of the currants and gooseberries soon after the fruit is formed, can be easily exterminated by sprinkling with white hellebore (one ounce dissolved in two gallons of water); two or three applications being sufficient, if applied when they first appear.

Something About Melons.

It is supposed that by the time this article goes to press melons will be in the "bearing stage." It is often the case that drouth sets in just at the time that the fuiting process is under full headway. When this is the case it often becomes necessary to water them. In watering melons the best plan we have found is to apply the water directly to the root; never to the vine. To accomplish this, we get a stick of timber about three feet in length and about six inches in diameter; taper this stick to a sharp point at one end, from about the center. Put the sharpened end in the center of a melon hill and drive into the ground (with a heavy maul) about half the length of the stick (18 inches) take out the spike and cover the aperature with a brick, rock or chunk of wood, to prevent evaporation. Serve every hill in the entire patch this way; always being sure to cover each hole before leaving it to make another one, and each time after watering. About sundown start the water-carriers (the more the merrier, as well as quicker done); one lifts the brick, another fills the hole with water, when the brick or rock is replaced by the same one that lifts it, who also goes to the next hill by the time the water reaches it, and the operation is repeated until the whole patch is watered. In watering this way, we save water, put it where it is most needed, and all evaporation is effectually prevented. We have succeeded in saving young fruit trees that otherwise would have died, by the same method of applying the water. Cucumbers, too, may be watered to advantage the same way. In fertilizing the melon hills, instead of digging holes to put manure in, we apply the manure on the surface, covering a space about the size of the hind wheel of a wagon. The melon patch is first thoroughly plowed, the manure is applied and well harrowed in; it is then ready for the seed. Hills do moderately well in a wet season, but if drouth should come they are gone, world without end; in short, we plant melons and vegetables for dry weather, i.e., flat or level with the surface, first, last and all the time; we never put our manure in the hill or drill, but let it be little or much we broadcast it all. When drouth is feared we believe this to be much the best plan.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Protecting Vines Against Insects.

I have many times noticed in your paper suggestions as to the best way to protect vines from being destroyed by bugs, and particularly Mr. Waldo F. Brown's statement in his article on "Growing Nutmeg Melons." I have protected my vines of all sorts for more than ten years past without the loss of a hill when the prevention was timely applied.

Take equal parts gypsum (common land plaster, such as farmers sow on their land) and wood ashes dry and fine, mix well. As soon as bugs begin working on the vines, wet them thoroughly with a sprinkler or otherwise and immediately dust the vines with the mixture, throwing some around the stalk. Dusting the mixture on wet vines causes it to form a slight crust that will stay on several days. Seldom do I have to go over my vines more than three times. Sometimes I have found the bugs working on the underside of the leaves; then by turning the leaves up, wetting and dusting is all that is needed.

The mixture applied as directed will protect squash vines even against the large black bugs. The mixture is cheap and a good fertilizer. I would ask Mr. Brown to give this remedy a fair trial and report through the Country Gentleman the result. I discovered the benefit of wetting the vines several years since by dusting my vines just after a shower, and when I found them crusted I thought surely I had killed them, but on the contrary they were free from bugs and grew.—Correspondence Country Gentleman.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to *be* well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the *only* medicine that's *guaranteed* to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments. In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't *cure* you, we'll *pay* you—$500 in cash!"

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers use Syrup of Figs.

Glad He Wasn't.

Wife—You are not the man you were when I married you.

Husband—Then you are to be congratulated. I was a fool then.—Truth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

REPENTANT SOULS PRECIOUS IN GOD'S LIGHT.

The Prayer of David Is as Appropriate Now as When Uttered—God Keeps the Tears of the Repentant.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage chose a unique theme as his subject for this week, viz., "A Bottle of Tears," the text selected being Psalms lvi., 8: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

Hardly a mail has come to me for 20 years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer, nor for 20 years, spoken on the platform of any outdoor meeting but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. So I think I will keep on trying to be a "son of consolation."

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities; but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those age have been brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom for the ancients to catch the tears they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed; and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear-bottles, in our museums.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear-bottles which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear-bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to, when David cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdemeanor, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek, or were dashed down by the bloated hand, or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips foaming with still worse intoxication. But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy, and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament, then God listens; then heaven bows down; then scepters of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion; then his tears are caught in God's bottle.

You know the story of Paradise and the Peri. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God to find what thing it can on the earth worthy of being carried back to heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the Celestial City. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of taking back to heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure speeds back to heaven. God sees the angel coming, and says, "Behold the brightest gem of earth, and the brightest jewel of heaven—the tear of a sinner's repentance."

Oh, when I see the Heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for neglect and unkindness; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched and the vile, and the sin-burned, and the passion-blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ecstacy and triumph: "More tears for God's bottle!"

Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side or back, or are subject to headaches, or faintness, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings; but God knows; God feels; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights; he regards the acuteness of the pain; he estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle, and count the drops, God counts all your feelings tears. As you look at the vials, filled with nauseous draughts, and at the bottle of distasteful tonic that stands on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again, God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The comptrollers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privations; sewing women who can not ply the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor, or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shanties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want—seething in summer's heat, of freezing in winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

Again, the Lord preserves the remembrance of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret. God looked over the bottle in which he gathers the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for forty years unanswered. He said: "Go to, now; and let me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God. Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it is easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying, "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. There are the trials that cleave the soul, and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine-press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The law-suit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the court room. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will se that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture. You cannot fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them, but more sure-footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tip-top, and sit shiver ring on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan, and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoon, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth Cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like wreckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come hap-hazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right; for God is the archer. This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore, and will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day, and whisper over your pillow night after night.

I want to assure you that you are not left alone; and that your weeping is heard in heaven. You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year, our boy climbed with great glee, and waved his cap from the top;" or, "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair, and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with sadness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture; and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart? Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture, and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces, and spoke in such a tremulous voice; and you say it is a good picture, but all the while you feel that, after all, it does not do justice; and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea, you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent. Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon the broken heart, and says: "This is the way I thresh the wheat; this is the way I scour my jewels! Cast thy burden on my arm and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into my bottle!"

Let the ages of heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended; the Koh-i-noor diamonds that made kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions, forgotten: the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame for ever these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

Meanwhile, let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand for ever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl of chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it, and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered, and say, each to each, "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the Psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." "That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven, the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

THE ENGAGEMENT.

A Dialogue in One Act, With a Denouement.

The other girls had been talking about her, and when she came in, smiling and a little self-conscious, they clustered eagerly about her.

"Did he leave you at the door?" queried the girl with the slim waist.

"Shall you call him 'John,' or 'Jack?'" asked the girl with the black eyes.

"Oh, do tell me, did he kiss you before, or after he proposed?" fluttered the girl with the straight nose.

"Oh, girls, I—"

"Did he say he had never proposed to a girl before?"

"Of course he did—why, the marriage positively wouldn't be legal if he didn't say that when he proposed."

"Did he say that he loved as man never loved woman before?"

"Did he go about asking your father as if he had ever done it before?"

"Oh, girls, you—"

"I knew you were engaged by the way in which you took his arm last evening."

"And I knew it by the fact that he did not go away to smoke with the other men after dinner."

"When did he first—"

"Do tell us what he—"

"Girls, girls, I—"

"Does Gertie make you leave the long parlor to her now that you are engaged?"

"How did you manage to look surprised when he—"

"Oh, dear, you—"

"Girls, she has her ring already; she is hiding her left hand."

"Oh, oh, how lovely!"

"Ain't it sweet. He must love you awfully to give you a ring like that," cried the girl with the black eyes.

"He selected the stone and had it set after a design of his own," said the newly affianced, blushing. "He said I should not have one just like any one else."

"How lovely of him! Did you ask the jeweler how much it is worth?" asked the girl with the straight nose. "Susie pretended that hers was too large and took it back on purpose to find out how much Wilson had paid for it, and would you believe it, he hadn't gotten it at the place he told her!"

"How mean!" cried the girl with the slim waist; "he knew she would do that and did it on purpose so she wouldn't know what he paid for it."

"Of course; men are so shy."

"But wasn't that lovely of Jack? I am sure a man with a mustache like that would make a delightful lover."

"But, Effie, how did he know the size?"

"Oh, he borrowed one of my rings; of course I knew what it was for, though I pretended not. I was awfully glad that he did not select the one that Phil gave me."

"I should think so! But aren't you afraid that it will be stolen?"

"Yes, indeed; I keep that hand under the pillow at night."

"Well, a ring like that is positively economical; it is such a saving in gloves," said the girl with the black eyes.

"Yes, indeed; but what I like best is the fact that no one else ever had one like it."

As she spoke the newly affianced walked over to the girl with the golden hair, who had all this time been looking idly out of the window.

"Don't you want to see my ring, Annie?" she asked, with a note of triumph in her voice.

"Thanks, dear," was the smiling reply. "I am glad you like it so much. By the way, you must be very careful of it; the setting is not very secure—I lost the stone once or twice while I was wearing it last year."

Then, in the midst of a silence which could be heard, she turned again to the window.—Boston Courier.

SCIENTISTS MAY DIFFER

As to the cause of rheumatism, but there is no difference of opinion among them as to the danger which attends it, the symptoms by which it manifests itself, and the difficulty of dislodging it in its chronic stage. Several mineral and vegetable poisons are prescribed for it, but none of these has been shown by experience to possess the same efficacy as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This benign specific depurates the blood by promoting vigorous action of the kidneys, which strain from the blood as it passes through them the rheumatic virus when it exists in the system. Physicians of eminence testify to the value of the Bitters in rheumatism, and the professional opinions regarding it are borne out and corroborated by ample popular evidence. The Bitters remedy chills and fever, liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation.

Style of Gotham Honeymoons.

A wild-eyed red-headed man, about 30 years of age, rushed into Charles street police station in New York and told the seargeant at the desk that he was Dr. William B. Shepherd, of 17 Abingdon square. He said that he was married on Saturday last and that he had been drinking ever since.

"I have spent $175 in bottled beer," he said, "and my wife and I have been in an awful condition since our marriage. She is now home, being watched by two friends. As for me, it is utterly impossible for me to get sober and I want you to commit me to the Island for a few days."

A policeman escorted the man to the Jefferson Market police court. Justic Hogan sent the man into the prison indorsing the commitment paper: "Until he gets perfectly sober."

Profit in Mucilage.

The common mucilage of commerce is prepared by boiling ordinary glue in vinegar and water and adding a little alum. All the ingredients are very cheap and there is a large profit in the sale, as a few cents' worth of materials will make a basket full of the product.

Song of the Tramp.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are tramping,
Hundreds of thousands on the road;
You can hear their weary tread,
As they hunt for work and bread,
In these "good times" by Democracy bestowed.

—Kansas City Journal.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Hoke Smith's March.

Old soldiers are demanding the publication of the following lines, written by some one who has a good idea of the feeling of the present administration for the pensioner:

Bring in that old pension roll,
We'll teach some other rules,
Teach them to the veterans
Attending our schools;
Teach them as we tried to teach them
To these Northern fools,
While they were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:—

Hurrah! hurrah! we're in the saddle now.
Hurrah! hurrah! we're bound to have a row.
So we'll teach the lesson
That will make their old heads bow,
While we are stopping their pensions.

Sherman's silly Yankee boys
Thought they made a dash,
When they went through Georgia
Breaking things to smash;
But little did they reckon
That so soon we'd cut and slash,
While they were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:—

Yes, our darkies shouted
When the Yankees came along,
It filled their hearts with joy,
And it bursted into song;
But we'll stop their pensions now,
And show 'em they were wrong,
When they were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus:—

Yes, these same old Union men
Will weep with briny tears,
For they're old and crippled now
And burdened with the years,
Hardly will they feel so much
Like bursting forth with cheers,
While we are stopping their pensions.

Chorus:—

Those Pension Frauds.

Editor Camp Fire:—I guess it must be that Grover Cleveland and Hoke Smith have forgotten who saved our nation.

Probably they think that it was the brave fellows who fell so nobly at the front and whose bones are now bleaching upon Southern soil (peace to their ashes) and who are not costing the government the enormous sum of $6 to $12 per month for their livelihood, else they would not spend so much honest cash for detectives to ferret out the criminality of those poor fellows who fought the enemy to the bloody end of the struggle and then came home injured for life.

But, because they have no bullet holes through their bodies and were so earnest to do their every duty upon the battlefields that they kept out of the hospitals and have no hospital record to show, they are now hunted up so that they can be dubbed "frauds," "pension sharks," "coffee coolers," etc.

The Good Book tells us that we must obey our rulers, so I suppose that if Uncle Grover should set any of us old soldiers on the track to hunt up those brave—no, brave won't do at all now—those fraudulent (?) men who carried their muskets at the front until they saw that their dear country was safe; yes, if he asks us to put ourselves into the place of bloodhounds to chase them down until we are sure that they are not getting too much of that saved country's bounty we must do it, so here goes.

Mr. Twelve-dollar-per-month Pensioner, I hear that you can work a little, so walk right up to headquarters and we will pass sentence upon you. You are a miserable scoundrel and we will put you into a felon's cell for life! Hush! don't let me hear any more about what you did for your country or about the needs of your little family, that once had to get along without a husband and father for three years or more because Uncle Sam needed you; and don't you let me hear anything more about your leaving a profitable business and facing the deadly shot and shell for $13 per month in depreciated currency.

But honestly, comrades, I think that why our rulers "spit their spite" out upon the pensioners who come under the act of 1890, is because they were the ones who did the most to quell the rebellion, as they were spared to fight on long after the others had lain down to sleep their last sleep or were languishing in prison pens or hospitals.

You know that a living dog can do more than a dead lion, and if it had not been for the well and strong ones who kept out of the hospitals, our good Gen. Grant could not have said to Lee's army: "We propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Cheer up, comrades, there are better times ahead, for our citizens are learning how to vote.—M. B. L., Co. G, 8th Minn. Inft. Vols.

Who Are the Veterans?

Editor Camp Fire:—I see that others may discuss matters through the Camp Fire, and why not I. I want to reply to Comrade D. J. Wise. He asks who are the veterans? Well, let's see what Webster says: "Veteran, long practiced or experienced; one long exercised; an old soldier." From this it is easy to see who were and who are the veterans. When those Ohio men re-enlisted they were already long practiced, old soldiers, hence veterans. It was not the fact that they re-enlisted that made them veterans, but the fact that they had already served a long term in the army, and were old soldiers. There is another thing. When the war was on and the government called for troops, the call was for so many and of such qualifications, and others and a greater number could not enlist. Later on, when a call was made for six months' men or one year, etc., they could not enlist for a longer term than the call.

Boys went to the war in '63 and '64 who would not have been taken in '62 '61. Now, who is to blame. I served about four years, but I don't consider that I am any more entitled to credit or to any more pension according to my degree of disability than the man who served 30 days and was disabled. He answered his country's call, just as I did. Now, I think that we have enemies enough to kick us without our kicking each other. Those who are wise will drop all disputes over the division of honor and pensions. Let Hoke Smith attend to that.—Joel Johnson, 18th Ill.

A Youthful Soldier.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a reader of The Blade and like its principles. I am very fond of reading the Camp Fire stories. The sun has dried up my pea vines, so I bring them and throw them upon the camp fire, and while they are burning will talk a while to the boys. I enlisted at the age of 16. My brother, aged 18, and I enlisted at the same time. We scouted around in Missouri awhile after bushwhackers, and finally landed in Jefferson City. At last old Gen. Price's army came along, and then there was some lively fighting, and towards night old man Price began to make us run, and we ran after him and he trotted clear out of Missouri.

Then the old Forty-ninth went South and laid siege to old Spanish Fort, and after its surrender in the spring of 1865 we went to Montgomery and from there to St. Louis, where we were mustered out in July. While but a boy then I feel but a boy now, one of the youngest of the old soldiers. I am a pensioner on account of disabilities caused from exposure. I think I can see what Hoke Smith intends to do with us pensioners. He intends to suspend all pensioners he can under the department bill, and then have Congress repeal the bill, then the suspended pensioners can never be placed back on the rolls again.—J. S. Parke, Co. A, 49th Regt. Mo. Inft.

A Good Frog Story.

Editor Camp Fire:—It seems to me that the Camp Fire should be kept pure and undefiled and each contributor should be truthful, write nothing but the truth and all of the truth. All communication should be matters of history, so that we could look back to the time when we wrestled with the hardships of our army life. If J. C. T. had vouched for his mill statement it would have been all right.

When we were on the retreat from Sabine cross roads my regiment arrived at Alexandria, La., April 25, 1864. While here the river was so low Porter could not get his boats over the falls, and was going to blow them up, when Banks asked A. J. Smith what he should do. A. J. riped out an oath and said: "Leave that to my guerrillas." He ordered half of his army to go up on each side of the river with their ram rods and thrash the frogs, and inside of two hours the river was high enough to let the boats over the falls, and Banks's paper collars were saved.—W. R. Stockard, Co. G, 96th O. V. I.

How It Was Done.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have seen several items in the Camp Fire in regard to the capture of Gens. Kelley and Crooks. I belonged to Co. H, 2nd W. Va. Inft., and was stationed at Cumberland at the time the raid was made. It was a part of McNeel's company that made the raid. They came in dressed in our uniform. Two of our company were captured, Tom Daily and Sergt. Jim Vale, and were relieved of their money and watches. I know some of the men talked with them after the war was over. I was a new recruit at the time. We were camped upon a high hill. I suppose there were seven or eight thousand troops there at the time. Well, it was pretty slick. They divided the company in two squads, one going to Crooks's headquarters and the other to Kelley's. This was told me by one of the Judy boys, who belonged to the company. Would like to hear from some of the 2nd W. Va. Inft. boys.—J. W. Westfall.

Fought With Stoneman.

Editor Camp Fire:—I belonged to the Union army three years and served under Gen. George Stoneman, the old raider who made it so hot for the rebs through Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Virginia and North Carolina. I was only sixteen years of age when I enlisted. I was caught by rebels while trying to get through to the Union lines and was sent to Knoxville and put in jail with Parson Brownlaw. I was court martialed and sentenced to be hung, but on account of my size and age was pardoned and exchanged.

I am a Grand Army man, and I want to ask through the Camp Fire why there are so many soldiers who are not members of the Grand Army. I think every Union soldier should be a member of that organization.—John V. Brown, Co. I, 8th Tenn.

Changed His Politics.

Editor Camp Fire:—I bring a Tennessee stump to keep up the blaze. I would like to hear from some of the old Eleventh Ohio boys. I often think of the winter spent in Carthage, Tenn., when John Morgan got our mules instead of our getting the corn. We lost eighteen wagons and six mules to each wagon. There are a great many Union men here, and a great many Democrats.

I voted the Democratic ticket until I came South, and then I changed, as I think there is a great difference here and in the North.—O. A. R., Wilson county, Tenn.

Regimental Reunion.

The survivors of the Fifty-second regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, will hold their sixth annual reunion September 20, at Carbondale, Pa. This regiment has a thorough organization, and this year's reunion promises to be of more than ordinary interest.

ARE YOU NERVOUS.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure effect. 25 cents a box.

BABY'S HABITS.

A Few Hints to Young Mothers by One Who Knows.

Baby is a bundle of habits, and whether they be good or bad ones depends almost entirely upon the first few weeks of his existence. I have known a few babies with regular habits to have occasional unaccountable fits of crying, but I have never known one with irregular habits who did not have regular crying spells, which its poor mother called the three or six or nine months' colic, according to the age of the baby.

A baby has just one thing to do for the first few months of his unsolicited existence, and that is to grow. In order to do this to the best of his ability and under the most favorable circumstances he must eat, sleep, be held and bathed by the clock.

Few monthly nurses have the sense to begin right with a baby, and the mother must see to it that the utmost regularity is enforced. If you have a set time for each of his youthful occupations you can be pretty certain when he cries what he is crying for; if it is near the time for feeding he will know it without the clock, as well as you do with it. If you have no regular hours you will be much more likely to force food upon him when he is not hungry and to try to make him sleep when he is not sleepy.

Don't let your dearest friend peep at him when he is asleep. Mothers owe many hours of care and painful nursing of their fretful infants to their own vanity which prompts them to show the precious charge to a caller who must kiss "the pretty dear" and who generally succeeds in waking him from his peaceful slumbers.

It is a very mistaken plan, too, to try to accustom a baby to noise. Mothers often declare that their babies must get used to the distractions of family life and learn to sleep through the rackets of the older children, the rattling of papa's newspaper and the hum of the sewing machine. This is a most unparalleled piece of idiocy. If you can by any means compass a quiet corner for baby's cradle and you value your peace of mind or his health, by all means do so. How would you like to be forced to take your naps in a boiler factory?

I always lose my temper, and very justly, I think, with mothers who declare that their babies shall not be rocked. There is no sense in joggling a baby as earnestly as if you were churning butter, but the gentle swaying motion of a hammock lightly touched never did harm young or old. See to it that the baby acquires good and regular habits, but don't allow yourself to have absurd whims.

UNDISCOVERED.

In vain you look for her on hill and dale,
A search devoid of reason or of rhyme,
For she has never been discovered yet,
The girl that will not flirt in summer time.

What He Expected.

"I don't suppose you are one of the people who put sand in their sugar?" said the jocose man to the grocer.

The grocer smiled faintly and sadly as he answered:

"That's another of those popular fallacies. People always talk about puttin' sand in sugar. If sugar gets any cheaper'n it is now I expect to see builders buyin' it to adulterate their sand with."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Buy It.

Guest—"What a magnificent residence that is opposite."

Mr. Pompous—"Grand! A veritable palace! I have been trying to buy that place for years."

Guest—"They won't sell, eh?"

Infant Terrible—"Yes, but they want cash."—Exchange.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Cherokee Strip.

R. E. I., Norman, Okla., writes: By your permission I wish to answer W. J. L. E., of Wellington, Kansas, who, writing in The Blade of the 17th instant, advises persons without means to live upon for three years not to locate in the "Strip," for the reason that it takes that length of time to "tame" the land, etc.

The above, in my opinion, is very bad advice, and may deter timid persons and those with small means from locating on this land, where they are almost sure of bettering their condition. To them I would say, come along and get a homestead. You fellows who have not the money to subsist upon for "three years" are the very kind that should take advantage of this opening. The eastern half of the Strip is 90 per cent good farm land and all this talk about it taking three years to tame this land is fol-de-rol. Sod broken in proper season is thoroughly decayed in twelve months, and land after being rebroken the second spring and well cultivated is at its best, the same as with blue grass sod of Indiana.

Now as to the amount of money you will need we can't tell; being all you have, much or little, it is a good place to invest, but don't stay away because you have only enough with which to get here.

Oklahoma is only a little more than four years old and she has produced three good crops of corn, wheat, oats, millet, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds. Almost every quarter section has a comfortable house on it, with orchards, barns, fencing, etc., that give it the appearance of an old, settled country. The people are contented and doing well. Yet 90 per cent of these people came here with only enough money to pay land office fees.

The climate and soil is adapted to fruit raising and gardening. The markets are filled with home grown fruits and vegetables of the finest quality.

The average yield of corn on uplands is about 30 to 40 bushels per acre, while in the valleys 75 to 100 bushels is a common thing.

Pearls.

R. W. L., Allisonia, Va., asks for the value of some of the costliest pearls known.

Pearls vary in size and value. Those which are about the size of a pea and of good color and form, are most valued, except unusually large specimens, which are rare. The most noted was owned by the late Mr. Hope, of England. It weighs three ounces, is 4 1-2 inches in circumference and 2 in length, but irregular and imperfect. Among the Romans enormous prices were paid for fine ones. Strings of pearls were valued as high as 1,000,000 sesterces, or about $40,000. The pearls in the eardrops of Cleopatra which she proposed to dissolve in vinegar at a costly repast, the subject of a wager, were valued at about $400,000. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Sir Thomas Gresham is said to have imitated this feat with a pearl valued at $75,000. Philip II., of Spain, obtained a pearl in 1574 from Margarita, valued at $150,000. Pearls have been found in the rivers of New Jersey which sold in Paris for $2,000. The pearl fisheries in the Persian gulf are said to yield annually from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000. The smaller ones are worth 50 cents to $3 each, and many of the large ones from $500 to $15,000.

Premium on Bonds.

G. F. S., Steubenville, O.: What you refer to is this fact: The Treasury of the United States under Harrison, had a large surplus of money lying idle in the vaults. There were a large number of United States bonds not yet due. They were bearing interest, of course. The idle money was used in buying up a large number of these bonds, which were cancelled, and the interest thus stopped. The bonds were not yet due, and of course the holders could not be compelled to bring them in. A premium was paid for them, but the government made money out of the transaction, for the interest thus saved was much greater than the premium paid. If you had a note not yet due, drawing interest, and had money idle in your pocket which you did not need and could not lend, would you not be willing to pay a premium to buy that note, so as to discharge the debt, and stop the interest, if the premium you paid was less than the interest? As we remember it, the government saved about four years' interest, and paid a premium equal to a little over one year's interest. It was not 23 1-3 per cent; that story is ridiculous.

Impeachment of Johnson.

H. R., Freeport, Iowa, asks that old chestnut: "Was Andrew Johnson legally impeached, and does impeachment disfranchise?"

Yes, he was "legally impeached;" but you don't know what the word "impeach" means. You think it means "convicted," or "found guilty;" but it don't. To impeach an official is to accuse him, in proper legal form, of misusing the powers of his office. The House of Representatives impeached Andrew Johnson; that is, it drew up a set of charges, accusing him of certain things. The Senate, sitting as a high court of impeachment, tried the case and acquitted him. Impeachment don't disfranchise, of course, as it is but a formal accusation. Read the rules above, and don't send a list of questions. One at a time is the rule.

To Make a Cement Floor.

W. B., Hill Top, Colo., asks "how to make a cement floor for a milk house."

Here is a recipe for a cheap but durable concrete floor: Mix three bushels of coal ashes from a blacksmith's shop with two bushels gas lime, and then add sufficient gas tar to make a stiff mortar. If the ammoniacal liquor has been separated from the tar, its place must be supplied by adding water till the tar is thin enough for use. The mortar can be laid down with a spade, and fine, sharp sand or gravel sifted over it. It must then be rolled well, and will become hard in a couple of days. Autumn is the best time for laying this kind of floor.

The House of Teck.

A. R. D., Leavittsville, O., asks for "a short history of the ancestry of the Princess of Teck, who was recently married to Prince George, of Wales."

Princess Victoria May of Teck, is a daughter of Princess Mary, sister of Princess Augusta and George, Duke of Cambridge. Her grandfather was Duke Adolph of Cambridge, sixth son of King George III. Princess Mary was married to Prince Franz von Teck, in 1837. He was a son of Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg. The title of Prince of Teck was conferred by the king of Wurtemberg in 1863, and that of Duke in 1871.

Silver Legal Tender.

T. H. P., Green Ridge, Mo.: Silver was remonetized by the Bland law of 1878, and it is so to-day. To remonetize is "to make money of it again." It is remonetized, but has not been given free coinage. Ignorant people talk as if the two were the same thing, but they are not. The silver dollars are a full legal tender to any amount.

M. W. A., Brookville, Kan.: Silver dollars are legal tender in all sums, made so by the Bland act of 1878. National bank notes are not legal tender.

Bureau of American Republics.

F. B., Grand Forks, N. D.: The bureau of American Republics was established at Washington, by recommendation of the Pan-American Congress, for the collection and distribution of commercial information concerning the republics of Central and South America. It may be addressed at No. 2 Lafayette Square, Washington, D. C. It is maintained by contributions from the countries interested.

The Gold Reserve.

J. H., Schell City, Mo.: The one hundred millions of gold reserve was not broken into until after Cleveland had been inaugurated. On March 4 the free gold in the treasury amounted to a little more than $4,000,000. That is, the $100,000,000 "reserve gold fund" was intact and there was a surplus of something more than $4,000,000.

"The Nasby Letters."

E. S., Bucu, Va., asks if the forthcoming volume of the "Nasby Letters" will preserve the "Nasby" spelling such as the letters had when originally printed in The Blade?

Most certainly. The eccentric spelling is followed, exactly as written originally by Mr. Locke.

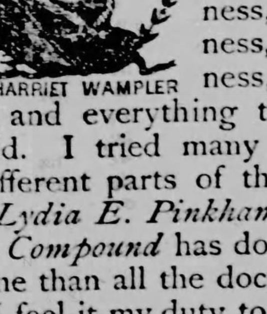
Miscellaneous.

J. W. M., ——: During the civil war, '61-'65, 29,725 union troops and 26,774 rebel troops died while prisoners.

T. B. C., Albia, Iowa: You are mistaken. We did publish every word of the President's recent message. We are going to allow the boys in the Camp Fire a little latitude on pensions, and then cut off the discussion.

F. C. S., Ward, W. Va.: It is not definitely known where Mitchell and Corbett will fight. The Coney Island club offered a prize of $40,000 for the event, but the Columbian Athletic club, of Chicago, raised it to $45,000. Coney Island claims a contract with Corbett, and the matter is in controversy.

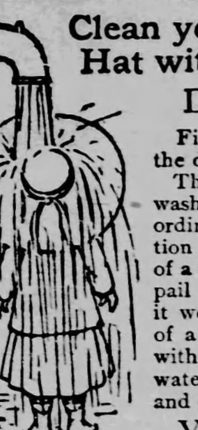
"My Sick Sisters,
"Let me tell you something.
"I have no motive other than to do you good.
"For years I have been almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms: shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, faintness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the U. S., but *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* has done more for me than all the doctors.


MRS. HARRIET WAMPLER

"I feel it my duty to tell you these facts that you also may be cured. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham."—
Mrs. Harriet Wampler, 507 Kasota Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.
Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

Clean your Straw Hat with Pearline.



Directions.

First brush out all the dirt possible.

Then, with a sponge, wash the hat with the ordinary Pearline solution (in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pail of water.) Steam it well over the nozzle of a kettle; rinse well with sponge and warm water; press into shape, and dry.

You can do all this at home at a cost of less than one penny. It's simple enough, if you have Pearline—but, with Pearline, every kind of washing and cleaning is simple. Directions for the easiest way on every package.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 341 JAMES PYLE, New York.

The Gates of Pearl,

Through which the Human voice issues, should never become rusty. To keep the teeth forever free from blemish, to render their decay impossible, it is only necessary to use fragrant SOZODONT. It is antiseptic and supremely wholesome.

HANGING IN EFFIGY.

Some of the Customs of the World—Killing Judas.

An effigy is, of course, merely a symbol, and may be used as either an object of adoration or of hatred, and the narrow lines that divide these two sentiments are

GUY FAWKES PARADE IN ENGLAND.

clearly shown in the action of the Japanese girl who, as we are told in the "Tales of Old Japan," behaved thuswise to a faithless lover: The maiden rises at 2 o'clock in the morning, dresses herself in white and carries a little straw figure—the effigy of the faithless one—to the sacred grove around some Shinto shrine, says a New York Herald writer in a somewhat extended article on "Hanging in Effigy."

The trees are supposed to be under the special protection of the god to whom the shrine is dedicated, and any injury done to them arouses him to vengeance. So, taking the effigy in her left hand and a

JAPANESE MAIDEN NAILING THE EFFIGY OF HER LOVER TO THE HOLY TREE

hammer in the right, she sacrilegiously nails the figure to one of the holy trees, praying the god to slay the traitorous youth and vowing that if he grant her prayer she will pull out the nails which offend the god by wounding his consecrated tree. Night after night she strikes in two or more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her unfaithful lover's life, because the god will be sure at the last, in order to save his tree, to strike the young man dead.

Of course Guy Fawkes comes in for his annual and memorial punishment, and of course his punishment is by effigy, but a still more curious anniversary is that prevalent among the Southern European people and their descendants in Mexico, of meting out punishment in this way to Judas Iscariot, and on Maundy Thursday the inhabitants of the Mexican towns throng the streets to execrate, insult and otherwise express their disgust of the false disciple, whose effigy is hanged to lamp posts, and fired at with pistols, squibs and crackers.

SHOOTING AT AN EFFIGY OF JUDAS ISCARIOT IN MEXICO.

Her Daughter.

Mrs. Swamper—I had but one daughter and I reared her very carefully. She knows absolutely nothing of love and that sort of thing.

Mrs. Hardhed—How interesting. I notice the account of the marriage of a Miss Swamper to a foreign nobleman. Any relative of yours?

Mrs. Swamper—That's my daughter.—Town Topics.

For Back Piazza Use.

Jack—Too bad that thing got around about you, Miss Daisy.

Daisy (indignantly)—What thing?

Jack—My arm.

Daisy—Oh, I've been twice as badly treated before.

(And Jack makes use of the other arm.)—Town Topics.

An Eastern Cyclone.

Western Child—"Do you ever have cyclones here?"

Eastern Child—"What is they?"

"They is winds, awful winds that makes things turn right around."

"Oh, yes. Once I saw the wind blow the market wagon across the street and the wheels turned around."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Bound to Cut Him Out Some Way.

"Mamma, the little boy next door has got on a new suit. Can I have one, too?"

"Not now, Willie."

"Then I guess I'll go out and pick a fight with him."—Life.

The Sunday School.

Paul at Rome.

LESSON XI., SEPTEMBER 10, 1893.

Golden Text: I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.—Rom. 1:16.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts 28:20-31.)

20. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak with you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.

21. And they said unto him, We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee.

22. But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against.

23. And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him in his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening.

24. And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.

25. And when they agreed not among themselves, they departed, after that Paul had spoken one word, Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers,

26. Saying, Go unto this people, and say, Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and not perceive:

27. For the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them.

28. Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it.

29. And when he had said these words, the Jews departed, and had great reasoning among themselves.

30. And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him,

31. Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

Illustrative Applications.

Because of the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain (v. 20). It is hard to suffer for well-doing and for right feeling. Yet it is better to suffer thus than for the opposite. And it is a very common thing to be sufferers because of our best intentions, or from being misunderstood by those whom we love. Every parent suffers this when his child counts him harsh and unkind in denying him unlimited gratification, or resents his wise severity of discipline. How often one finds himself under censure by a friend because of an act or purpose of sincerest friendship. And every pastor, or teacher, or Christian worker in any sphere, is quite as liable to make enemies, or provoke opposition, from fidelity to the right, as from evil speaking or doing. Acting for the highest welfare of those about us, we must not expect to be always free from their misconception and censure. For a time we may be bound with a chain for that which is their hope and desire—as well as ours.

Persuading them from morning till evening (v. 23). If a subject has a man's heart, he never tires of talking about it. If his soul is bent on convincing others of its truth, he will take time for his work. Merchants will talk all day long about buying and selling; so will politicians about politics. Many a lawyer gives more than one day to his argument in a single lawsuit. Yet how rarely do men give an entire day to the serious consideration of religious truth. It would seem, however, as if one day were not too long a time for the settling of a question which involves the interests of eternity. Paul evidently was of that opinion. So were some of the Jews who came to his lodgings at Rome. Were they mistaken?

And some believed the things which were spoken, and some disbelieved (v. 24). It makes no difference who is the preacher, or what or how long is his sermon,—he cannot make his hearers believe him. The declaration of the truth is his duty; the accepting or rejecting of his message rests with them. We may warn a child of the danger of leaning out of a window, or of going on thin ice; we may tell a young man of the peril of using intoxicating drinks, or of disregarding the laws of health in his eating, sleeping, or working; we may show plainly to an unwise parent the inevitable consequences of his neglect or mistraining of his children; but unless he whom we address believes us, our words are wasted, and our efforts are of no avail. In the pressing of any truth, we can only make sure of faithful preaching. The belief of the hearers is not for us to force.

Hearing ye shall hear, and shall in no wise understand (v. 26). To hear a thing is not necessarily to understand it. It may be in another language than ours. It may be concerning matters about which we are utterly ignorant. If the average member of a Christian congregation were asked to tell what he knew of the last sermon he heard, it would be found that he understood it but poorly. So of the scholar in the Sunday school class; he does not understand all that his teacher tells of the lesson. Men of the world generally understand very little about the Christian religion, much as they hear of it. Our prayer should be, that we may not only hear, but understand God's truth, and that those who hear us declare it, may understand what we say to them.

And he abode two whole years preaching and teaching with all boldness (v. 30, 31.) Neither his privations and annoyances nor the unbelief of those whom he addressed hindered the labors, or lessened the bold earnestness of Paul as a preacher and a teacher of Christian truth. No matter if we are in sorrow or trouble; no matter if our best efforts seem put forth to no purpose; no matter if those who hear us refuse to believe our message,—it is for us with all earnestness to be faithful and persevering, and loving in our ministry,—to all whom we may reach,—in the name and in the spirit of Jesus. The work before us we must not neglect. God alone is responsible for the results of our service.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT MONEY.

Where the Pennies and Nickels Go.

There are 110,000,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three million of these are still outstanding. Three million three-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 800,000 half cents, which correspond in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the government for re-coinage or is held by the treasury. Congress appropriates from $100,000 to $150,000 yearly for recoining the uncurrent silver coins now in possession of the treasury. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated because there is no demand for them. Not long ago the stock of them amounted to $26,000,000, but it is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of the minting but is required to reimburse the treasury of the United States on account of the loss in weight which the silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. This loss amounts to $30 on every $1,000 and it has to be made good in order to set the treasurer's account straight.—Boston Transcript.

A SUMMER DRINK FOR DYSPEPTICS.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. JOHN LITTLE, Bloomington, Ill., says: "I have prescribed it occasionally the past two years in cases of dyspepsia, kidney disorders and general debility, especially of the nervous system, with very satisfactory results. I have recommended it as a summer drink for dyspeptic patients, with excellent satisfaction."

Prices Paid for Slaves.

It is very curious to read in an old Roman history of the prices paid for slaves in the palmy days of the empire. As a general thing a laborer could be bought for about $80 of our money, but after a province had been conquered or a great victory won hundreds would sometimes be bought for $5 or $10 each. After the siege of Jerusalem by Titus the price of slaves fell to $4. Skilled laborers and artisans brought more. A gardener was worth about $300, a blacksmith $700, a good cook often brought $2,500, an actor or actress $5,000, and a physician $10,000.

No Better.

"No, he's no better," said a woman when the doctor came to visit her husband. "You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lie on a 10-cent piece. I hadn't a ten, but gave him as much as would go on ten ones and he's worse, if anything."—Exchange.

Cause for Anxiety.

McKell—"I think Robinson's sanity ought to be inquired into."

O'Kief—"Why."

McKell—"I met him as he was coming from the ball game the other day and he didn't know the score."—Exchange.

AN UNHAPPY LOVER.

The whole world loves a lover,
So all the poets say,
But that doesn't make him happy
If the girl herself says "Nay."
—Somerville Journal.

Pat's Verbal Contract.

Lawyer—Have you got a verbal contract with him?

Pat—Indade I have, but I didn't bring it wid me, for the razon that I don't belave it's wurth the paper it's written on.—Texas Siftings.

Justifiable Homicide.

Belle—And to think that Desdemona was murdered on account of a handkerchief!

Jack—So? Did she use musk or patchouly?—Puck.

SUMMER IS DYING.

Summer is dying! Oh! beautiful summer!
Gone is her crown and forgotten her graces;
Short is the time since, a happy newcomer,
She brought us her roses and smiled in our faces.

Fain had we kept her forever and ever
To brighten our lives with her song birds and flowers,
But this world of change bids true friendships sever,
And summer is passing, no more to be ours.

The cricket is crooning down in the grasses;
The locust is piping a rasping farewell;
The song birds are mute; the wind as it passes
Rings out a weird dirge from each late flower bell.

Summer is dying; the old partridge drummer
Beats her retreat from her well-beloved places;
Others will come, but never this summer
Will greet us again with her smiles and her graces.

SADIE BEATTY.

Fostoria, O.

Not Fair for the Other.

Husband—I think I will run over to Chicago during the fair.

Wife—Then I think I will go with you.

Husband—No, my dear; what is fair for one is far from being fare for two.—New York Herald.

A Superior Brute.

May Blume—I just love that man!

Rose Bud—Why?

May Blume—Because he makes me believe everything I say is silly.—Puck.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 194,000

OUR BOOMING CIRCULATION.

As will be seen by the figures above, the circulation of the Weekly Blade last week was 194,000 copies. Of the present issue we shall print 200,000 copies certain, and probably it will require even more to supply the demand. All copies of this number go to bona fide subscribers, whose names are entered on our books. This is the second time in the history of The Blade that it has reached the 200,000 mark—the other being in the fall of 1884. We do not believe there is another weekly newspaper in the United States which has ever had so great an actual circulation.

This shows how popular the Weekly Blade is. It is the only weekly which is purely a newspaper, published anywhere, with a circulation in every state and territory in the United States. It is the most popular paper in this country, and its popularity is on an enduring basis, for it depends entirely upon the fact that it suits the American people.

AN EXPLANATION.

All subscriptions to the Weekly Blade begin with the next issue after their receipt. We are led to remind our readers of this, because we have had hundreds who have written to have their subscriptions begin back with the Weekly of August 17—the first paper containing The Blade's Silver Debate. Ordinarily we would have been glad to favor there persons, and had there been but a few of them, we would have done so; but the wide demand for the Silver Debate speedily exhausted the extra copies we had of that issue, and we can fill no orders whatever for that number, as we have no papers. We do not keep back numbers corded up in The Blade office, as some people seem to imagine. The moral of this is, send your subscription so as to reach us in time to begin with the number you want.

TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS!

By this time, all of our subscribers whose term expires in September, will have received from us a due-bill for a free copy of "The Nasby Letters," to be used in connection with their renewal of the Weekly Blade. We desire that all of our subscribers tell their neighbors and friends of our liberal offer, and also to show to them our advertisement of "The Nasby Letters." Many of your neighbors will subscribe for the Weekly Blade in order to get a copy of this incomparable book. We would be pleased also to have every subscriber send us a list of names and addresses of their friends, to whom we will be pleased to mail sample copies of the Weekly Blade. Send in the names! We desire to have every reading person in the United States know of our liberal offer.

THE "PSYCHIC CONGRESS."

The above is the pretentious title assumed by a convention of believers in those obscure manifestations dignified just now by the title of "psychic phenomena," in session at Chicago. There is an attraction for the obscure and unknown implanted in the human mind, and this dim domain, on the borderland of human knowledge, has had explorers in all ages and in all lands. Magic, sorcery, divination, witchcraft, spiritualism, clairvoyance, mesmerism, telepathy, theosophy, are but terms for some phase of this endeavor to resolve the irresolvable, to find the unfindable.

It is entirely probable that the seers, wizards and magicians of antiquity knew as much as we now do on this subject, and that is—nothing. To leave the realms of scientific inquiry, and attempt to explore this tantalizing field, has always been fruitless. It is like a kitten's efforts to catch its own tail. Every now an then a new start is made, it is announced that a new era is beginning, and we are told confidently that the puzzle of the ages is about to be solved, but the result is always the same. Nothing new is evolved—unless it be a voluminous load of pseudo-science, which adds not one iota to the knowledge of the world or to the progress of scientific inquiry.

Of course this field is a most inviting one for fraud, and it has been well worked by cheats and charlatans. But aside from this, there are thousands who believe there is something real in these phenomena. There is a mass of evidence of thought-transference, of apparitions, of voices, of visions, etc., which appears to have authentication; but the phenomena are so vague and elusive that there is no probability that they can ever be investigated so as to give us an understanding of them, or that anything that will add to the sum of human knowledge will ever result from their investigation.

While there is no reason why those who so desire shall not investigate until the utter absence of tangible results shall tire them out, one thing should be carefully remembered—that because a phenomenon is mysterious and unexplainable, it does not follow that it belongs to the realm of the supernatural. Whatever there may be of these dim mysteries, they are the result of natural causes, and subject to physical laws. There is nothing in them on which to found a religious cult, any more than there is in the phenomena of electricity or of gravitation. It is a reversion to the infantile stage of mentality to try to make a religion of these unsubstantial vagaries.

Emin Pasha is again said to be alive. Hereafter no one will believe the Pasha is dead unless he signs his own death warrant.

THE EVIL OF THE SALOON.

A subscriber down in Central Ohio writes to ask why The Blade devotes so much energy to the saloon, and "pays no attention to the men who drink." He thinks that the drinker is just as much in fault as the dealer, for "if there were no demand for liquor there certainly would be none made or sold." All of which is true; but let us suppose in your own little Ohio village, for example—which has a population of 600, we find—there were one liquor saloon—only one place where rum in any form could be purchased. (There are probably more, however, but for illustration let us suppose there is but one.) Out of your 600 population, made up of men, women and children, there are probably 100 who drink, either seldom or frequently, at its bar. Now tell us, which would be the easier for the law to do; to detect and punish every one of those 100 men when they went to drink, leaving the seller alone, not interfering with him in any way; or to pay no attention to those who drink, but to prevent that one man from selling Rum?

Obviously the latter is the easier to do. And it would still be the easier mode of enforcing Prohibition if there were a half-dozen different saloons, and as many different ones engaged in the sale. It is easier to control six men than to control 100. Then does it not follow that in a whole state it is easier to control the manufacture and sale of this poison than it is to attempt to control the hundreds of thousands of men who drink, habitually or occasionally?

Again, the efforts of the numerous secret and non-secret temperance organizations have been directed for years to the building up of a temperance sentiment, to the education of the masses in the direction of total abstinence. The saloons have been open all of the same period, and the result is that the saloon has proved itself a more potent educator for evil than the others have been for good. Take your own village again, for example: Suppose every rum-hole in it were closed permanently; would not your village boys grow up without being exposed to the temptations of drink? If its demoralizing influence were absent all good influences would be far more potent than they now are.

The evils of rum can not be overcome so long as the saloon is allowed to remain. Therefore the saloon and the distillery and the brewery must go in order that humanity may have this monster evil removed. Why do men make and selll rum? Simply because there is money in it. Is there any good reason that can be given why any person should be allowed to pursue an occupation which is absolutely and entirely injurious to his fellow-men? All other occupations in this wide circle of human effort have this raison d'etre in necessity, utility, or convenience to mankind. The rum traffic stands alone. It ministers to vice, to crime, to misery and suffering. It is a monster vampire, sucking the life-blood out of the body politic. It is not only useless; it is a curse to humanity. There is not another human occupation of which this can truthfully be said.

While it is true, as our friend who makes the query states, that if there were none who wished to drink rum, none would be made or sold, the converse is equally true, that if none were manufactured or sold none would be drank. As a question of morals, the guilt is upon the one who gives opportunity for a crime. There are, for instance, many men who are absolutely crazy when under the influence of liquor; they are filled with an insane desire to kill and destroy. When a person so constituted commits murder, for example—and there are dozens of such instances reported in the daily press each year—the moral guilt rests as deeply upon the man who sold him the liquid fire that paralyzed his judgment and rendered him temporarily insane, as it does upon the actual doer. Men are frequently allowed to escape the just penalty of infraction of the law, simply because it is shown that they were irresponsible, through being drunk at the time. Is not this a tacit admission by the law itself that the real blame rests elsewhere? And on whom can this blame be placed save on the shoulders of the man who furnished the rum?

Then, if the seller is morally to blame for the crime and misery caused by the drunkard; if the sale can be more easily controlled than the drinking; and if the saloon is our most potent agent in the perpetuation of the vast array of evils resulting from the rum traffic—and it has been shown that these propositions are all true—it follows, then, that the traffic should be destroyed as the most just, the most practical, and the surest way of curing these evils. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of rum is the only really practical way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

BOIES, THE THIRD TERMER.

The Iowa Democratic state convention nominated Gov. Boies by acclamation, and that gentleman accepted, in spite of his recent letter declaring that he would not. The fact that he is a third-termer will add another, and a very strong, factor to the Republican campaign. The people of this country do not look with favor on perpetuity in high office, either state or national. Queerly enough, this sentiment is largely with regard to executive positions, which are the ones of real power.

The feeling may be right or wrong, but it exists, and must be taken into consideration in every case. With the Iowa Republicans united, and having an extremely popular and personally strong candidate, the Democrats would have a hard time to win in that state, even with a candidate without handicap. Boies is the most popular Democrat in the state, but the antagonism of the masses to a third term will neutralize his popularity, and render a Republican triumph almost a certainty.

ORDERS FOR NASBY LETTERS.

Already the renewals for September have commenced to pour in at an enormous rate, and we are receiving orders by the hundreds per day, of renewals of September expirations, and a copy of "The Nasby Letters." We are glad to have so many orders in advance because during the month we shall have all we can do to extend subscriptions and enter the orders for the book. Again we caution all whose time expires in September not to omit this opportunity. Get your renewal in EARLY!

Southern Congressmen are getting their salary now in chairmanships, for time spent in the civil war.

UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL OF THE SHERMAN LAW.

On Monday the House of Representatives passed the Wilson bill for the unconditional repeal of the bullion-purchase and note-issue clauses of the Sherman silver law, by a vote of 239 yeas to 110 nays. This is a crushing defeat for free coinage, and settles that question for this Congress.

The full text of the Wilson bill is as follows:

An act to repeal a part of an act, approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes."

Be it enacted, etc., That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes," as directs the secretary of the Treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month, at the market price thereof, not exceeding one dollar for 371.25 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases treasury notes of the United States, be, and the same is hereby, repealed; but this repeal shall not impair or in any manner affect the legal-tender quality of the standard silver dollars heretofore coined; and the faith and credit of the United States are hereby pledged to maintain the parity of the standard gold and silver coins of the United States at the present legal ratio, or such other ratio as may be established by law.

It will be seen that the Wilson bill stops the purchase of silver bullion by the government, and consequently stops the issue of Treasury notes to pay for that bullion. It maintains the silver dollars already coined at full legal tender quality, impairs in no way the legal tender quality of outstanding Treasury notes, and does not restrict their reissue after redemption. Its effect is to stop the coinage of any more silver dollars, as, under the third section of the Sherman law—which section it does not repeal—none can be issued except from the bullion already on hand, and from that only as may be needed to redeem Treasury notes of 1890.

It will be recalled that, before beginning the debate on silver in the House, upon August 11, when the Wilson bill was introduced, an agreement was made that there should be eleven days of general debate, the time to be equally divided between the friends and the opponents of the bill; then three days were to be given to five-minute speeches on that bill and the amendments; that a vote was to be taken to-day, first on the amendments, and then on the bill itself. The order of vote, as agreed upon, was as follows:

The vote shall be taken first on an amendment providing for the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. If that fail, then a separate vote to be had on a similar amendment proposing a ratio of 17 to 1; if that fails, on one proposing a ratio of 18 to 1; if that fails, on one proposing a ratio of 19 to 1; if that fails, on one proposing a ratio of 20 to 1. If the above amendments fail, it shall be in order to offer an amendment reviving the act of the 28th of February, 1878, restoring the standard silver dollar, commonly known as the Bland-Allison act; the vote then to be taken on the engrossment and reading of the bill as amended, or on the bill itself if all amendments shall have been voted down, and on the final passage of the bill without other intervening motions.

The bill went at once to the Senate. The indications are that the Finance committee of that body, to which the bill will be referred, will report the Voorhees bill as a substitute, and that the Senate will pass it. Herewith is given a copy of the Voorhees bill:

That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes," as directs the secretary of the Treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month, and at the market price thereof, not exceeding one dollar for 371.25 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases treasury notes of the United States, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.

And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bimetallism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts.

It will be seen that the Voorhees bill is exactly the same as the Wilson bill in effect. The only difference is that it declares the policy of the government to be that of bi-metallism—"to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value." But this is merely declaratory. It provides no method for doing this. That is left to be done in the future, and of course does not even compel Congress to do this.

The Voorhees bill will pass the Senate without doubt. It will then go to the House, and the probabilities all point to its passage by that body, and its consequent enactment into law.

Its effect will be exactly the same as would be that of the Wilson bill. It puts the United States on exactly the same ground that France and other countries of the Latin Union took in 1878, and have occupied ever since. It maintains the legal tender quality of the silver dollars already issued, upholds them at a parity with gold by not repealing the part of the Sherman law which does this, but prevents any addition to the volume of legal tender silver, other than the coinage of what may be demanded for the redemption of the Treasury notes of 1890. France has not added a single franc to the volume of her legal tender silver since 1878, nor has any other of the nations of the Latin Union done so.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

We are now ready to receive renewals from the many thousand subscribers whose time expires in September. According to our offer elsewhere, these renewals must be for one year, at $1 each; and, as a premium, we shall give the book, "The Nasby Letters." We are ready to receive these renewals now, and we want as many as possible to send their orders EARLY, as we shall have a lively time during September. We will immediately extend your subscription on our books for one year, and the premium book will be mailed, in order as the names come to us, as soon as we get the book from the binders. We expect to begin mailing these books just after the middle of September.

The Society of the Unemployed, now holding its frequent and threatening parades in the streets of foreign cities, should not be allowed to acquire an American domicile.—Benjamin Harrison, October 6, 1892.

With an assurance that the tariff wouldn't be touched in ten years every factory wheel in the United States would turn within a week.

In many instances those "robber barons" of whom we used to read in Democratic papers, have been succeeded by receivers.

The fellows who voted for a change last year now want to know if they were not misunderstood; they did not order a fast.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DEBATE.

To-day we give the third paper of our great Silver Debate. It is written by Hon. Thos. M. Patterson, formerly Representative in Congress from Colorado, and now editor of the Rocky Mountain News, of Denver. He argues in behalf of free silver, and being a trained newspaper writer, he presents the case as strongly as it is capable of being done.

The fourth paper will appear next week, and will be prepared by the editor of The Blade—thus placing two newspaper men in the debate on opposite sides.

For the benefit of those who have not seen previous issues, we will say that the following are the conditions of the debate, and the propositions to be debated:

Propositions to be Debated.

First—Resolved, That silver was demonetized in 1873 through conspiracy and fraud for selfish ends.

Second—Resolved, That the United States should immediately pass a law providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver on a parity of 16 of silver to 1 of gold.

The conditions mutually agreed upon for the debate are as follows:

Conditions of the Discussion.

1.—No paper shall exceed 2,500 words.

2.—The three affirmative papers to be written by members of Congress or ex-members from the state of Colorado.

3.—The two negative papers to be furnished by citizens of Ohio, to be secured by The Blade.

4.—The discussion to be opened by Congressman Bell, of Colorado, and to be replied to by a citizen of Ohio, and in like manner with the remaining three papers, the affirmative having, as usual, the opening and closing of the discussion.

ABOUT ERNEST SEYD.

One of the cries of the free silver men of the West is that the provision of the coinage act of 1873, which dropped the silver dollar from our coinage, was steathily incorporated in the bill as the result of the machinations of one Ernest Seyd, a London banker, who came across the Atlantic, loaded down with $500,000 of British gold to be used as a corruption fund. There are thousands of people who believe this story, without stopping to consider that they are condemning without evidence. Any malignant falsifier may accuse you of a crime; but the maxim of the law is that you are to be held innocent until proved guilty. It is not required that you should prove innocence.

It may help those who have heard the charge referred to above to understand its inherent weakness, to state that Mr. Ernest Seyd was an honorable and high-minded man, who would not have stooped to commit the crime of bribery. Nay, more; he was not a gold monometallist, but an eminent and active bimetallist, and one of the strongest friends that silver ever had. He went to monetary congresses, and visited legislative halls, in the interest of silver, not as its enemy. He attended the Paris international bimetallic conference in 1881, as a bimetallist, and died in that city while that body was in session. One of the American delegates was the Hon. Dana Horton, a well-known bimetallist, who took a prominent part in the popular discussions at the time the Bland bill was passed in 1878, and was widely known as the champion of silver. Hence the silver men should accept what Mr. Horton said in his address to the Paris conference, in which, as the friend of Mr. Seyd, he formally announced the latter's death to that body. His words were:

It was the profound interest which he took in the conference which brought him here, and which, I believe, hastened the death. How intense that interest was may be well understood when we remember that but a few years have passed since the day when there was no serious opposition to the general adoption of the gold standard except on the part of Prof. Walowski at Paris and of Ernest Seyd at London.

While we do not know whether Mr. Seyd was in the United States in 1873, but there is nothing improbable nor impossible in it. But is it not, considering his well-known views on silver, more probable that he came here in the interest of silver than as its enemy? The probabilities are all that way. But there is another point which makes the idea of bribery more untenable. The original coinage bill was passed by the Senate in 1871, over two years before the final passage of the second bill, in February, 1873, on which occasion Mr. Seyd is alleged to have been present. In view of that fact, what was the use of sending a half-million of money to corrupt Congress, when even the members from the Pacific states favored the act?

Again, why should English bankers desire to have the United States demonetize silver? Why should they form a "conspiracy," as the silver advocates charge they did, for that purpose? The latter reply that "England controls the gold supply of the world," and "can charge us any price she pleases for what we need of it to maintain our currency." They overlook the fact that England has not as much gold as the United States have; she has not as much gold as has France, nor even as much as Germany. How can she "control the gold supply of the world" if she holds only a fraction of the world's stock? Will some free silver advocate tell us? Here is a table showing the amounts of gold and silver held by each of the four countries named above:

	Gold.	Silver.
Great Britain..	$550,000,000	$100,000,000
Germany..	600,000,000	210,000,000
France....	800,000,000	700,000,000
United States....	654,000,000	575,000,000

France has a larger supply than any other country, it will be seen; yet she does not hold enough to enable her to control the world's supply. A study of these figures makes the allegation concerning an English gold conspiracy look extremely silly.

TO THREE-MONTHS' SUBSCRIBERS.

With the date of this issue our cheap three-months' terms for The Weekly Blade expire. It will be useless for those whose time expires in September to remit us the prices ruling the past season for a three-months' renewal. All renewals should be made for one year, remitting one dollar. This will pay for The Blade one year, and a copy of the new book, "The Nasby Letters," which is worth far more than a dollar. We intend that all shall thoroughly understand our terms; but if anybody, through misapprehension, should remit us ten cents for a renewal, the time will be extended only one month, and no premium will be sent. If any one desires a three months' renewal, without premium, he should remit 30 cents.

Congressman Martin, of Texas, who distinguished himself by blowing out the gas, saved more money than any other member of the House. He blew out the gas, but refused to blow in his cash.

The Congressman who has a poor opinion of President Cleveland's message is not burdened with the contents of the pie counter.

There are thousands of Democrats who now believe in the soundness of the tariff views of the late Samuel J. Randall.

THOSE CHAIRMANSHIPS.

Long has it been the boast of the Bourbon Democracy that it was the only really "national" party; loud and long has been the chorus of Bourbon charges that the Republican party is a "sectional" party. Taken in connection with these Bourbon claims, the assignment of chairmanships of the standing committees of the House of Representatives stands a monument of Democratic sectionalism. Study for a moment the following tabular statement of Northern states which received no recognition in the distribution of chairmanships, and if Southern states which were so recognized:

NORTHERN STATES.

Maine	None
New Hampshire	None
Vermont	None
Massachusetts	None
Iowa	None
Kansas	None
Nebraska	None
Minnesota	None
North Dakota	None
South Dakota	None
California	None
Colorado	None
Oregon	None
Washington	None
Wyoming	None
Montana	None

SOUTHERN STATES.

Alabama	3
Georgia	3
Louisiana	2
Mississippi	2
Texas	3
Virginia	3
Kentucky	3
Tennessee	3
West Virginia	2
Missouri	3

Mr. Speaker Crisp, "of Gawgia, sah," of course had no intention of ignoring the "poor white trash" of his own party in failing to recognize sixteen Northern and Western states by so much as a single committee chairmanship to each. It is plain that he had enough of these positions to go around; for the fact is seen by the above table that ten Southern states received twenty-six chairmanships. Of course there is no "sectionalism" in the Democratic party; for do not its leaders declare there is none?

The South is in the saddle, sure enough! The Northern Democratic doughfaces and mudsills are still at the beck and call of the South as they were in the old slavery days before the war.

THE TWO TRAVELING MEN.

Last fall the two great political parties sent their respective candidates, like two traveling men, on the road to take orders. The various representatives of the Republican party had been taking Uncle Sam's orders during most of the time for the past 30 years, to his entire satisfaction. There had been no substituting, no baits, no shipping in part, no delays, and, in fact, everything had been delivered as ordered, and there was, and is now, plenty of the same goods to be had of the same old Republican house, on the same terms. But last fall the Democratic salesman promised so much that the old man thought he could do better, and concluded he would like a "change." He was promised cheaper goods, better wages or profits, more business, and more money to do business with. His pension would be all right, and, as the agent, Grover Cleveland, said, his general condition would be much better than while dealing with Ben Harrison, the man who wore his "grandfather's hat," and the other agents for the old, reliable Republican house.

Well, now, Uncle Sam, old boy, how has Agent Cleveland and his house treated you? Where are all the advantages promised you? Where are the increased profits or wages? Where is the plentiful money of last year? Why are your factories closed, your banks busted and your pension cut off? Why are men out of work by the million, and why, in some cities, do they parade the streets, crying for work or bread? Surely, now these are not the goods you bought of Mr. Cleveland and his house? It must be then that Mr. Cleveland and his house can't deliver the goods because they never had them in stock to deliver.

Uncle Sam made a big mistake in changing houses, and the only thing he can do is to wait patiently until a representative of the good old Republican house comes around again, and then lay in a good stock of protection, honest money, plenty of work, good wages and a full line in general, that the old house has always furnished him during all the long years of their business relations.

WHO ARE BIMETALLISTS?

The free silver men call themselves "bimetallists," and anathematize those who do not agree with them as "gold monometallists." The fact is that the free silver contingent may think they are bimetallists, but they are silver monometallists. Were we to have free coinage of silver, giving it unlimited legal tender powers, at a ratio of 16 to 1, or any other ratio less than the market ratio between gold and silver bullion, the country would go to silver monometallism, the dollar of commerce would have the value of the silver dollar, and gold coin would at once become an article of merchandise, selling at a premium depending upon the difference in market value between the silver in a silver dollar and the gold in a gold dollar. Our circulation, instead of being expanded, would at once be contracted by the six hundred millions of gold the country holds.

That this is true can easily be seen. As The Blade has often explained, the only thing that holds the silver dollar up to a parity with the gold dollar at the present time, is the fact that the government practically redeems the silver dollar in gold. This it does by redeeming the silver notes of 1890, and the greenbacks, in gold. Any one can exchange silver dollars for them, and then get the gold for the notes.

Let the government exercise its option in the case of the Treasury notes of 1890, which, on their face, are redeemable in "coin," and refuse to pay anything but silver dollars for them, and we shall see the much-vaunted "dollar of the daddies" sink at once to its real level—to a discredited coin, with only about 58 cents' purchasing power!

Were silver to be admitted to unlimited free coinage at the present ratio, the same thing would at once happen. The country would be at once driven to the silver standard. Hence the advocates of free coinage at the present ratio are simply monometallists, not bimetallists at all.

The Indians now stand in need of sympathy, with Mr. Holman at the head of their congressional committee.

Probably the pensioners won't think much of the Moses at the head of the Pensions committee.

Free trade never built a factory nor started a fire in a furnace.

COMPLIMENTARY (A FACT).

GLADYS—"Grandpa, what are those strings made of?"
GRANDPA—"Catgut, my dear."
GLADYS—"What's that?"
GRANDPA (jokingly)—"Oh, the insides of pussies, dear."
GLADYS (after a pause)—"I suppose they found out they were good for that on account of the noise cats make!"

THE NEAL PLANK NOT THE ISSUE.

The Democratic newspapers outside of Ohio, in referring to the contest between McKinley and Neal, recognize that it will be waged largely in tariff lines, as McKinley is the leading protectionist of the country, while Neal is the author of the free trade plank in the Democratic national platform of last year. But they make the further assertion that "protection was defeated" in the nation last year, from which they augur that defeat awaits McKinley.

But the assertion that last year's Presidential battle was fought on the lines of the Neal free trade plank is false. While it is true the old tariff straw was re-threshed, the fact remains that the real contest was between Harrison and Cleveland. The vote was far more upon the personality of the opposing candidates than upon the principles set forth in the two platforms. Indeed, Cleveland was himself candidate and platform.

Every one knows that Cleveland disapproved of the Neal plank, and that the one he favored—one very moderate in tone—was voted down in the convention. This disapproval was made clear in his letter of acceptance, wherein he declared free trade to be "impossible," and repudiated the idea that the Democratic party intended to injure the industries of the United States. Certainly, under such circumstances, it is not correct to say that the Presidential contest was decided on the issue raised by the Neal plank.

The factors in the struggle were numerous which were not related to the tariff, and we think their cumulative effect decided the election. Mr. Harrison was, unfortunately, not popular. His unfriendly relations with Blaine weakened him in his own party. The bitterness and annimosities of the Minneapolis convention bore fruit at the polls. The howl about the "force bill," ridiculous as it was, had its effect in preventing a division in the Southern electoral vote between the Democrats and Populists, and destroyed any hope of Republican success in the border states. Then the organized labor element, under the tutelage of Democratic demagogues, was wrought up to an insane pitch of animosity against Harrison over the Homestead riots. Furthermore, the Populist insanity weakened the Republican party in the West and Northwest. Add the effects of these separate elements of Republican weakness together, and the cause of Harrison's defeat is the sum.

To turn now to the Democratic argument, which has been repeated frequently of late by the New York Sun, that, "by an overwhelming majority, in November, the people of the United States decided" in favor of the Neal tariff plank. Aside from the fact that it was not the real issue, the official figures give the lie to the Sun's assertion. Cleveland had not "an overwhelming majority" of the people of the United States. He had no majority. He was in the minority. Here are the figures of the popular vote last November:

For Cleveland	5,556,533
For Harrison	5,175,577
For Weaver	1,122,045
For Bidwell	279,191
For Wing	21,191
Total	12,154,537

In a total vote of 12,154,537, 6,077,269 is a bare majority, but only 5,556,533 ballots, or 520,736 less than a majority, were cast for Mr. Cleveland. This shows the Sun's assertion to be untrue. And we think the facts stated above show that the tariff question was not decided by the people last November, and we know that the Ohio campaign will show, by its results, that the voters of this state repudiate Neal and his plank by an enormous adverse vote.

CLEVELAND IS ILL.

The rumor gains strength that Mr. Cleveland is suffering from Bright's disease. His complexion and appearance are said to betray the presence of this disease, as they did in the case of Mr. Blaine some two years and more ago. That Mr. Cleveland is not in good bodily health is certain; and an examination by physicians is said to have recently taken place, with a substantial agreement on the part of these gentlemen that the President is a sufferer from chronic kidney trouble.

This is bad news indeed. While there is much in Mr. Cleveland's utterances with which a Republican can in no wise agree, he is no doubt the safest Democrat in the country for the Presidential chair. It would be a blow—a staggering blow—to the country if he should not live to serve out his term, and be succeeded by a man of Stevenson's narrow calibre and Bourbon political instincts, breeding and demagogy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cleveland will recover, at least sufficiently to serve out his term, for the sake of the country and for the good of the people. It would be a calamity to have Stevenson in the chair. Let us pray that it shall not come.

Texas gave Cleveland 200,000 majority and is awarded with three House chairmanships. It is all a question of Democratic majorities.

Now that he is at the head of Indian affairs, Holman will probably be known as "Young-Man-Proud-of-His Objection."

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

We make an announcement, on the 5th page, of the most important premium offer The Blade has ever made. It is important because it is welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the public at large, who have been wanting the "Nasby Letters" in book form for a number of years. We have prepared this volume at great expense, and it has cost us much time and labor in addition to get it ready. We have endeavored to make it plain that we can not take care of renewals from subscribers who want the book, except in the order, by months, in which their subscriptions expire. To attempt, in September, to fill orders for renewals of subscriptions which expire in other months than September, would be almost a physical impossibility, and cause delay and vexation. Every one will be given a chance in due time, during the month in which his subscription expires.

We wish to urge just as strongly that subscribers who desire the book must take advantage of the postal card due-bill during the month in which their subscriptions expire; as, in the next month, we will have to care for the renewals of that month, and we do not care for those who have missed their opportunity.

As to new subscribers, we will take care of them at any time. We can not, of course, set a time for them; neither can we send them the postal card due-bills. Send $1 for the Weekly Blade, and say you wish a copy of the "Nasby Letters," and your order will be filled as soon as you receive it. If no mention is made of wanting the book, we shall take it for granted that you don't want it.

All subscribers whose terms expire in September should at once prepare to get in their orders for renewal as soon as they receive postal card due-bills. We will receive their orders during August—a little in advance—or at any time during September. If they pass that month without renewing, they will have to wait until some further future favorable time.

A POLITICAL PREDICTION.

Immediately after the close of our Silver Debate, we shall publish the synopsis of the political predictions contained in the story, "Uncle Sam in 1894," which was published in The Blade during the summer of 1890. A part of the predictions therein made have been fulfilled, by subsequent events, and our readers seem to think, if the writer of that story could so accurately predict, two years in advance, the result of political movements then in their inception, that it is entirely probable his further predictions for 1893 and 1894 are equally correct. It will be thoroughly worth reading.

VALE, HOLMAN!

In the general shake-up given the House committees by Speaker Crisp, there is much which any fair-minded man can find to condemn; but the deposition of that narrow-minded, bigoted individual, Holman, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, from his place on the Appropriations committee, is entirely to be commended. Without possessing one iota of statesmanship, this individual has made himself and the House ridiculous by his cheese-paring economies. He has always, however, favored useless and extravagant appropriations when they had a partisan color, or when they were for objects in his own district. The people have not forgotten the appropriation he got through to build a levee, ostensibly to protect Lawrenceburg from floods, but really to furnish a road-bed for a railway to enter the town. It is only one of the more noted of the petty steals from the government which he engineered, while posing before the country as an economist and conservator of the people's money.

Mr. Crisp has made him chairman of the committee on Indian Affairs, a position without honor or influence, and wherein he can not get through any more appropriations for the benefit of corporate interests in his "deestrick." There will be no more heard of Holman, except when he rises to squeak out, "Mr. Speaker, I object!" If there is anything in which his small soul delights more than another, it is to uselessly obstruct business in the House.

TO RESTORE CONFIDENCE.

The Fifty-third Congress, now in session, has it in its power to at once restore confidence to the industrial, commercial and financial interests of the country. It can accomplish the work of restoration within 24 hours. Congress needs but to do two things.

First—Pass the bill for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver law.

Second—Pass a joint resolution declaring that the present Congress will not meddle with the protective tariff.

The first will restore financial confidence; the second will do the same for our manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers. The mills and factories will start, thousands of idle men be again given steady work, and the prosperity we enjoyed a few months ago again be ours.

Workingmen now understand how necessary a protective tariff is to high wages when the threat of free trade brings about such a tumble in the labor market. This is why Governor McKinley will have at least 30,000 majority.

THE WORLD'S GROWTH.

Coffee was brought into England in 1641. In 1885 the crop was 718,000 tons.

The power loom was invented in 1785. In 1885 Great Britain had 561,000 in operation.

In 1580 the first carriage was brought to England from France. In 1880 there were 463,000 in use.

Locomotives were first used in 1814; now the world has 99,000, and 6,400 more are built every year.

The aniline dyes were invented in 1826, and now over $7,000,000 worth are annually used in the United States.

Playing cards were invented in 1380. It is estimated that the present annual output exceeds 7,000,000 a year.

Tea was first brought into Europe from the East in 1610. In 1891 Europe and America consumed 450,000,000 pounds.

Lightning rods first surmounted dwellings in 1752. Now every house is protected, each commonly having three or four.

The first milch cow came to this continent in 1490. Now, in the United States, there are 16,019,591, valued at $346,000,000.

The first iron ship was launched in 1830; now the carrying power of the world's iron shipping exceeds 36,000,000 tons.

The blast furnace was devised in 1842. In 1890 the United States alone made 9,000,000 tons of iron and 4,277,000 of steel.

Matches were first invented in 1839, and it is estimated that 75,000,000 a day are burned by the people of the United States.

Watts's patent for a steam engine was issued in 1769. The steam engines of the world to-day exercise 50,000,000 horse power.

Accordians were invented in 1829 by Mr. Damian of Vienna, and a single German firm now manufactures over 17,000 a year.

The first horse was brought to this continent in 1518. Now there are in the United States alone 14,056,750, valued at $941,000,000.

Electric railroads are not ten years old; now there are 385 lines, with 3,980 miles of track, and with a capital stock of $155,000,000.

The Bank of England, the first on the modern plan, was instituted in 1695; now the banking capital of the world is £3,197,000,000.

Envelopes were first made in 1839, and sold for ten cents to twenty-five cents apiece. They are now sold at from two to five for a cent.

Blacking for boots was invented in 1836, and now the manufacturers in this country and England sell over $4,000,000 worth a year.

The cotton gin, which made extensive cultivation of cotton profitable, was invented in 1793. The United States product in 1892 was 9,038,707 bales, or 4,977,031,080 pounds.

A machine for making tacks was patented in 1806, but not put into practical use until near the middle of the century. Now the world consumes 50,000,000 tacks a day.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT

Herr Paur, the newly appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will arrive in America early in October.

Superior Judge William Conley, of the new county of Madera, in California, is said to be the youngest judge of any court of record in the United States. He is just 26 years old.

President Angell, of the Boston Humane society, says that Professor Louis Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on the American continent, was a firm believer in the immortality of dumb animals.

Bishop John Newman, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who has been visiting the missions in South America, has been absent about four months and his tour has covered about 14,000 miles.

General Menotti Garibaldi, son of the Italian patriot, and his wife celebrated their silver wedding a few days ago in Rome. They received congratulations from friends of the family in all parts of Italy.

K. S. Hanjitsintji, a young Sikh prince, is this year a contestant in the English university cricket matches and one of the best all-around members of the Cambridge eleven. He is called simply "Smith" by his daily associates, who can't catch his right name.

The oldest surviving chaplain of the confederate army is said to be the Rev. Thompson L. Smith, now a resident of Denver, where he is rector of Emanuel Episcopal church. He is 70 years old, and with his long white hair and beard he presents an almost patriarchal appearance.

A Southern Georgia newspaper commends the present governor of the state, W. J. Northen, to the extent of saying that he is the only governor in a decade who has given Southern Georgia and recognition at all, or even has ever visited some of the counties in that part of the state.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Brigham Young's first wife is described as a sweet, dignified woman of 72, of medium size, with a gentle face, kindly gray eyes and gray hair drawn back over either side of her temples.

Sister Gertrude, a nun in the Loretto Convent at Dublin, has written a drama, entitled "Nemesius." It is dedicated to the memory of the martyrs of the catacombs and has been performed at Loretto Abbey.

Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro, who is writing her biography, always uses a quill pen and blue-black ink. She is a very slow composer and writes in long, straggling characters, a few of which fill a sheet of ordinary notepaper.

Mrs. Baker, the widow of Capt. Baker, of Easthampton, the birthplace of John Howard Payne, is the "little sweetheart Rosalie" mentioned in the correspondence of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." As a child she was his especial pet, and the two always remained friends.

The khedive's mother, who is only 34, is still one of the most beautiful princesses in the East. She has a lovely clear complexion and truly magnificent eyes, but it is in the shape of her face and the carriage of her head that her beauty principally lies. A more queenly carriage has seldom, if ever, been met with at any court.

The death of Sarah Bowman at Ephrata, Pa., almost puts an end to one of the many peculiar religious orders of early Pennsylvania. The sisterhood to which Sarah Bowman belonged was founded about 100 years ago, and for a long time flourished as a communistic organization. Of late, however, its numbers have been much reduced, until Sister Bowman in her old age found herself the oldest member, with only two companions.

FACTS PUT TERSELY.

In Shakespeare's time the prices of admission varied from a penny to a shilling.

The ice making machine was first put into operation in 1860; at the present day many breweries, passenger steamers and not a few restaurants and hotels make their own ice.

Handkerchiefs were first made for the market at Paisley, Scotland, in 1743, and sold for about $1 each. Last year it is computed that 80,000,000 dozen were sold in the United States.

Safety lamps, for the use of miners, were patented in 1815. Now no mine is without them, and many laws have been passed requiring their use in all underground mining operations.

Electrotyping was first done in 1837, and was considered a triumph of chemical and mechanical skill, requiring the utmost nicety for its execution. Now it is done in every printing house.

One of the most productive sections of the world is the Russian province of Bessarabia, taken from Turkey in 1878. Its vineyards often yield 30 gallons of wine per acre; the average yield of wheat is 35 bushels and of maize 60 bushels.

Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust; it is the bedrock of the world. It shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is from two to ten times the united thickness of all other rocks. It is the parent rock from which all other rocks have been directly or indirectly derived.

VARIOUS KINDS OF PEOPLE.

The Shah of Persia has five sons and thirteen daughters, and there is no danger of the royal line becoming extinct.

One of the supposed victims of the explosion of the war steamer Sultana, in 1865, appeared in good health at the annual reunion of the survivors of that catastrophe the other day.

A lump of nickel weighing 4,500 pounds, exhibited at the World's Fair, is worth half as many dollars.

The "literary lady" thrives in Paris, where there are 2,133 of her, of whom 1,211 are professional novel writers.

There is no truth in the old adage, "a pint's a pound the world around." A pint of coffee weighs twelve ounces, a pint of flour one-half of a pound, and a pint of granulated sugar fourteen ounces.

Horses always sleep with one ear pointed to the front. The reason of it no man can tell.

Imitation pearls are nowadays so skillfully made that they are prettier than the genuine.

The United States produce more grain in proportion to population than any other nation.

Very few emigrants from Spain come to the United States. Most of them take up their new residence in South and Central America.

The average number of assassinations and attempts at assassination in Italy is said to be fully 5,000 a year.

A citizen of Austria having been sued for divorce on the ground of "general indignities," will make no defense. The charge is too overwhelming.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DEBATE

THIRD PAPER.

BY HON. THOS. M. PATTERSON,

Formerly Representative in Congress From Colorado.

Thos. M. Patterson was born in County Carlow, Ireland, Nov. 4, 1840. With his parents he removed to the United States in 1849. He lived in New York until 1855, when the family removed to Crawfordsville, Indiana. He received a common school education until he was 14 years old, when he was apprenticed to the printing business, working in the office of the Crawfordsville Review for three years. He then worked with his father at his trade, watchmaker and jeweler, for five years. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the 11th Indiana—Gen. Lew Wallace's Zouave regiment. He attended Asbury university, at Greencastle, Indiana, in 1864. In 1866 he commenced reading law, and was admitted to practice in 1868. Removed to Colorado in 1872. Was appointed city attorney of Denver in 1873, and elected delegate in Congress from the then territory of Colorado in 1874. He was re-elected Representative in Congress from the state of Colorado in 1876, serving in Congress four years. He assiduously pursued the practice of law after his term expired. He was the Democratic candidate for governor of Colorado in 1878. He purchased the controlling interest in the Rocky Mountain News in 1890, and since then has devoted most of his time to journalism.

HON. THOS. M. PATTERSON.

There is this to be said in answer to Mr. Grosvenor's protest against consuming time in the argument of the first proposition: That if a law of long standing has been repealed through conspiracy and fraud and for selfish ends, it was prima facie a good law, and its repeal would have been disapproved of by the American people. It follows as a corollary to this that if silver was demonetized and its coinage stopped through conspiracy and fraud in 1873, the old law should be immediately restored. Thus the second resolution would be immediately decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Grosvenor likely looked upon it in this way, for after declaring that no good end was to be gained by discussing the first resolution, he devotes nearly three-fourths of his paper to its discussion, and then ceased, evidently for very shame—not because he was satisfied with his effort.

The learned disputant makes no original research to prove the negative of the first resolution. He boldly tells that he is under obligations to Senator Sherman and Mr. Hewitt's speeches for his facts, and he recites what they said, and the records they introduced to make his case. As a lawyer, he should have recalled that Senator Sherman is an interested party, and therefore the people will not accept what he says about it without scrutiny. If the great jury of the people finally conclude that silver was demonetized in 1873 through a fraud, they must find Senator Sherman the most guilty of those engaged in the crime. This no one knows better than the senator himself.

As for Mr. Hewitt, he, like Mr. Grosvenor, is a strong advocate of the gold standard. Both know that once the people become convinced that a fraud has been perpetrated upon them, they will never rest until the wrong is redressed, and that means the restoration of free coinage to silver at the old-time ratio of 16 to 1. Knowing this, every gold standard man in the country is hard at work, like Mr. Grosvenor, pelting those who make the charge, figuratively speaking, with rotten eggs, and making it as uncomfortable for them and for all who come near as such verbal missiles can.

I will devote very little space to the first resolution. In my own mind, there is no doubt whatever about the affirmance being true. One startling omission in Senator Sherman's defense ought to convince Mr. Grosvenor of the inherent weakness of it all. By the omission another fraud is perpetrated—quite intentionally, I fear, by Senator Sherman; unwittingly, I think, by Mr. Grosvenor.

Both commence their record recital by telling of the bill that was sent to Congress April 25, 1870. This is Mr. Grosvenor's exact language: "The bill about which so much of false statement has been made was sent to Congress by the secretary of the Treasury on the 25th of April, 1870." He then recites several sections of the bill, tells what Mr. Boutwell, secretary of the Treasury, said, and what all the experts said about it. He gives the name of the Senate committee to which it was referred. He might have added that Senator Fenton, of New York, a member of that committee, prepared a report upon it, which exposed in the clearest language the iniquity of the proposed demonetization of the silver dollar. Now the truth is, it was not that bill that passed at all. For after Senator Fenton's report was printed no member of the committee had the audacity to call it up. The bill died then and there, as I now propose to prove to Mr. Grosvenor's satisfaction.

The 41st Congress commenced on March 4, 1869, and ended March 4, 1871. It was to this Congress the bill was sent by Secretary Boutwell. It was this bill that the reports of experts accompanied. It was to the committee of the Senate of the 41st Congress it was referred. Mr. Grosvenor knows full well that that bill, and every other that was introduced, both in the Senate and House, died with the 41st Congress. No matter what stage a bill reaches, if it does not become a law during the Congress it is proposed in, it is dead. So, with the end of the 41st Congress, March 4, 1871, this Boutwell bill died—and the reports accompanying it were sent to the Senatorial lumber-room, only to be resurrected when some Senator making antediluvian research, disturbs its dust and cobwebs.

The act demonetizing silver became a law Feb. 8, 1873; hence it must have been introduced into the 42d Congress, which commenced March 4, 1871. No such law was introduced in the Senate—no such law was introduced in the House. I challenge Mr. Grosvenor, or the gentleman who may take up the negative of the propositions where he left off, to reprint any such bill. The files of all bills are preserved. If any such was introduced it can be easily obtained. Wire to Senator Sherman to furnish it. If it exists, he will gladly supply it. But it cannot be had.

The truth is, no such measure was introduced. A bill, however, "to amend the laws relative to the mints, assay offices and coinage of the United States," was introduced in the House. This said nothing about shutting out the silver dollar—not a letter or syllable. Mr. Hooper offered his substitute. This did not. It passed the House and went to the Senate. It passed that body with amendment, but as Senator Stewart very clearly shows, without attacking the dollar or its coinage. Then the conference committees of the two Houses were appointed, and it was by this committee that the work was done. In the closing days of the session with but few members of either House present, the words of supposed honorable gentlemen being readily taken by both bodies, the amendments of the committee were adopted, the assurances of Senator Sherman and Mr. Hooper that they accomplished no substantial change, securing for the law a most ready acquiescence.

It is true that Senator Stewart voted for this bill on its final passage. But he proves quite clearly that this particular amendment, which stopped the coinage of the silver dollar, was never read. By some understanding with the reading clerk of the Senate, this feat was accomplished. Does any one believe that Senator Stewart would have voted for such a measure, knowing its import? Can any man believe that in the Senate, where debate is never curtailed, an amendment from a conference committee, wholly foreign to the bill it amended, and which changed the standard of money in the United States from that of gold and silver to gold alone—the double standard having existed from 1792 till that instant, and antedating the constitution itself—could pass unchallenged and without debate, if the Senate had been made aware of what it was? Yet such was the fact about the clause of the bill forbidding the coinage of the silver dollar.

No member of either house knew of the clause securing that momentous change, except those in the secret. It was because of this ignorance—not the result of negligence, but the outgrowth of this conspiracy—that President Grant protested his ignorance of the clause at the time he signed the bill, and Garfield, Blaine, Kelly, Holman, Bright, Beck, and a score of other Senators and members denounced it as a fraud as soon as the change was brought to their attention, several years after it was brought about.

Then these are the facts about Mr. Grosvenor's argument: The bill and all of the incidents, reports and speeches to which he refers had no connection whatever with the bill which in the end became a law. That was a bill of the 41st Congress. It never became a law. The bill that did was one of the 42d Congress. It was not introduced in the Senate; it reached that body only after it had passed the House, and then without any clause affecting the coinage of the silver dollar being attached. It passed the Senate without any such clause being added, and it was only after a conference committee determined to insert it that it was before either body, and it passed them without debate or challenge of any kind—as the Senators and members say, smuggled through without their attention being called to it. These being the facts, which entirely overthrow every one of Mr. Grosvenor's contentions—I recall the minds of your readers to all else that Mr. Bell said upon the subject, which I cheerfully adopt.

The second resolution: "Resolved, That the United States should immediately pass a law for the free and unlimited coinage of silver on a parity of 16 of silver to 1 of gold," when the facts are understood, will meet the approval of every humane and patriotic inhabitant of the United States.

Let it be borne in mind that the proposition affirmed by the resolution is no new panacea for financial ills. It is no new quack financial nostrum, as all the single gold standard advocates would have the people at least infer. If Congress should enact such a law, it would but restore that which had existed from the period of the adoption of the constitution until the furtive repeal of 1873.

It was in 1792, when Washington was President and Alexander Hamilton was secretary of the Treasury, that free coinage was first given to silver by act of Congress. The law provided for the free coinage of both gold and silver at the ratio of 15 to 1. Alexander Hamilton recommended the law, Congress enacted it, and George Washington, as President, signed it. It continued to be the law without change, until 1834, when it was amended by changing the ratio to 16 to 1. Andrew Jackson, as President, signed this measure. So that from 1834 until 1873, the law provided for the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1.

During all this period—from 1792 until 1834—France had free coinage of the two metals at the ratio of 15 1-2 to 1. The ratio of 15 to 1 means that 15 ounces of silver coined into money was equal in value and would buy as much commodity as 1 ounce of gold coined; or 15 ounces of silver coined has the same debt paying power as 1 ounce of gold coined. The ratio of 15 1-2 to 1 and of 16 to 1, mean the same thing, except the quantity of silver required to equal the ounce of gold.

From 1792 till 1834, 15 ounces of silver in the United States would buy one ounce of gold—the ratio being 15 to 1—while in France it required 15 1-2 ounces of silver to buy 1 ounce of gold—the ratio being 15 1-2 to 1. Since silver was worth more in the United States than in France—that is, 15 ounces of silver in the United States was equal to 15 1-2 in France, the gold left the United States and the silver of France took its place. The Frenchman sending or bringing over 15 1-2 ounces of silver whether in coin or bullion—which would obtain but one ounce of gold in France—could buy the ounce of gold in United States with 15 of his ounces of silver, leaving him the half ounce of silver as his profit. When these ounces of silver were multiplied into millions, it will be seen that the profit of bringing it from France to this country at the profit of half an ounce on every 15 1-2 ounces was very great. So the silver of Europe flowed to this country, and the gold flowed out. It was to change this condition that the ratio was altered in 1834. At 16 to 1, the silver of France—15 1-2 ounces there being equal to one of gold—could no longer be brought to this country at a profit. On the contrary, this change of ratio changed the silver profit to the United States—16 ounces of silver was then required to secure one of gold in the United States, while but 15 1-2 was required in France; so America's silver, under the change, commenced to go abroad, and Europe's gold came over to take its place.

The statement is often made that but 8,000,000 silver dollars were coined during the life of the nation prior to 1873. The reason is, from 1834 until 1873, because of France's ratio American silver could be coined more profitably in France than in the United States, and it went into French mints instead of ours. But ours got the gold.

I think Mr. Grosvenor will accept the proposition that, to be valuable, all credit money must be redeemable in metal money—that is, in money that possesses what is sometimes termed intrinsic value. It is not an accurate term, but it serves to express my meaning. Until 1816 gold and silver was the money of redemption in Great Britain. Practically it was the money of redemption until 1873 in Germany. Also in France, and the other states of the Latin Union. All credit money rested upon the gold and silver coin of the world. I do not mean upon such silver money as Great Britain has had since 1816, for since then it has not been a legal tender there except for inconsiderable amounts. Nor such as Germany has had since 1873, for since then in that country it has not been a legal tender. To be money of redemption—of ultimate redemption—the metal coin must be legal tender in unlimited sums.

Whatever the quantity of gold and silver money was in the world, so far as it was legal tender, all the credit money of the world rested upon it. It required the full amount of it to give whatever stability there was to credit money. It is estimated there were about $7,000,000,000 in such coin, about equally divided between gold and silver. Now, suppose the full one-half of this coin, whether gold or silver, or one-half of the gold and the other half of the silver, has its legal tender quality destroyed—it being no longer money of ultimate redemption—the credit money of the world must rest upon precisely one-half of the foundation it rested upon before. One of two things must follow: either the volume of credit money must be reduced to correspond, or the liability of the world to great financial disturbances must be doubly increased; and when the disturbances do come—more frequently than before—they are of longer duration and more extreme in their disastrous consequences.

Another thought: It is the amount of money of ultimate redemption that fixes the value of all money. Since all money, to be valuable, must be made ultimately redeemable in legal tender money of intrinsic value, if the amount of such money is great, to the extent that it is plenty it will be cheap—the more easily acquired, and other property will be dear—will command larger prices. Therefore, if by any process the volume of money of ultimate redemption can be reduced one-half, the entire volume of money in the world—coin and credit money—will be correspondingly increased in value. It becomes that much harder to get. Its purchasing power becomes that much greater, and all other forms of property, except in exceptional cases, decreases in value; it brings lesser prices. It shrinks in value and becomes hard to sell.

That is the process that has been going on in the world. It commenced in 1816, but since 1872-3 it has been on a steeper grade, with a full head of steam.

The moneyed classes—bankers, owners of bonds, the creditor classes, those whose revenues are from fixed incomes—understand this very well, and they have been at work, hammer and tongs, demonetizing silver the world over. In doing so, they destroy one-half of the money of ultimate redemption. This increases the value—the purchasing power—of all the money that is left. Money—sound, convertible money—becomes scarce and dear. They own the great bulk of the money; they own the bonds that must be redeemed in money; they hold the railroad and municipal securities that must be redeemed in money. By destroying silver as money of ultimate redemption, their money has its purchasing power increased from one-third to one-half. Hence they are made immensely richer by such a process, and the owners of every other species of property correspondingly poorer.

Who has not felt the distressing pinch of this process since 1873? Land, cattle, horses, wool, cotton, wheat, all kinds of fabrics, have fallen in value—many more than one-half; most of them, at least one-half. The owners of them are that much poorer; the owners and controllers of the money are that much richer.

This is what's the trouble in the country to-day. Money is growing scarcer and dearer—harder to get; and all other kinds of property are shrinking in value. People will not invest their money while this process is going on. They know to do so must result in loss, so they keep it, not to invest in some useful industry, but to loan out on unquestioned security, or to lie idle, and become more valuable through the decrease in the value of everything it may buy.

The bi-metallists demand the restoration of the old law, not to benefit silver miners, but to restore to the world—commencing with the United States—the old volume of money of ultimate redemption, and the source of its supply.

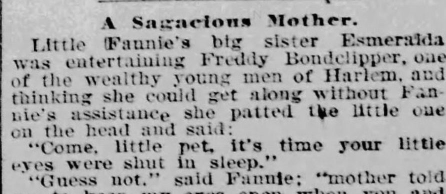
The commerce and prosperity of the world requires all the gold and all the silver that can be obtained, minted into legal tender coin, that the credit money of the world may have its base restored and thus the volume be enlarged and rendered more stable and secure. They are only interested in the silver miner because he secures by his labor and scientific processes the metal which they want coined into money—precisely as they are interested in the gold miners, who obtain the metal which they also want coined into money.

The gold standard men assert that free coinage of silver, like unto gold, will drive the gold out and place the country on a silver basis. This conclusion they reach by applying the rules of the law of supply and demand and also of what is called the Gresham law. Neither law is applicable, and never has been found applicable to legal tender gold and silver money coined under the law of a nation. As it was with this country from 1792 to 1873, if a foreign nation offers a better price for one metal or another through its ratio than some other country, that metal will go out and the other remain. But the ratio of 16 to 1 offers no inducement for gold to leave the United States, nor for foreign silver coin to come in for recoinage. Either process would be a losing one to the investor.

We can reason what will be the result of free gold and silver coinage in the United States at the old ratio of 16 to 1 by past experiences. Here are some incontrovertible facts. From 1803 until 1850—a period of 47 years—the amount of silver annually produced in the world was approximately twice that of gold in value. Yet with free coinage for both metals, the ratio of 15 1-2 to 1 was maintained in Europe with a variance of not more than 1 1-2 per cent in the relative value of the metals at any time. In 1853 the tables were turned. California and Australia commenced pouring out their streams of gold, and between 1850 and 1873—a period of 23 years—the quantity of gold produced per annum averaged more than twice the quantity of silver in value. If the law of supply and demand operates upon money metals, gold should have fallen to $5 per ounce as measured by silver. But, as for the period of the previous 43 years, the parity was maintained with a variance of not more than 2 per cent. It was only when silver was demonetized—had taken from it the right of free coinage; when it was reduced to a commodity, gold retaining its right of free coinage and full legal tender quality, that silver seemed to fall in value. The truth is, it has not fallen in value at all, if we measure it by land, wheat, cotton and the like; it is gold that has raised in value—measuring it by the same commodities.

Mr. Grosvenor very adroitly turns his argument as though it was a controversy between the government and the silver miner. It is no such thing. And then he indulges in harsh language against bi-metallists; calls names with a fluency that a desperate and losing cause always inspires. Mr. Grosvenor must be left to a monopoly of these weapons.

I feel that this argument is already too long. I submit my remarks to thinking, considerate men. If I shall succeed in inducing any reader to enter with honest zeal into a further investigation of this all-important question, I shall have accomplished all I anticipate.



A CULINARY PROBLEM.

We were busy one day in the kitchen,
I deep in some cook-book lore,
And he perched up on the table
Driving a "coach-and-four."

But when I had finished this sentence
In a recipe I had found,
"Set on the stove and stir constantly,"
The driver looked around.

And leaving his play for a minute,
He whispered in my ear—
"How could any one 'set on the stove'
And not 'stir constantly,' dear?"
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Sagacious Mother.

Little Fannie's big sister Esmeralda was entertaining Freddy Bondclipper, one of the wealthy young men of Harlem, and thinking she could get along without Fannie's assistance she patted the little one on the head and said:

"Come, little pet, it's time your little eyes were shut in sleep."

"Guess not," said Fannie; "mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Bondclipper were together."—Texas Siftings.

A Boy's Criticism.

Papa—"Well, Johnny, you went to church this morning?"

Johnny—"Yes, papa."

Papa—"How did you like the sermon?"

Johnny—"The beginning was good and the end was good, but there was too much middle to it, papa."—Boston Commercial.

Publishers' Desk.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This is an alloy of nickel and other metals, which it is very difficult to tell from real silver, as it has the same color, and is susceptible of a high polish. This alloy is "inferior in beauty only to silver itself," the encyclopedia says. The metal is too hard to stamp with a pattern, and hence this tableware is made in the smooth-tipped pattern; but it can easily be engraved.

This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only all the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. But there is such a saving on postage that it costs no more than the heavier stamped patterns of the German silver spoons. When properly engraved with monogram or initial it would delude the elect lady.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

To the housewife who must watch her plated-ware carefully, who worries over servants' rough treatment, and who looks daily with anxiety to see if it is wearing off, to have "silver" that can be thrown into the sink or into the dish pans, washed with dishes or pots and kettles and polished with Sapolio or soap is to be relieved of a large load of anxiety and a lot of work.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
1-2 dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
1-2 dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen desert spoons or forks	2.00
1-2 dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers, which are based upon the price of 1,000 gross. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you. And we offer them at prices that will please you if you know what you want to pay for such a watch, and will please you still more if you will compare them with the exorbitant prices that are asked for watches of not half the intrinsic value. A Waltham or an Elgin watch is the same the world over.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select. These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly.

Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches from the many styles made at these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished, and the result is the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch. We mean that it does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

Number 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In these works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25. In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Offer No. 7—Lady's Size.

SOLID SILVER WATCH—$9.50.

No. 7 is a lady's size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, stem wind and set, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free for only $9.50.

Offer No. 8.—Blade Special.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin works. Be sure to name your choice when you order. A $200 solid gold watch cannot be bought for $22, but the Weekly Blade offers a watch under the above number that has all the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. You have probably never seen a watch like this, and must therefore depend upon us for the description of the latest, handsomest and best watch made by the great American Waltham and Elgin national factories. Time and money have been expended in bringing this particular watch to perfection. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish a really first-class article. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and it is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equalled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9.—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. The Blade will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger," hunting case	$28 00
Open-face, ditto	27 25
Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10.—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial with Arabic figures. It is handsome and gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years wear. We have an option upon a few, and for a short time we will sell them for $20 in hunting case, and $19 in open face.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have at last arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold, upon the following terms. These chains are all guaranteed by the manufacturer to wear five years, if properly used:

No. 1—Mens' "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Mens' heavy "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Mens' stylish chain, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Mens' seamless gold-filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm	4 00
No. 8—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price, $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium.
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home From the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

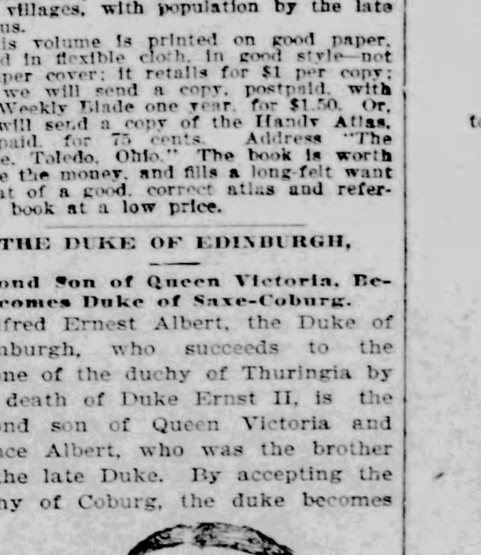
Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of of the continents showing all counties of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a paper cover; it retails for $1 per copy; but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." The book is worth twice the money, and fills a long-felt want—that of a good, correct atlas and reference book at a low price.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH,

Second Son of Queen Victoria, Becomes Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Alfred Ernest Albert, the Duke of Edinburgh, who succeeds to the throne of the duchy of Thuringia by the death of Duke Ernst II, is the second son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who was the brother of the late Duke. By accepting the duchy of Coburg, the duke becomes



PRINCE ALFRED.

a petty member of the German empire, with a vote in the Imperial council. There is some question as to whether he can still receive the large salaries and emoluments from England, as admiral and for other services to the British empire.

The duke married, in 1874, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of the Czar Alexander II. Of this marriage there survive one son, Prince Alfred, and four daughters.

AFTER SWIPING THE TARIFF.

"Wot's all the bloomin' racket?" said Grover-on-parade.
"They've shut the bloody mill down," said horny-handed said.
"Why have they shut the mill down?" said Grover-on-parade.
"All on account of you, old man, and your bloomin' old free trade."
And Grover he looked weary, the horny-handed he looked mad,
And the Congressmen looked tired, and the Britishers looked glad,
And the Cabinet looked solemn, and affairs looked very bad,
After swiping the tariff at election.

"Wot's all the bloomin' racket?" said Grover-on-parade.
"We're sellin' wool for 18 cents," the sturdy farmer said.
"Why won't it bring much more than that?" said Grover-on-parade.
"'Cause it'll be on the free list when you've given us free trade."
And Grover he looked sorrowful, and the farmer looked beat,
For he was only getting 50 cents for sixty pounds of wheat,
And he swore he'd kick himself, if he'd another pair of feet,
For swiping the tariff at election.

"Where are all the people rushing to?" said Grover-on-parade.
"They're rushing to the savin's bank," the banker sadly said.
"Wot are they rushin' there for?" said Grover-on-parade.
"To draw their money an' salt it down before you bring free trade."
And Grover he looked puzzled, and the banker he looked blue,
And every bloomin depositor in haste his money drew;
Some hid it in old stockings, some put it up the flue,
After swiping of the tariff at election.
—Pittsburg Times.

A MISSES' COIFFURE.

Difficulties Made Easy in Dressing the Roll.

Young girls of 15 to 16 are proverbially difficult to suit in the matter of coiffure, as any elaborate style adds to the age

FIGURE I.

immensely. Where the hair is very short and thick, and not of sufficient length to form a coil, the ends should be curled, the hair tied with ribbon and the curled ends combed out. Stubborn hair, or that difficult to keep in curl, should be moistened at night with frizetta, when it will retain a crisp curl much longer.

FIGURE II.

A Catogan coil is always graceful and easily managed with an ordinary quantity of hair, and our sketches illustrate a very simple method of arranging the hair in this style. It must first be brushed back and tied or fastened with braid or ribbon, then divided into two parts, each slightly twisted, then coiled together, and fastened at the ends, which are taken up to the place where the hair is first tied, and there

FIGURE III.

secured, the ends being tucked underneath the Catogan, as shown by figure 3. The top is then finished with a flat bow, and the shape of the head is preserved, and a young, graceful effect obtained.

A New Argument Against Corsets.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says.

This
is the
shape of
a woman's waist
on which a corset tight
is laced. The ribs, deformed
by being squeezed, press
on the lungs, till they're
diseased. The heart
is jammed and
cannot pump;
the liver
is a
torpid lump;
the stomach
crushed, cannot
digest; and in a mess
are all compressed. There-
to be a tearful mass of woes,
but think she has a lovely
shape, though hideous
as a crippled ape.

This is
a woman's
natural waist,
which corset never
yet disgraced. Inside it
is a mine of health. Outside
of charms it has a wealth.
It is a thing of beauty
true, and a sweet joy
forever new. It
needs no artful
padding vile
or bustle big to
give it "style."
It's strong and solid,
plump and sound, and
hard to get one arm
around. Alas! If women
only knew the mischief that
these corsets do, they'd let
Dame Nature have her
way, and never try her
waist to "stay."

DICTIONARY GIRLS.

A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Magin.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rossity.
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.
A clear case of girl—E Lucy Date.
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.
Not a Christian—Hettie Rodoxy.
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
A flower girl—Roda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl—Hester Ieal.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Anna Mation.
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
A sad girl—Ella G.
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.
The best girl of all—Your Own.
—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A Strain on Patriotism.

Home Comer—"What has become of the Hon. Mr. Silvertong, the great American patriot?"

Host—"Oh, he got rich and bought a castle in Europe."—Exchange.

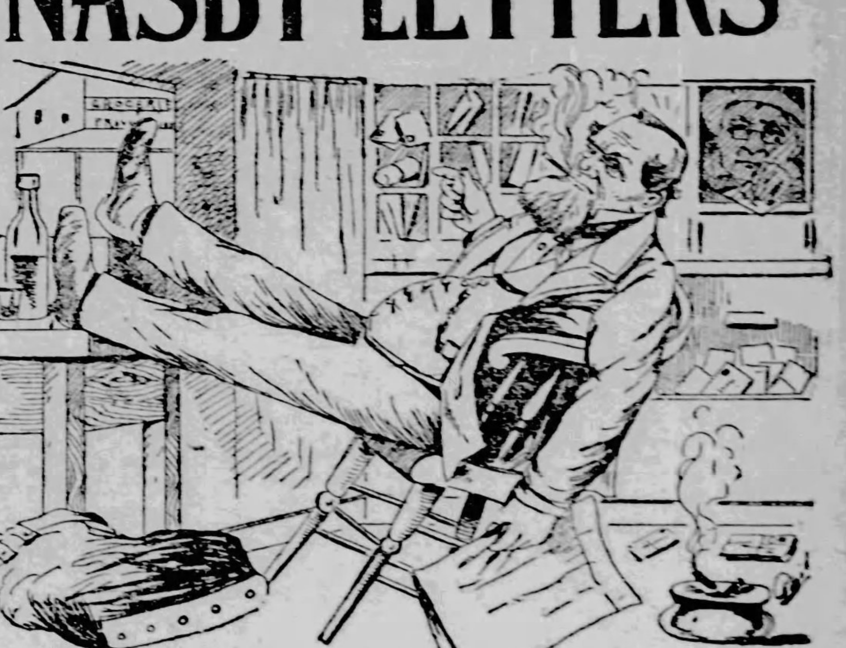
Business Instinct.

"I see Bromley, the tragedian, is posted for house charges at the Thespian club. He ought not to be hard up."

"He isn't. He does that for the sake of the advertisement."—Judge.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"



For months past the Toledo Blade has been preparing a surprise for its readers in the form of a new book publication.

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume will therefore give practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It will be set in plain, readable type, giving, however, a large amount of matter on each page, and will contain between 500 and 600 pages. There will be matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile;" but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has at present over 160,000 subscribers. A small percentage, however, do not belong to our regular yearly list, but we estimate that there are 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task; and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, commencing in September, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all of our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

In August, we shall send to every person whose time expires in September, a postal card, which card, if returned with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose term will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print. During August we are giving the few remaining copies as premiums to club raisers. After these are gone, no more will be printed.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and the first edition will be ready in September—just what date we do not know.

Subscribers whose time expires in September will send in their orders for renewal during August and September, and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready; and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received. Therefore, the earliest September renewals will get the first books.

Some of the Contents:

There will be hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

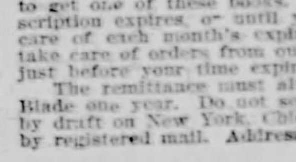
How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview with President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Rat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base to Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Johnson's "Swinging Round the Circle," upon which tour Mr. Nasby attended him as his confidential adviser.
His Trip With the President to Raleigh.
The Amnesty Proclamation.
The Pendleton Greenback Theory in Kentucky.
Mr. Nasby Loses His Postoffice.
"Cussid be Canaan!" A Lecture Delivered at Music Hall, Boston, December 22, 1867.
"Nasby as a Banker." The noted series of letters on the Greenback Theory.
Mr. Nasby's Sojourn in New York. A series of Letters written from the Sixth Ward of that City.
Mr. Nasby's Return to the Corners.
The Question of Taxes at the Corners.
The "Women's Crusade" at the Corners—A series of letters written during that famous temperance movement.
The Series of Letters during the famous Electoral Commission.
"Silver at the Corners"—a series of letters written during the time the Bland bill was before Congress, and quite applicable to the present time.
With hundreds of others equally interesting, and ending with the last "Nasby Letter" ever written.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's expirations in order; but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar, in net current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."



FREE TO ALL! A GENUINE OFFER. To introduce our magazine we will send absolutely FREE all of the following genuine articles: Fine Solid Rolled Gold Ring, Lovely Solid Rolled Gold Breast Pin, Lady's or Gent's style, Neat Key Ring and tablet for name, Imported Pocket Pencil, also very handsome Toilet Case, neatly mounted in leather, with glass mirror, comb, etc., and a Colorado Gold Pen. We send all these great articles FREE to all sending only 12c to pay for our popular 32 column Story Paper 6 months. We forfeit $100.00 if we do not send as agreed. Address, H. C. BUCHANAN & CO., 26 Church St., (Box 2839), New York.

UNTIL THE EVENING.

Tired with the daily toil for daily bread,
The spirit slaving for the body's needs,
The brain and nerve are dulled, and the heart bleeds
And breaks with grief of brooding thought unsaid:
Were we but born to labor and be fed?
To spend our souls in lowly, trivial deeds,
Mere sordid coin the crown of what succeeds?
Ah! yet press on, though with a fainting tread—

Till evening ends our work and stills our cries:
Then we may find our lowness is our height,
Our crown, the tasks we wrought with sobbing breath;
As common things a sunset glorifies,
This life, at last, may robe itself in light
And stand transfigured at the touch of death.
—Chambers' Journal.

PROVERBIAL BUTS.

Pride will have a fall—but feminine vanity delights in a duck of a veil with eccentric black spots upon it.

Wranglers never want words—but, all the same they invariably have words—with the other party to the quarrel.

Old bees get no honey—but, unfortunately, the lapse of years appear to leave their stinging powers wholly undiminished.

Necessity is the mother of invention—but if her offspring happens to make a hit in the market, it is usually the capitalist who proudly poses as its father.

One man's meat is another man's poison—but it frequently takes the shadow of a coroner's inquest to bring this fact fully home to the low-class butcher who deals in decomposing flesh.

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch pay our sample price $3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH Cured for $2. No pay in advance until satisfied; by mail. Address Chester Medical Co., Toronto, Can.

MANHOOD RESTORED—Remedy Free; parts enlarged. I have found a certain self-cure; I will send the recipe FREE. A Reliable and Lasting Cure. J. A. CALVERT, Marshalltown, Iowa.

WEAK MEN

INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address G. B. WRIGHT, Music Dealer, Box 1347, Marshall, Mich.

A Song of the West Wind.

O the wind is abroad in the hollows
And asweep on the swells of the plain,
Where the dun grass tosses and wallows
And the hazel-bush shakes as in pain,
With a petulant air and a shiver
Of fright and of pain,
While the broad breeze streams like a river
And roars like a far-off main.

The wide waves, restless but weary,
Roll on to the half-hid sun;
Hear the rush—hear the roar—hear the murmur!
See the little waves serially run!
O hark to the songs the west wind sings:
To the bowed ear hearing, there comes
The sound of far harping of harp-strings
And noise of dim pipings and drums.

O magic west wind of the prairie—
How he leaps in his might!
No boundaries knows he or cares he
No day and no night!
His fleet feet are weary never,
He is here! He is there!
Now he harries the clouds in the air
Now he tramples the grass in his flight!

But whether in spring or in summer,
Or autumn's gray shadow or shine,
Chainless and care-free is he
As a god in a riot of wine.
He is lord of the whole sky's hollow,
He possesses the whole vast plain,
He leads, and the wild clouds follow,
He frowns, and they vanish in rain.
—Hamlin Garland, in the June New Peterson.

HOME TALKS.

THE IMMENSE MANUFACTURE AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

Wandering to and Fro for Many, Many Miles—Wonders of the Electrical Building—Last Words.

(Concluded.)

I have said nothing about the manufactures and liberal arts building, not because there is nothing to say, but that there is so much, the very thought is overwhelming. The effort to gather together in the memory one-tenth part of what we saw is exhausting. And we did not see a tenth part of what is there, nor do I think months would suffice for a thorough study of all that this magnificent treasure-house contains. Its contents make an epitome of the world's progress in what we of the nineteenth century term civilization. Sometimes I wonder whether it is civilization after all, for so much of selfishness and jealous rivalry enters into the avenues of life as to sweep away the kindlier and more generous impulses which should govern. Even here I am told there has been more or less friction which it has taken most careful management to get rid of.

In the first place the immensity of this great structure strikes one with wonder. As She remarked to Sophonisba and me, "It looks as if the builders were trying to inclose the whole state of Illinois." And yet it is nowhere out of proportion; nowhere does it appear that it could be cut down without disturbing its symmetry. It is the largest building of the kind ever erected for such a purpose. Forty-four acres of floor space! Only stop and think of that! A great gallery around the four sides 50 feet wide, projecting from it! Three million feet of lumber in the floor, nailed down with five car-loads of nails! Four great entrances, one in the center of each facade, that look like triumphal arches! A great avenue 50 feet wide that extends from one end to the other, and another crossing this at right angles at the center of a like width! Space enough for the whole imperial army of Germany to find a place beneath the roof! Three times as large as St. Peter's cathedral at Rome, and it is said the largest church in Chicago may be placed in the vestibule of that cathedral! And you can walk miles and miles and see something new at every step of your wanderings!

We entered into this building with a sort of despairing feeling, the magnitude of the undertaking impressed us so greatly. The first thing we did was to ensconce ourselves in rolling chairs, with intelligent young men to wheel us around. I bade the youth who had undertaken the task of propelling mine, to take the lead, exercise his brain power and give us the best general idea of the principal exhibits that could be obtained. Then followed a season of real pleasure, when each moment carried us past something beautiful, something artistic, something useful. The exhibits in this building alone represent fifty millions of dollars! Sumptuous beyond description are pavilions, halls and galleries. Everywhere the eye falls upon a magnificent procession of products from the world's treasuries.

When we left our chairs to take a nearer view of the different pavilions, we were directly in front of Germany, and wonderfully imposing was this first view. There was the group in bronze representing the life of this great people. A wrought-iron fence lifts itself 40 feet into the air, with mammoth gates, and yet the whole of it made with such skill and delicacy that one can hardly imagine the fruit, flowers and leaves to have been the work of the hammer. The space inside is divided into sections or rooms, and in them are found many quaint and curious things, as well as those rare and costly.

Every woman who visits the Spanish section will be sure to stop and look at the two beautiful vases there made of iron into which gold has been hammered in different designs. One is Etruscan in style, the other Grecian, and each is valued at $30,000. They are the product of the skill of a Spanish workingwoman, and are very elegant.

One of the things in this building which at once attracts the eye is the great clock tower, which stands 120 feet high upon a base 40 feet in height. The clock face is seven feet in diameter, and upon it are marked the hours, minutes, seconds and days of the month. There is a chime of nine bells, and listening to their deep, musical tones, one feels that it is a fitting way to mark the passage of the time while viewing what in our pride we are fond of calling the greatest fair the sun ever shone upon.

It is an absolute impossibility to more than glance at this building. One may spend hours in the china exhibits alone, where is displayed the products of so much skill and patience. It is hard sometimes, though, to realize such great values in small pieces. In the Royal Worcester department, while looking at the great vase, price five or six thousand dollars, our attention was attracted to some tiny vases, cups and saucers that had the effect of the finest lacework. Inquiry of the courteous attendant disclosed the fact that each individual mesh of the lace was cut separately with a knife as fine and slender as a needle. This is done, of course, while the clay is yet plastic. A vase not more than four inches high costs from $150 to $250. These are the luxuries of a life with artistic tastes, and not for the great majority, but it is a pleasure to see what skilled handiwork can accomplish.

We spent many hours wandering through the aisles of this great building, walked many miles, and yet today I do not feel that I have anything more than a faint idea of what is contained there.

Then there is the electrical building with its wonders of accomplishment in the way of claiming and using the lightning. We wandered through there in the evening when it appeared as if the kings of magic were reveling in their power of producing weird and strange effects. Powerful machinery propelled by this subtle force; instruments to transmit not only sounds but pictures also; tiny bells to protect the pockets of the unwary from the sneak thief; a lofty tower which shines with rapidly changing colored lights; a magic hand that writes with pen dipped in flashing light—all these things and many, many more show to the world what has been done within the last quarter of a century with this mighty force that man has harnessed for his daily use. And then we see outside as many electrical exhibits as within, for the lighting itself of all these buildings and the grounds, is something grand beyond our conception. There are 8,000 arc lamps of 2,000 candle power each, and 130,000 incandescent lamps of 16 candle power. Imagine, those of you who have not seen for yourselves, all these lights flashing out into the deepening shadows, edging the roofs with dazzling stars set thick like precious stones and shedding a radiance soft but brilliant over the moving throngs below.

It is time to bring these reminiscences of hours and days that are imprinted upon the memory as if graven upon stone, at an end. Regretfully I cease the wanderings through the great White City, which, stately and beautiful, will soon vanish away and be visible no more. The golden dome that looks upward to the blue sunlit sky by day, and into the immeasurable depths of the air by night, gloriously radiant, will disappear from men's sight, leaving only a memory of all its beauty. And we wonder why so much that is so grand in conception, so wonderful in conception, must pass so utterly away!

And yet it will not be as if it had not been, for the thought, which has thus been imaged will remain and bear its fruits, potent for good to the world, drawing its peoples in fraternal bonds together and inspiring to greater achievements in the century drawing near. Blows have been struck for freedom and equality of brain and brawn without distinction of race or sex, and their effect will grow in grace and power far beyond your realization or mine, gentle reader, to whom these parting words are written.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

READ AND THINK.

The editor of the Household desires to again remind its members and readers that they have been invited to send to her the name of any favorite author whose biography they desire to read, and whose face they desire to see. The series will soon commence, and it is quite necessary that the list shall be arranged as nearly as possible at an early date.

The time for competition for the prizes in the matter of a motto for the head of the Household page will soon be over. Do not delay sending your choice.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT

On Practical Suggestions.

These bright, sunny days should be utilized, not only by our spending as much time as possible out of doors for our health's sake, but every day garments should be exposed to the sunshine and fresh air. When they are not in use brushing them carefully will remove most of the dust, but to turn them inside out and hang them in the sun will disinfect and deodorize them from the unpleasant odors that come from usage. Garments treated in this way will have a new and fresh appearance much longer than if brushed and either hung in a closet or folded in drawers. If you have been where there has been the slightest danger of infection (and one can meet that danger in the street cars, or in any place where there is a crowd of people) if the coat or gown worn is sprinkled with camphor and hung in the air for a few hours, it will be much more grateful to wear again.

Any decided scent is to be avoided on clothing, as it suggests that there is something offensive to be hidden, but when the washing comes home smelling of soap and of all that the laundress had for dinner and supper, an inevitable consequence when the laundry is also the living room of the laundress, small sachets of orris root powder or bergamot, sandal wood or lavender flowers scattered among the clothes will make them much pleasanter to wear, though there is nothing so sweet as the smell of freshly ironed clothes that have been washed with good soap, plenty of water and dried in the sunshine.

Drapes and tidies, which are always falling off and looking very mussy, are often replaced by the pure white Turkish toweling, fastened across the backs of chairs. These are so easily washed and look so delightfully cool and clean and are, moreover, so reasonable in price, that it is no wonder that they are popular.

A tallow candle, cut in short pieces, wrapped in tissue paper and placed with furs or flannels is said to keep away moths.

Powdered pumice stone is good for cleaning enameled kitchen ware, and there is nothing that will so quickly clean and brighten tin ware as kerosene. Wet a cloth with it and rub the article to be cleaned. Afterwards wash with hot soapsuds, to which a little vinegar has been added. This will remove all odor of the oil and leave the tin looking like new.

THINGS TO BE MADE.

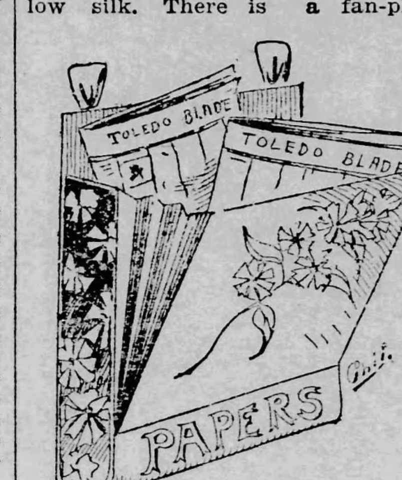
Pretty and Decorative Things for the Home.

Wall Pocket.

A very pretty article of this kind may be made of the ridged or fluted paper which is used to wrap bottles. Cut out first a pasteboard foundation, letting one side be longer than the other. Of course the curve of the board where the sides are bent together will make the bottom. Cover this over with the paper, having the flutings all run across, and gilding every other one. Line with some bright-colored silk. Bind the edge with silk binding and tie the two sides together with ribbons, in order to form the pocket. This is very simply made, and is very pretty.

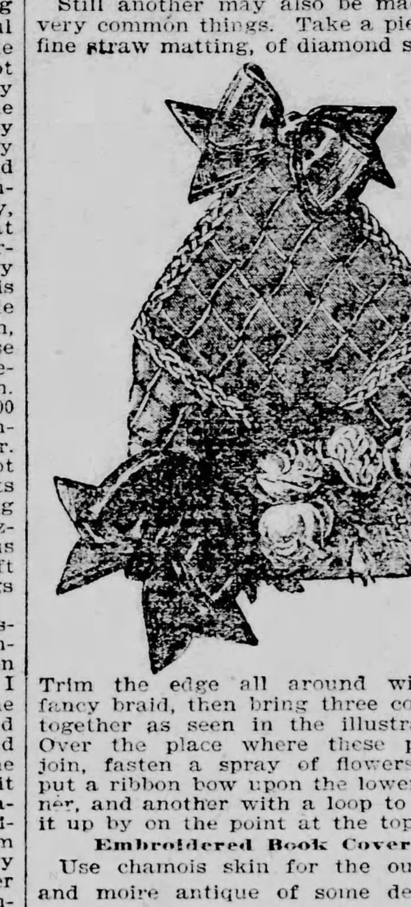
Another One.

In the current number of the Delineator one is described that is quite pretty. The back is cut from cardboard and rolled at the bottom and then covered with blue linen. The sides are covered with black velvet embroidered with yellow silk. There is a fan-plaited



arrangement of the linen fastened in the two sides and to the front, which is also covered with linen and a pretty design of flowers and leaves worked upon it, using yellow and green silk. On the rolled base the word "Papers" is painted in gold. Suspension loops of yellow ribbon are put on the back, near the corner, to hang it up by.

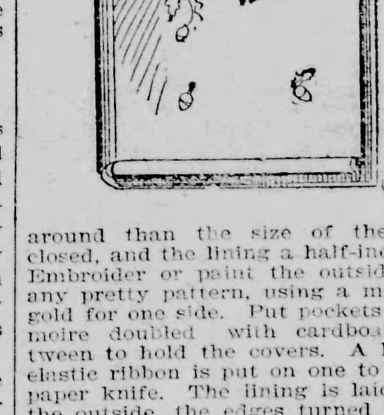
Still another may also be made of very common things. Take a piece of fine straw matting, of diamond shape.



Trim the edge all around with a fancy braid, then bring three corners together as seen in the illustration. Over the place where these points join, fasten a spray of flowers and put a ribbon bow upon the lower corner, and another with a loop to hang it up by on the point at the top.

Embroidered Book Cover.

Use chamois skin for the outside, and moire antique of some delicate shade for the lining. The outside should be cut an inch larger all



around than the size of the book closed, and the lining a half-inch less. Embroider or paint the outside with any pretty pattern, using a motto in gold for one side. Put pockets of the moire doubled with cardboard between to hold the covers. A loop of elastic ribbon is put on one to hold a paper knife. The lining is laid upon the outside, the edges turned in and then glued together. Before glueing, fasten a ribbon down the center for a book-mark.

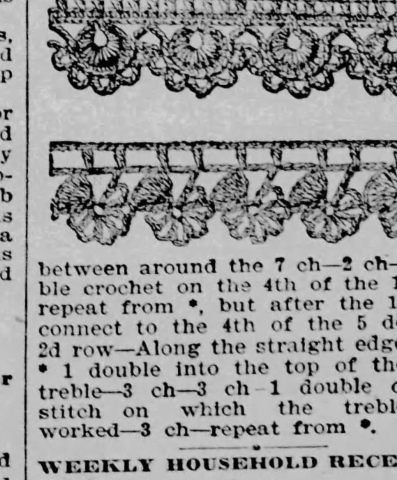
Narrow Crochet Edgings.

The following edgings from Harper's Bazar are given for the benefit of those who were anxious for something new:

These edgings are worked in crochet with fine white crochet thread. For Fig. 1 work as follows: 1st row —* 16 chain stitches—1 single crochet on the 10th of the 16—8 ch—1 single on the same stitch as the last—6 ch—another single on the same stitch, completing a threefold loop—repeat from *. 2d row—* 1 single on the middle chain of the 9 chain between loops—4 ch—1 single into the first loop—1 single into each of the following loops with 5 ch between, then 4 ch—repeat from *. 3d row—On the middle 13 stitches of each point work 13 treble crochet—5 on the middle stitch and 6 on each side of it—after each 3 trebles make a picot, for which crochet 4 chains and a slip stitch on the preceding treble. For the 4th and last row work 1 treble on every stitch at the upper edge.

For the edging Fig. 2 begin by making a chain of the length required. 1st row—Skip the first stitch —* 11 single crochet on the next 11—18 ch stitches—take a loop through each of the chains from the 17th back to the first—keeping them all on the needle, pull the thread through these 17 loops, then work off the 2 now on the needle together—a slip stitch on the last of the 11 singles; repeat from *. 2d row 1 single on the middle one of the 11 in the last row—3 ch—13 singles on the middle 13 of the 17 loops—3 ch —repeat. 3d row—1 single on the 2d of the 13 singles—5 times by turns 4 ch and 1 single on the next 2d stitch, 2 ch, repeat. 4th row—Along the other side of the foundation ch 1 double crochet, 1 chain, skip 1.

For the edging Fig. 3, crochet in the 1st row * 14 chains—7 double crochet—the uttermost loops of which are all worked off together—on the 11th, 5th of the 14 ch—7 ch—connect to the top mesh of the 7 worked off together—5 ch—5 doubles with 3 ch



between around the 7 ch—2 ch—1 treble crochet on the 4th of the 14 ch—repeat from *, but after the 11th ch connect to the 4th of the 5 doubles. 2d row—Along the straight edge work * 1 double into the top of the next treble—3 ch—3 ch 1 double on the stitch on which the treble was worked—3 ch—repeat from *.

WEEKLY HOUSEHOLD RECEPTION

Many Pleasant Callers, Among Them "Ye Editor's Wife."

"Nameless" Offers a Subject.

I wish to offer a question for the Household to discuss: When a woman marries and has, either by inheritance or from her own earnings, a few hundred dollars or more, is it her duty to hand it over to her husband, or is it right for her to keep it invested as she may think best, and to spend the income as she likes?—Nameless.

She Can Not Sing Joyful Songs.

In reading the article in Household on funerals I could not help thinking that the writer has never felt the pangs of sorrow caused from the loss of very near and dear friends, never has heard their voices around the fireside and perhaps before the setting sun, they were cold in death's embrace. The writer certainly has never passed through the trial or else is heartless. Dear writer, please do not call the sombre robes and darkened rooms "Trappings of woe" if it helps to allay their grief let them have it.

We are of different temperaments and different tastes. There are not very many who could stand by the side of all that remains dear to Father, Mother, Brother, Sister or child, and feel like singing. If so, let them do it. It is a terrible ordeal to pass through and only Jesus can help.

"Yet I would not, I dare not murmur;
I know it is God's own hand;
His patience will bear with a sorrow
Too crazy to understand.
"Sometime, when the loss grows lighter,
The heart will forget its ache.
Sometime?—you are kind to say it,
But now give it leave to break."
—Julia E. Tanner.

Saves Time, Trouble and Money.

I am a young wife and have only been keeping house about a year. Am a country editor's wife and do nearly all my own work besides helping my husband with the paper.

I do not know who it was that sent that direction for keeping wash dresses from fading by using dye of the same color as the dress in the rinsing water, but I wish to say that so far as I have tried it it has worked marvelously. I had a dainty pink lawn last summer, but in two or three washings it faded to nearly white. After reading the directions in the Household I bought a package of rose color dye and put what I could take up on the point of a penknife in the starch. When the dress was dry and ironed, it was as dainty and pretty as when new. I also tried the process on the curtains in my sitting room.

This spring I had the carpenter make me a book case which I stained cherry and varnished according to the directions given for staining wood with dye. The book case took a rich shade of cherry and is very pretty, we think. I tacked double-faced canton flannel, blue, with cherry colored figures up for curtains and then covered the row of tacks with a strip of blue furniture fringe. This stands in my kitchen which I also use for a dining room. In the book case I stow away the overflow of books from my sitting room book case, all the magazines and nice papers that come to us as "exchanges" and on the two lower shelves I have a place where I can put groceries, the molasses jug and lots of objectionable articles for a dining room. As I have only three rooms and a hall to keep house in, I have to make the most of my space. If any one who is similarly situated would like to know what I do with the soiled clothes and my husband's and my clothes I will be glad to tell them what nice contrivances, stained also with the dye, I have made.

But now I want to tell the sisters of the Household how easily I keep my range black and shining. For a long time after I went to keeping house I merely washed it off every day and only blacked it once in a long time as it was such hard, dirty work. I had read that soap suds was good to mix the blacking with and had tried it with fairly good results. So I decided if a little soap was a help why would not a great deal make it easier still. Then I took the blacking, shaved enough to black the stove and added as much or more soap powder to the blacking, wet it with warm water and applied to the stove with an old paint brush. Then I took the stove brush and rubbed it a minute and it shone as brightly as any one could wish. All done in five minutes. I am sure if you try it you will never black a stove the old way.—Sego Lily.

THEY WANT TO KNOW.

Various Things on Various Subjects.

Has any one a copy of The Blade for the latter part of September, or the 1st of October, 1886, containing advertisement of "Home wanted for three, orphan children? If so will they send it to the editor of the Household?

Inquiries.

Will Jean Hunt tell me if she thinks lactated food would be good for my baby. His bowels do not move at all unless I give him injections, and I do not think his food digests. I feed him milk and crackers all the time. I live at a mine, and can not get milk only every other day. I am only 16 and do not know much about babies.—Mrs. Eva Chase.

Will some one tell me how to make pepper mangoes, also how to can peaches? I would like to get directions for knitting fan lace.—Etta Fournier.

Will some one send a programme

and costumes for a masquerade party?—Miss Lulu.

Will some one give directions for drying beef? How should the brine be made and how long should the meat remain in it?—Rocky Mountain Reader.

Mary:—I have a light gray flannel dress that I would like to make over fori fall wear. I cannot use the goods in the color it now is, for it is faded in streaks. What color can I dye it? There is plenty of material to make the dress by using the same basque but the buttonholes are frayed; how can I arrange the front so they will not show. I can make new sleeves and I will get velvet to trim it. Please suggest a pretty style for making it?

I have also a faded blue cashmere skirt pleated to the waist and a skirt of China silk, old rose color. How can I dye the cashmere and use it with the silk to make a tea gown?—Mrs. Kincaid.

Will some one send directions for finishing chair tidy and cushion made of crazk patch work of silk, satin and velvet pieces, fancy stitched around in bright colored silk. The tidy is made to go up and down the chair.—Annie.

Will some one tell me what will make a pretty and becoming fall and winter suit (hat and dress) for a moderately tall and stout girl of 16, with dark complexion, black, curly hair and black eyes? Send simple directions for making the dress and also how to fix my hair becomingly. It is heavy and falls just below my shoulders.—Anxious Kate.

Answers.

To wash white flannel without shrinking it: Wash it in hot soap suds, rinse in very light soap suds, wring very dry,

Wash it in hot soap-suds, rinse in very light soap-suds, wring very dry, put a dry cloth in either side of the flannel and roll up very tight; let lie several hours; iron dry.—Mrs. M. Mills.

The lady who inquired how I used the lactated food did not give the age of her child, so I cannot say how much to feed it. I generally feed a young baby all it will eat every two hours. If a child has a delicate stomach I do not use the milk as the directions give at all. I mix three rounding teaspoonfuls of the food in a little water until smooth, then add one-half pint of warm water, place the cup or bowl in a dish of hot water over the fire, and stir constantly until it comes to a boil. Do not sweeten, as sugar makes it hard for a delicate stomach to digest the food, and it is apt to cause sourness. The directions say: "Add one-fourth of a pint of pure milk after the food has been prepared," but it is hard to find pure milk where one gets it from a milkman. I often, in place of the milk, use a tablespoonful of good cream diluted with enough water to make up the gill.

I shoudl not advise preparing more than a quart at once, and not that quantity unless you can keep it either upon ice or in a very cool place. I do not advise making it in a tin cup. I like a quart bowl to prepare it in. If the dish is placed directly upon the stove, unless one attend to it carefully it is liable to scorch. If your child's bowels are inclined to be too

loose, add the milk as directed to the food, but first bring it to a boil. In cases where a child is cutting teeth and the gums are inflamed, or where there are any symptoms of inflammation of the stomach use the food ice cold. In preparing the food, where the milk is not to be added, use this much more water, or the food will be too thick. Where older children have sick spells and touches of indigestion it is well to put them upon this food for a week or more. From a child, I have been troubled with chronic inflammation of the stomach, and about twice each year I have a bad spell. Since using lactated food for my babies, I have learned that when my stomach gets so I cannot eat anything without being made miserable for hours after, to diet myself for several weeks, making this food my chief article of diet. In this way I escape the long and dangerous sick spells that formerly made my life a burden.—Jean Hunt.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

And Some Other Things Considered.

There is scarcely any other vegetable that is so universally used as the tomato. Ripe or green, it can be made into many dishes that are wholesome and appetizing. From now until the frost comes, it can be used as salad, stewed, baked, pickled or preserved, either alone or with other vegetables. Recipes for using tomatoes were given in this column last week and we give this week a few additional ones.

Pickled Ripe Tomatoes.

Select smooth, red or yellow tomatoes, wash and wipe them carefully and prick them in many places with a small darning needle. Put them in glass or stone jars, add 1-2 cupful of nasturtium seeds and cover with cold, cider vinegar. Cover closely and they will keep all winter. They will be ready to use in about two weeks.

Green Tomato Pickle.

Slice 1 pk. of green tomatoes and 1 dozen medium-sized onions and place in alternate layers, well sprinkled with salt, into an earthen jar. Let them stand 24 hrs. then drain off the liquor. Put the tomatoes and onions in a porcelain kettle, add 1 oz. of whole allspice; 1 1-2 ozs. black pepper; 1-4 lb. ground mustard; 1 oz. whole cloves and 1 oz. mustard seed. Cover with good vinegar and cook gently 20 minutes. Put away in stone jars, and keep well covered. A small piece of horseradish root added to this will tend to prevent mould from forming.

Tomato Mangoes.

Select smooth, soft green tomatoes. Cut from the stem end a slice large enough to allow the removal of the seeds without breaking the tomato. Take out the seeds and stand the tomatoes in a large pan, or tub, with the slice cut from the end, near each one. Place a teaspoonful of salt into each tomato, cover with cold water and soak for 24 hrs. Then drain them and fill them with a mixture made of 2 large heads of cabbage cut fine; 1 teaspoonful each of ground cloves and allspice: 4 tablespoonfuls of whole mustard and 2 tablespoonfuls of salt. When filled, put over them the slice cut from them, fasten with twine, stand them upright in a stone jar, cover with cold vinegar and they will be ready for use in one week. Many think the addition of a few chopped green peppers is an improvement to these.

Cold Tomato Catsup.

Peel and chop fine 1-2 pk. of ripe tomatoes, drain through a colander. Turn into an earthen dish add 1-2 cupful grated horse-radish, 1-2 pt. salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of black pepper; 2 red peppers chopped fine, 2 roots of celery, chopped fine, 1 cup chopped nasturtium seeds, 1 cupful brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls ground allspice; 1 teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and mace and 1 qt. cider vinegar. Mix all well together, bottle and seal.

This cold catsup will keep nicely for two years and many persons prefer the flavor to that made by cooking the tomatoes.

Tomato Catsup.

Put 1 bu. of ripe tomatoes on to boil without peeling. After cooking gently for 1-2 hr. press them through a sieve to remove the skin and seeds. Add 1-2 lb. sugar, 1 1-2 ozs. blk. pepper, 1 oz. ginger root, 1-2 pt. salt, 2 oz. whole mustard 1-2 oz. cloves, 1 1-2 ozs. of allspice. Return the tomatoes and spices to the kettle and boil down till quite thick. Then add 1-2 gal. of good vinegar and let it boil slowly for an hour. Bottle and seal while hot.

Tomato Soup.

To 1 can or 4 fresh tomatoes add 1 qt. of boiling water. Cook from 10 to 30 minutes and stir in 1 teaspoonful of soda. When it foams, add 1 pt. of milk, salt, pepper, and butter to taste. Serve hot.

Mother Goose Party.

A "Mother Goose" party given toward the end of the summer in a pretty country house was a most enjoyable affair. The decorations were exceedingly tasteful, and were arranged with a view to give an effective background to the pretty and fantastic costumes worn by the guests. The grounds were transformed into the prettiest fairy nooks by means of colored lanterns, fountains, surrounded by grasses amid which twinkled fairy lamps of crimson and blue, and pretty tents dotted here and there, with draperies of rose colored cheesecloth drawn back and made comfortable with rugs, chairs and tables. Rose colored lanterns hung from the roofs of these tents. A dancing platform with balustrade, was erected near the house, and the balustrade was hidden beneath vines and potted plants. There was a veritable flood of youth and beauty surging to and fro, the fantastic dresses adding to the effect, and giving a weird-like aspect to the scene which even the strains of a Strauss waltz did not succeed in mitigating. The costumes were capitally carried out, and embraced most of the characters in Mother Goose Melodies, from the king and queen in "Sing a Song o' Sixpence," down to Little Miss Moffet, known to fame from her encounter with the spider. The hostess was dressed as Mother Goose, with her faithful bird under her arm. Bo-Peep, Jack and Gill, the splendid group of beggars "in rags and jags and velvet gowns." The king, queen and knave of hearts were among the motley throng as well as many others, and all the costumes were well chosen and well carried out. The supper was served upon small tables in the tents in the garden under awnings and in various places about the house. The places were all drawn by lots in the shape of small tickets held in a gilded basket in the hands of Mother Goose herself. In the large front hall the hostess had arranged a table for a few guests, headed by the King and Queen of Hearts and their ladies and gentlemen in waiting. The large entrance doors were thrown open, leaving the view into the gardens and lawns unobstructed. Lovely rugs and pieces of tapestry were tastefully draped around the walls mingled with shields and flags, while the steps and balustrades of the broad stairway were adroned with costly textiles. Groups of young people were seated upon the red carpeted steps leading to the garden, in the bluish moonlight beneath the spreading maples, and under the shelter of the tents. The little tables were set with flowers and lights, and now and again a Bengal light cast a roseate hue upon the scene making it seem more unreal than ever. After supper, a cotillon was danced at which many pretty favors appeared. Ribbons with bells, flowers, riding caps and embroidered Turkish slippers were among these.—Art Interchange.

The Learned Woman.

When I married my wife she had studied stenography,
Got that down solid, then took up photography,
Mastered that science and started geography,
All in the course of a year.
She presently took up a course of theology,
Followed that up with a touch of mythology,
Got a degree in the line of zoology,
Still her great mind [illegible] clear.
So she took in a course on the theory of writing,
Some lessons and points on the subject of fighting,
A long course of house-building, heating and lighting,
For over her classmates she'd soar.
So she entered the subject of steam navigation,
Took also instruction in church education,
And mastered the study of impersonation,
And still she was longing for more.
Next she tackled the latest great fad, electricity,
"Dress Reform" institutes taught her simplicity,
Sought the best way to encourage felicity,
Oh, she's as smart as a book!
She at last ended up with a course of phonetics,
Gave a little attention and time to athletics,
The rest of her time she gave to magnetics,
And now she is learning to cook!
—Boston Transcript.

Women in France.

An effort is on foot in France to secure for women an enlargement of their civil rights. In France, no woman can act as a witness to any legal document, and married women have no legal right to their earnings. Whether a married woman earns a dollar by washing, or a hundred dollars by writing a book, the money belongs to her husband, not to her. Mme. Schmahl, an Englishwoman married to a Frenchman of some distinction, is at the head of an association working for these changes. The ladies have issued a leaflet, calling attention to the fact that in Italy, since 1878, women have been allowed to witness legal documents; in Denmark, since 1880, married women have had the right to their earnings; in Russia, they may buy and sell, and manage their separate property; and in England they have still larger rights. The leaflet continues:

"Meanwhile, the Frenchwoman remains in a position of striking inferiority. She may became a doctor, a lawyer, a member of the board of education, and may even be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor; but she may not be a witness to a legal document. The Frenchwoman occupies an important place in art, business and commerce; but she can neither buy nor sell, nor possess her own earnings, without her husband's consent."

The movement is receiving a good deal of support from the press, though many persons are still to be found in France who think that a woman would be "unsexed" if she acted as witness to a legal document, and that the home would be subverted if she could control her own earnings.—Woman's Journal.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:—We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

Goldes, Mich.—Ross Adams, Bertha Adams, Ralph Adams, Blanche Bash, May Bush, Clarence Bush, Maude Merriam, Ethel Leach, Elma Eastman, Zelda Eastman.

Kensington, Douglas County, Minn.—Hilma E. Wick, Hattie B. Wick, William V. Wick.

Foster, Sinn County, Ore.—John Humphreys.

Names this week, 14. Total, 32,844.

The above embraces all names received up to August 29.

Molly's Wish.

My dolly's always very well,
Because she eats no pies;
And since she never reads at all,
She does not strain her eyes.

And since she never says a word,
She never tells a fib;
And nobody can tickle her,
Because she has no rib.

And that is why I sometimes wish
That, 'stead of being Molly,
I'd had the fortune great to be
My dear old baby Dolly.

The Little Girl That Cried.

Once the Little Girl that Cried,
Looking through her tears, espied
Lovely motes of colored light
In the fringes of her eye—

Just as when the weather clears,
And the clouds are put to flight,
There's a rainbow in the sky,
And the Little Girl that Cried,
When she saw this lovely sight—
This tine rainbow in her tears—
Would forget the reason why
She had thought it best to cry.
—St. Nicholas.

A MOUNTAIN-SIDE FEUD.

(Concluded.)

"Vince, he'll pay 'em back," said Joe Snell, shaking his dirty fist in the direction of the enemy.

"But they'll git them little owls!" said Sary Chew, throwing herself down on the stony ground and bursting into wild weeping.

"I tell you we's a gunno pay 'em back," cried Joe, pointing to Bill Cooms's little brother.

Little John Cooms had been unable to keep up with his party. His legs were very short, he had to carry the dinner-pail for Bill, and he had been completely forgotten by his friends. So the small fellow straggled far in the rear as his associates rushed away toward the owl's nest.

A gleam of cruelty was in Joe Snell's eyes as he dashed at little John Cooms. In a moment the child was surrounded by Friend's Creek children.

"We's gunno git 'im in the boat," said the new leader, "and shove 'im off where there ain't no dogs."

Bill Coom's little brother found himself, dinner-pail and all, suddenly deposited in the old boat that rocked at the edge of the dam. He found himself crossing the pond with Friend's Creek children grinning at him and threatening him with any amount of evils.

"You'll be drowned if you don't hang on hard," said one.

"What you goin' to do with me?" quavered little John.

"'Taint no tellin' what we'll do if your crowd tetches them little owls," said a boy.

"Look at his pink body—it's made out of an old rag out of his mammy's ragbag," said a girl.

"See his copper-toed boots—they ain't fit for nothin' but a doll," said a boy.

"Let's see what he's got in his dinner-bucket!" cried another.

Little John howled briskly, and attempted to defend his dinner. The Friend's Creek children laughed at him, and stopped their boat opposite the middle of the dam.

Down the stony road came the Mountain children, shrieking and yelling over their triumph. The bulldog was close to his master's heels. The children in the boat "hollered" back and swung little John's big dinner-pail carelessly in the air. As the Mountain children reached the side of the pond, the Friend's Creek children rowed farther away, eating little John's pie with many signs of relish.

"You fetch him back!" roared Bill Cooms. "I say, you fetch him back!"

"Will you give up them little owls?" demanded Sary Chew, with a faint ray of hope.

"You fetch that feller back!" roared Bill again. "Ef you know what's good fer you you'll fetch that feller back."

"Ef you know what's good for you you'll give up them little owls!" cried Sary. "'Taint no tellin' what we'll do to him ef you don't."

"Hold on, Bill, 'taint no use to stone 'em," called out Charley Davis, grasping Bill's desperate arm. "You might hit the little feller, they're flourishin' him betwixt them and you."

The Friend's Creek children reached the opposite side of the dam, landed, fastened the boat and shouted back defiance to the whole party—boys, dog and all.

"We'll skeer 'im real good," cried Joe. "Let's take his boots off of him."

"And fill 'em with water," suggested Sary.

"And muddy his pink dress!"

"And take the curl out of his hair!"

"And we's gunno throw 'im in the dam," yelled Joe, loudly enough to be heard across the pond.

Little John was in a great fright. After the eating of his pie and the shouting and laughter and threats in the boat anything might happen. He could only shut his eyes very tight and scream his loudest. His friends stood on the opposite bank, powerless to help him and in dismay.

But some one beside the Mountain children heard little John. Vince stooped on his way from the schoolhouse and picked up a stick. Before the Mountain children were aware of it he was on the upper logs, over and through which the waters rushed to form the falls.

The face of Bill Cooms blazed furiously, and he grew as white as death.

"Stone him," he shouted. "Look at the coward, he's got a stick. He's going across to lick poor little John."

Bill made a dash for the dam, in Vince's track, planted his clumsy shoe on the slippery log, and tried to step it. But his courage failed and he stepped back. Big boy though he was, he put his arms over his face and blubbered as wildly as Sary Chew when she learned the fate of "them little owls."

"Stone the feller!" he cried. "He's got a stick."

By this time Vince was across the dam. Then to the astonishment of the Mountain children, even while the Friend's Creek children were shouting, "They've got the little owls!" Vince began using the stick rapidly, not upon poor little John, but upon the limbs and shoulders of the Friend's Creek children themselves.

"You're a pretty lot to frighten a poor little boy," said Vince, as he belabored them.

The sounds of distress about him were not understood by little John. For one moment he opened his blue eyes, only to see a big boy lifting a dangerous stick. The next instant—in the hubbub no one could tell how it happened—little John was rolled or rolled himself with a cry and a splash straight into the pond above the dam.

A shout of terror went up from the Mountain children. The Friend's Creek children started back from the bank, and gazed upon the child with dismay.

Vince let his stick fall, and stepped to the brink. There was a second splash, and Mountain and Friend's Creek children alike stood breathlessly waiting, trusting in Vince.

But the danger was just begun when Vince got safe hold of little John. If he had caught him in the still waters it would have been easy to swim to the shore. But the current or draw of the dam began to be swift just where Vince grasped John. The water about the two figures was swirling rapidly, ready for that leap into the white foam.

Could Vince save even himself? Ah, Heaven bless the strong, bare feet that planted themselves firmly against the logs! Heaven bless the lithe body and the supple legs in the baggy trousers!

A silent party rowed across the pond, and the Friend's Creek children followed their leader timidly as he got out of the boat with little John's arms clinging about his neck, and little John's sunny head sunk on his shoulder.

"You ought a took better keer o' him," said Vince, as he handed his burden over to Bill Cooms. "I'd not a let it happen to one o' ourn."

Then he walked toward the schoolhouse. His tribe came after him, shamefaced and humbled, not even Sary Chew thinking of the little owls.

"He was a'most drownded," that is what Sary thought, with her head bowed very low and tears in her eyes. "Ef it hadn't ben fer Vince, he'd a' ben drownded."

The same thought was flooding Bill Cooms's grateful heart as he carried little John ove the valley fields home to his mother. There was something fluttering in Bill's pocket, something that he, too, had forgotten—two restless little owls.

Next morning the Friend's Creek children were late for school, but this was nothing extraordinary. Mr. Black was weary of telling them to be in time. They came straggling along the road with their keen eyes open to every successive beauty—the little toads on days following a rain, the great blood-roots around old stumps, little blue hepaticas on the hillsides, and red columbine glowing on the rocks.

They had not learned to be industrious, like the Mountain boys, for their fathers did not own farms.

Vince slunk into his seat and picked up his spelling-book, which he had forgotten to take home. He was always glad when he had forgotten to take it home, for then Mr. Black could not scold him for forgetting to bring it to school. Vince seldom opened his desk, for he had nothing in it but slate rags, and he always used his sleeve to wash off his slate.

It seemed to Vince this morning as if he heard a peculiar sound somewhere as he sat at his desk with his dog-eared spelling in his hand. A twittering. Could it be the sound of hungry birds?

Vince began to look around him, under his desk, out of the window, everywhere. The school children were watching him. Even Mr. Black's attention was finally drawn to the boy's strange movements and anxious face. Sary Chew was on her tiptoes in the back of the room.

Suddenly Vince raised the lid of his desk. There was a queer little pasteboard box in the desk, and he opened it with a puzzled expression. Then Sary Chew screamed out in her shrillest voice:

"Ef it ain't them little owls?"

The hungry little owls, as they were hurried back to the hollow in the tree, never knew that they had been the means of ending a mountainside feud.—Louise R. Baker, in Youth's Companion.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

Test Questions.

1.—HISTORICAL—WHO AND WHERE?

1. "Mad Anthony," though wounded, was carried at the head of his army during what was one of the most brilliant exploits of the Revolution.
2. "Old Put," escaped from the British by spurring his horse over a precipice.
3. "Old Tecumseh" sent the news of the capture of a certain city as a Christmas present to the nation.
4. "Cincinnatus of the West" is said to have fired the first shot of one of America's bloody wars.
5. "Carolina Game-Cock" gained a victory over the British, although at the beginning of the engagement he had but two rounds of ammunition. "SID."

2.—ARITHMETICAL.

What number, diminished by [illegible] of itself, multiplied by 10, minus 15, multiplied by 20, equals 100? J. F. LAWSON, JR.

3.—ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

Remove the S's from "to own" and leave a poet; from "ponderousness" and leave one of the United States; from a "sweetheart" and leave a cardinal's headgear; rom a girdle and leave an exclamation; from "to hiss" and leave a personal pronoun; from "to curdle" and leave an imaginative thinker; from "neighborhood" and leave a climbing plant; from a fine rain and leave a measure of distance. "VIRGIL."

Example—From "occupied" and leave "purchase"—busy, buy.—Editor.

4.—ENGLISH LITERATURE.

First anagram in each line, name of book; second, name of author.

"Hofagistia," by Daniel R. Down.
"Landi[illegible]ordona," by Gertie Goole.
"Silpreon's Grizpress," by Nancy Johnh.
"Scronlbaunrose," by Lena Diofeed.
"Tersietchattreel," by Theo. H. Warn.
"Ciuntemsconabl," by W. Beshot.
TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

5.—GEOGRAPHICAL.

(Town in Southwest Iowa) and her sister, (town in Southeast Nebraska), went to the (river in North Dakota). There was a beautiful lake in the enclosure, and they hoped to see some swans upon it, but only a (lake in California) and a (river in Tennessee) were on the water. They saw a number of animals belonging to the (island near New Orleans) family, but were sorry to learn that the (gulf bordering France) was (river in Maine). A (river in Indiana) sat on the branch of a (river in Minnesota) tree, and several (bay bordering Massachusetts) sailed overhead. A (river in Arkansas) cloud rose in the west, and fearing a (lake north of Minnesota) afternoon, they hurried home. "BEE."

Answers to Puzzles August 17.

1. Abyssinians.
2. Words—Sea, Dan, rank, can, cow, Jane—Andrew "Jackson."
3. Alabama, California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin.
4. Hat-tie—Hattie.
5. Rat, rat-able, rat-her, rat-tan.

Chat.

Charley Carlson:—We hope there is plenty enough for you in to-day's Column. We were glad to hear from you again.

"Enoch:"—Come again by all means. Your answer to Ned's puzzle was correct, and "two to spare."

"Rhoda:"—Your work was correct and acceptable, as usual.

"Madge:"—Your lists are so nicely prepared it is a real pleasure to receive them.

"Brownie:"—We shall expect another call from you very soon.

"Captain Jinks:"—You had one more state than Ned gave in his answer; but it was correct, for we worked it out ourselves.

A. W. Stone:—We hope you will enjoy your visit in Toledo.

"Everett:"—Please coppy your puzzles with ink, and send them in again; we can not use them as they are.

The editor hopes you have all enjoyed your "long vacation," and are quite rested and ready for work again.

"What is meant by free 'alkali,' Doctor? I see it mentioned in the advertisements of Ivory Soap.'"

"'Free Alkali,' Madam, is the Alkali which is not combined with the fats or oils of which the soap is made, due to the ignorance or carelessness of the soap maker. Soaps in which 'free alkali' is present are decidedly injurious to both the clothing and the skin when habitually used. I have seen reports of analysis made of the Ivory Soap by men eminent in our profession, and all pronounce it to contain no 'free alkali,' to be made with great care and of materials of the best quality, carefully selected, so I unhesitatingly recommend it for every purpose about the house for which good soap is required.

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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE WILSON BILL PASSED

THE HOUSE KNOCKS OUT FREE SCILVER COINAGE

A Field Day in Congress on Saturday—The Vote on Monday.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The galleries of the House were full of spectators this morning before the hour of meeting (10 a. m.), attracted by the announcement that the last day of the great silver debate was to be signalized by a battle of the oratorical giants of the House.

HON. T. B. REED.

The speaker announced the order of the day's proceedings. Under the hour rule, he said, the time in favor of the bill would close with the member from West Virginia (Mr. Wilson), and the time in opposition to it by the member from Missouri (Mr. Bland.)

The first thirty minutes was assigned by Mr. Wilson to Mr. Clark (Dem., Mo.)

Mr. Clarke's time was called at 10:30 and the floor assigned to Mr. Reed (Rep., Me.)

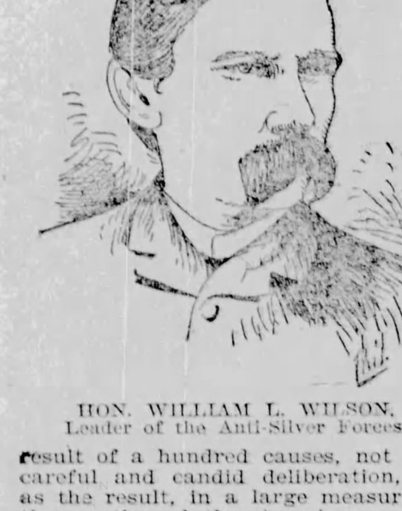
Mr. Reed's Speech.

In beginning his speech, Mr. Reed confessed doubts of the wisdom of the House to deal satisfactorily with the question before it, but expressed his comfort at being able to fall back upon the well-established belief in the wisdom of the decisions of Congress. Crises like the present, he said, were the inseparable accompaniments of all human progress, which is a series of upward starts and of falls of almost proportionate length. The former may be characterized in a word "confidence;" the latter in another, "distrust." These fluctuations occur almost simultaneously, always sympathetically, the world over, so closely is business allied by the telegraph and railroad.

Because of the fact that the drain of gold from the United States since the passage of the Sherman law in 1890, carried out of the country an amount equal to the value of the purchases of the silver under the law, people saw in it the cause of the loss of gold, and distrust was engendered, and a season of hoarding and depression set in, and to-day the country is suffering all the calamities of a restricted circulation in the midst of an abundant supply of money.

The Underlying Cause.

"This, then," continued Mr. Reed, "at the present moment is the situation in which we find ourselves. I have, in thus narrating the outward circumstances which have attended our present position, failed to state fully what is, after all, according to my judgment, the underlying cause of the present condition of affairs. At the last election the Democratic party was brought into power by a curious combination of circumstances, as the



HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON.
Leader of the Anti-Silver Forces.

result of a hundred causes, not with careful and candid deliberation, but as the result, in a large measure, of the apathy of the American people. The vote shows what I declare, and the recollection of every individual to whom I am speaking can be safely appealed to. While this thing has not been specially manifested during this discussion, while there has been little talk with regard to it, nevertheless, the consciousness of this fact underlies our entire situation.

"It will be seen from what I have said that I do not regard the Sherman act as of itself alone responsible for our present condition of affairs; that I believe that the cause of our present disaster underlies that; that the necessary stoppage of hundreds and thousands of mills all over this country is at the bottom of our disaster. Nevertheless, I do believe that the Sherman act and the accumulation of silver in the treasury was the earliest indicator of the disaster which we are approaching and that it has played a part not entirely unfortunate in warning us that we can be saved from still further misfortune and doubt.

The Pathway of Duty.

"What, then, is the pathway of duty? The unconditional repeal? That will either give relief or not. If not, then we must try something else, and the sooner the better.

"It is a matter of deep regret to all sensible men that we have delayed so long. Men are to-day struggling along against fate and praying for relief. The banks are strained almost to the point of breaking. It is a pity that we had to waste so much time in this weary welter of talk.

"We stand in a peculiar position, we Republicans to-day. The representative of the Democratic party, just chosen President of the United States, finds himself powerless in his firstS great recommendation to his own party. Were we left to their tender mercies, the country would witness the spectacle of the President of its choice overthrown by the party charged with this country's government. What wonder then that he appeals to the patriotism of another party whose patriotism has never been appealed to in vain?

"Never, I say, in vain. The proudest part of the proud record of the Republican party has been its steadfast devotion to the cause of sound finance. When the country was tempted to pay its bonds in depreciated money, the Republican party responded in loud acclaim to that noble sentiment of Gen. Hawley, that every bond was as sacred as a soldier's grave. It cost us hard fighting and sore struggle, but the credit of this country has no superior in the world. When the same arguments heard to-day were heard fifteen years ago, sounding the praises of a depreciated currency, and proclaiming the glories of fiat money, the party of Abraham Lincoln marched steadily toward specie payment and prosperity. What we were in our days of victory we are in our days of defeat, champions of true and solid finance, and when the day comes, as it surely will come, for us to lead this land back to the paths of prosperity and fame which were trodden under Republican rule for so many years, we shall take back with us our ancient glory, undimmed by adversity, our ancient honor unsullied by defeat."

Even Democrats Cheered.

The closing sentence, in which Mr. Reed declared that when the day came, as it soon would come, that the Republican party would lead the land back to paths of prosperity and fame, it would "take back with it its glory, undimmed by adversity, its honor unsullied by defeat," loud and long-continued applause burst out from the Republican side of the chamber and from the galleries, and even the Democrats—an unwonted spectacle—contributed their share of applause. Then Mr. Reed took his seat, having occupied his hour to the exact moment.

Mr. Dearmond (Dem., Missouri) and Mr. Williams, of Illinois, followed Mr. Reed.

Mr. Allen (Dem., Mississippi) said that, unlike most of the gentlemen who had addressed the House on this important question, and who had disclaimed being financiers or partisans, he was both. (Laughter.) He had made the question of currency a study for more than 40 years. (Laughter.) But he was not one of those financiers who were responsible for the present stringency. He had kept his money in circulation. (Laughter.) The country was ill, but the remedy proposed was not the proper one. It reminded him of the story of the darkey who, being left in charge of a farm, wrote to his employers, "De cow has been sick. I think she is well of the disease now, but I think she will die of the remedy I done give her." (Laughter.)

Bourke Cockran Speaks.

Bourke Cockran, of New York, then got the floor. Mr. Cockran said in opening, that after listening to the speech of the gentleman who had just taken his seat, every one would admit that the arguments in favor of free coinage of silver were picturesque rather than convincing. He agreed with the gentleman from Michigan that when Congress adjourned last March the country was prosperous in every respect, while now the gaunt spectre of starvation was stalking abroad through the land.

The remedy for this condition of things ought to be sought for, free from any spirit of partisanship. He could not agree with the gentleman from Maine that these periods of de-

BOURKE COCKRAN.

pression were inseparable from the advancement of civilization; but that each was due to a specific cause which might be readily discovered.

Mr. Cockran said that the platform of the Democratic party did not declare for free coinage of silver; that an attempt was made in the convention by a delegate from Colorado to commit the party to that principle, but failed to secure ten votes on the floor of the convention in support of the proposition. We are told by the gentlemen from Colorado and Nevada that we are in this matter departing from the platform. If that is the case, why did those states take to the woods in the election of 1892?

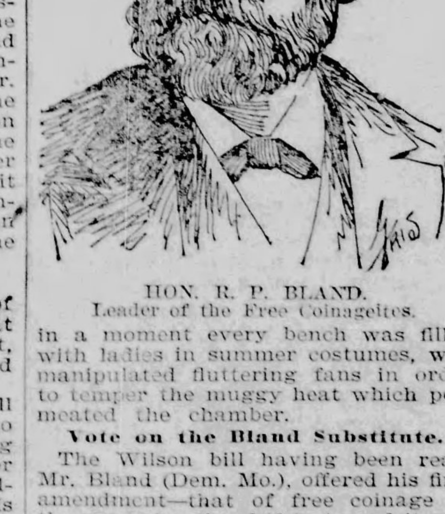
Mr. Cockran devoted himself to an historical resume of financial legislation and asserted that there was no instance in the history of civilization where gold and silver ever circulated side by side at any ratio. It was impossible that they should do so, and he defied the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Bland) to name an exception. The fluctuations of the values of the two coins was sufficient to constantly drive out the dearer metal, and this, said Mr. Cockran, was the inevitable result. France was compelled to import $600,000,000 of gold to maintain the parity of the silver which she had coined. That was what the United States would have to do if it was desired to maintain the parity of the silver we have coined."

THE BLAND SUBSTITUTE BEATEN IN THE HOUSE

BY A VOTE OF YEAS 123, NAYS 225.

Exciting Scenes in the House—Galleries Packed to Suffocation.

Washington, D. C., August 28.—Long before the noon hour of meeting the public galleries were jammed with earnest listeners. When, at a quarter before noon, the reserved galleries were opened, there was a rush made to secure good seats, and



HON. R. P. BLAND.
Leader of the Free Coinageites.

in a moment every bench was filled with ladies in summer costumes, who manipulated fluttering fans in order to temper the muggy heat which permeated the chamber.

Vote on the Bland Substitute.

The Wilson bill having been read, Mr. Bland (Dem. Mo.), offered his first amendment—that of free coinage at the present ratio of 16 to 1—and it was defeated by a vote of yeas, 124; nays, 226 amid applause from the anti-silver men, who received one more majority than they expected.

The detailed vote is as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Dem. Texas; Aitken, Rep., Mich.; Alexander, Dem., N. C.; Allen, Dem. Miss.; Arnold, Dem. Mo.; Bailey, Dem. Texas; Baker, Pop., Kas.; Bankhead, Dem. Ala.; Bell, Pop., Colo.; Bell, Dem., Texas; Black, Dem. Ga.; Blanchard, Dem., La.; Bland, Dem., Mo.; Boatner, Boen, Pop., Minn.; Bower, Dem., N. C.; Bowers, Rep., Cala.; Branch, Dem. N. C.; Bretz, Dem., Ind.; Broderick, Rep., Kas.; Brookshire, Dem., Ind.; Bryan, Dem., Neb.; Bunn, Dem., N. C.; Burnes, Dem., Mo.; Caminetti, Dem., Cala.; Cannon, Dem., Cala.; Capehart, Dem., Va.; Clark, Dem. Mo.; Cobb, Dem., Ala.; Cockrell, Dem., Texas; Coffeen, Dem.,Wyo.; Conn, Dem., Ind.; Cooper, Dem., Texas; Cox, Dem., Tenn.; Crawford, Dem., N. C.; Culberson, Dem., Texas; Curtis, Rep., little, Rep., Washington; Edmunds, Dem., Va.; Ellis, Dem., Ky.; Enloe, Dem., Tenn.; Epes, Dem., Va.; Fithian, Dem., Ill.; Funston, Rep., Kas.; Fyan, Dem., Mo.; Geary, Dem., Cal.; Goodnight, Dem., Ky.; Grady, Dem., N. C.; Hall, Dem., Mo.; Harris, Pop., Kan.; Hartman, Rep., Mont.; Hatch, Dem., Mo.; Heard, Dem., Mo.; Henderson, Dem., N. C.; Holman, Dem., Ind.; Hooker, Dem., Miss.; Hudson, Pop., Kan.; Hunter, Dem., Ill.; Hutcheson, Dem.; Texas; Jones, Dem., Va.; Kem, Pop., Neb.; Kilgore, Dem., Tex.; Kyle, Dem., Miss.; Lane, Dem., Ill.; Latimer, Dem., S. C.; Lawdon, Dem., Ga.; Lester, Dem., Ga.; Livingston, Dem., Ga.; Lucas, Rep., S. D.; Maddox, Dem., Ga.; Maguire, Dem., Cal.; Marshall, Dem., Va.; McDearmon, Dem., Tenn.; McKeighan, Pop., Neb.; McLaurin, Dem., S. C.; McMillan, Dem., Tenn.; McRae, Dem., Ark.; Meredith, Dem., Va.; Money, Dem., Davis, Pop., Kas.; Darmond, Dem., Mo.; Denson, Dem., Ala.; Dinsmore, Dem., Ark., Dockery, Dem., Mo.; Donovan, Dem., Ohio; Doo-Miss.; Montgomery, Dem., Ky.; Morgan, Dem., Mo.; Moses, Dem., Ga.; Murray, Rep., S. C.; Neill, Dem., Ark.; Newlands,Pop., Nev.; O'Ferrall,Dem., Va.; Paynter, Dem., Ky.; Pence, Pop., Col.; Pendleton, Dem., Tex.; Pickler, Rep., S. D.; Post, Rep., Ill.; Richardson, Dem., Mich.; Richardson, Dem., Tenn.; Robbins, Dem., Ala.; Robertson, Dem., La.; Sayers, Dem., Tex.; Sibley, Dem., Pa.; Simpson, Pop., an.; Snodgrass, Dem., Tenn.; Stallings, Dem., Ala.; Stockdale, Dem., Ky.; Strait, Dem., S. C.; Swanson, Dem., Va.; Sweet, Rep., Idaho; Talbert, Dem., S. C.; Tarsney, Dem., Mo.; Tate, Dem., Ga.; Taylor, Dem., Ind.; Terry, Dem., Ark.; Turpin, Dem., Ala.; Tyler, Dem., Va.; Wheeler, Dem., Ala.; Whiting, Dem., Mich.; Williams, Dem., Ill.; Williams, Dem., Miss.; Wilson, Rep., Wash.; Woodward, N. C.—124.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Rep., Ky.; Alderson, Dem., W. Va.; Aldrich, Rep., Ill.; Apsley, Re., Mass,; Avery, Rep., Mich.; Babcock, Rep., Wis.; Baker, Rep., N. H.; Baldwin, Dem., Minn.; Barnes, Dem., Wis.; Barthold, Rep., Mo.; Bartlett, Dem., N. Y.; Barwig, Dem., Wis.; Belden, Rep., N. Y.; Beltzhoover, Dem., Pa.; Berry, Dem., Ky.; Bingham,Rep., Pa.; Black, Dem., Ill.; Blair, Rep., N. H.; Boutelle, Rep., Me.; Brattan, Dem., Md.; Brawley, Dem., S. C.; Breckinridge, Dem., Ark.; Breckinridge, Dem., Ky.; Brickner, Dem., Wis.; Brosius, Rep., Pa.; Brown, Dem., Ind.; Burrows, Rep., Mich.; Bynum, Dem., Ind.; Cabaniss, Dem., Ga.; Cadmus, Dem., N. J.; Caldwell, Rep., Ohio; Campbell, Dem., N. Y.; Cannon, Rep., Ill.; Caruth, Dem., Ky.; Catchings, Dem., Miss.; Causey, Dem., Del.; Chickering, Rep., N. Y.; Childs, Rep., Ill.; Clancey, Dem., N. Y.; Clarke, Dem., Ala.; Cobb, Dem., Mo.; Cockran, Dem., N. Y.; Coggswell, Rep., Mass.; Compton, Dem., Md.; Coombs, Dem., N. Y.; Cooper, Dem., Fla.; Cooper, Dem., Ind.; Cooper, Rep., Wis.; Cornish, Dem., N. J.; Cousins, Rep., Iowa; Covert, Dem., N. Y.; Crain, Dem., Texas; Cummings, Dem., N. Y.; Curtis, Rep., N. Y.; Dalzell, Rep., Pa.; Daniels, Rep., N. Y.; Davey, Dem., La.; Deforest, Dem., Conn.; Dingley, Rep., Me.; Doliver, Rep., Iowa;Draper, Rep., Mass.; Dunn, Rep., N. J.; Dunphy, Dem., Durborow, Dem., Ill.; Ellis, Rep., Ogn.; English, Dem., N. J.; Erdman, Dem., Pa.; Everett, Dem., N. Y.; Fellows, Dem., N. Y.; Fielder, Dem., N. J.; Fitch, Dem., N. Y.; Fletcher, Rep., Minn.; Forman, Dem., Ill.; Funk, Rep., Ill.; Gardner, Rep., N. J.; Gear, Rep., Iowa; Geissenhainer, Dem., N. J.; Gillet, Rep., N. Y.; Gillett, Rep., Mass.; Goldzier, Dem., Ill.; Gorman, Dem., Mich.; Gresham, Dem., Tex.; Grosvenor, Rep., Ohio; Grout, Rep., Vermont; Hager, Rep., Iowa; Hainer, Rep., Neb.; Haines, Dem., N. Y.; Hall, Dem., Minn.; Hammond, Dem., Ind.; Hare, Dem., Ohio; Harmer, Rep., Pa.; Harter, Dem., Ohio; Haighen, Rep., Wis.; Hayes, Dem., Iowa; Heiner, Rep., Pa.; Henderson, Rep., Ill.; Henderson, Rep., Iowa; Hendrix, Dem., N. Y.; Hepburn, Rep., Iowa; Herman, Rep., Ogn.; Hicks, Rep., Pa.; Hilborn, Rep., Cala.; Hines, Dem., Pa.; Hitt, Rep., Ill.; Hooker, Rep., N. Y.; Hopkins, Rep., Ills.; Hopkins, Rep., Pa.; Houck, Dem., Ohio,; Houck, Dem., Ky.; Hulick, Rep., Ohio; Hull, Rep., Ia.; Ikert, Dem., Ohio; Johnson, Rep., Ind.; Johnson, Dem., Ohio; Joy, Rep., Mo.; Kiefer, Rep., Minn.; Kribbs, Dem., Ia.; Kerr, Rep., Ia.; Lapkam, Dem., R. I.; Layton, Dem., Ohio; Lefever, Rep., N. Y.; Lilly, Rep., Pa.; Linton, Rep., Mich.; Lisle, Dem., Ky.; Lockwood, Dem., N. Y.; Loud, Rep., Cala.; Loudenslager, Rep., N. J.; Lynch, Dem., Wis.; Magner, Dem., N. Y.; Mahon, Rep., Pa.; Mallory, Dem., Fla.; Marsh, Rep., Ills.; Martin, Dem., Ind.; Marvin, Rep., N. Y.; McAleer, Dem., Pa.; McCall, Rep., Mass.; McClary, Rep., Minn.; McCreary, Dem., Ky.; McCulloch, Dem., Ark.; McDannold, Dem., Ill.; McDowell, Rep., Pa.; McEtrick, Dem., Mass.; McGann, Dem., Ill.; McKaign, Dem., Md.; McNagny, Dem., Ind.; Meiklejohn, Rep., Neb.; Mercer, Rep., Neb.; Meyer, Dem., La.; Milliken, Rep., Me.; Moon, Rep., Mich.; Morse, Rep., Mass.; Mutchler, Dem., Pa.; Northway, Rep., Ohio; Oneil, Dem., Mass.; Oneill, Rep., Pa.; Outhwaite, Dem., Ohio; Page, Dem., R. I.; Paschall, Dem., Tex.; Patterson, Dem., Tenn.; Payne, Rep., N. Y.; Pearson, Dem., Ohio; Pendleton, Dem., W. Va.; Perkins, Rep., Iowa; Phillips, Rep., Pa.; Pigott, Dem., Conn.; Powers, Rep., Vermont; Price, Dem., Iowa; Randall, Rep., Mass.; Ray, Rep., N. Y.; Rayner, Dem., Md.; Reed, Rep., Maine; Reilley, Dem., Pennsylvania; Reyburn, Rep., Pa.; Ricnards, Dem., Ohio; Ritchie, Dem., Ohio; Robinson, Rep., Pa.; Rusk, Dem., Md ; Russell, Rep., Conn.; Russell, Dem., Ga.; Ryan, Dem., N. Y.; Schermerhorn, Dem., N. Y.; Scranton, Rep., Pa.; Settle, Rep., N. C.; Shaw, Rep., Wis.; Sherman, Rep., N. Y.; Sickles, Dem., N. Y.; Sipe, Dem., Pa.; Smith, Rep., Ill.; Somers, Dem., Wis.; Sperry, Dem., Conn.; Springer, Dem., Ill ; Stephenson, Rep.,Mich.; Stevens, Dem., Mass.; C. W. Stone, Rep., Pa.; W. A. Stone, Rep., Pa.; Storer, Rep., Ohio; Strong, Rep., Ohio; Talbot, Dem., Maryland; Tawney, Rep., Minn.; Taylor, Rep., Tenn.; Thomas, Rep., Mich.; Tracey, Dem., Ga.; Updegraff, Rep., Iowa; Vandoorhis, Rep., N. Y.; Van Voorhis, Rep., O.; Wadsworth, Rep., N.Y.; Walker, Rep., Mass.; Wanger, Rep., Pa.; Warner, Dem., N. Y.; Washington, Dem.; Tenn.; Waugh, Rep., Ind.; Weadock, Dem., Mich.; Wells, Dem., Wis.; Weaver, Rep., N. Y.; White, Rep., O.; Wilson, Rep., O.; Wilson, Dem., W. Va.; Wise, Dem., Va.; Wolverton, Dem., Pa.; Woomer, Rep., Pa.; Wright, Rep., Mass.; Wright, Rep., Pa.—226.

The 17 to 1 amendment was defeated. Yeas 100; nays 240.

The 18 to 1 freecoinage amendment was rejected. Yeas 102; nays 239.

The 19 to 1 amendment was rejected yeas, 105; nays, 237.

The 20 to 1 amendment was likewise rejected, yeas, 119; nays, 222.

The amendment to re-enact the Bland-Allison act was defated, yeas, 136; nays, 213.

The Bill Passed.

The vote on the Wilson bill was then taken.

It passed—110 nays to 239 yeas

VOTE IN DETAIL.

How the Wilson Repeal Bill Passed the House.

Washington, Aug. 29.—After the rejection of the amendment to revive the Bland-Allison laws yesterday, the vote was taken on the Wilson bill. Following is the vote in detail:

The Vote in Detail.

Yeas—Adams, Rep., Ky.; Alderson, Dem., W. Va.; Aldrich, Rep., Ill.; Apsley, Rep., Mass.; Avery, Rep., Mich.; Babcock, Rep., Wis.; Baker, Rep., N. H.; Baldwin, Dem., Minn.; Bond, Dem., Wis.; Bartholdi, Rep., Mo.; Bartlett, Dem., N. Y.; Barwig, Dem., Wis.; Belden, Rep., N. Y.; Beltzhoover, Dem., Pa.; Berry, Dem., Ky.; Bingham, Rep., Pa.; Black, Dem., Ga.; Black, Dem., Ill.; Blair, Rep., N. H.; Boutelle, Rep., Me.; Brattan, Dem., Md.; Brawley, Dem., S. C.; Breckinridge, Dem., Ark.; Breckinridge, Dem., Ky.; Bretz, Dem., Ind.; Brickner, Dem., Wis., Brookshire, Dem., Ind.; Brosius, Rep., Pa.; Brown, Dem., Ind.; Bunn, Dem., N. C.; Burrows, Rep., Mich.; Bynum, Dem., Ind.; Cabaniss, Dem., Ga.; Cadmus, Dem., N. J.; Caldwell, Rep., O.; Campbell, Dem., N. Y.; Cannon, Dem., Cal.; Capehart, Dem., W. Va.; Caruth, Dem., Ky.; Catchings, Dem., Miss.; Causey, Dem., Del.; Chickering, Dem., N. Y.; Chiles, Rep., Ill.; Clancy, Dem., N. Y.; Clark, Dem., Ala.; Cobb, Dem., Mo.; Cockran, Dem., N. Y.; Cagswell, Rep., Mass.; Compton, Dem., Md.; Conn, Dem., Ind.; Coombs, Dem., N. Y.; Cooper, Dem., Fla.; Cooper, Dem., Ind.; Cornish, Dem., N. J.; Cousins, Rep., Ia.; Covert, Dem., N. Y.; Crain, Dem., Tex.; Cummings, Dem., N. Y.; Curtis, Rep., N. Y.; Dalzel, Rep., Pa.; Daniels, Rep., N. Y.; Davy, Dem., La.; Deforest, Dem., Conn.; Dingley, Rep., Me.; Dolliver, Rep., Ia.; Donovan, Dem., O.; Doolittle, Rep., Wash.; Draper, Rep., Mass.; Dunn, Dem., N. J.; Durborrow, Dem., Ill.; Dunphy, Dem., N. Y.; Edmunds, Dem., Va.; English, Dem., N. J.; Erdman, Dem., Pa.; Everett, Dem., Mass.; Fellows, Dem., N. Y.; Fielder, Dem., N. J.; Fitch, Dem., N. Y.; Fletcher, Rep., Minn.; Forman, Rep., Ill.; Funk, Rep., Ill.; Gardner, Rep., N. J.; Gear, Rep., Ia.; Geary, Dem., Cal.; Geissenhainer, Dem., N. J.; Gillett, Rep., N. Y.; Gillett, Rep., Mass.; Golzier, Dem., Ill.; Gorman, Dem., Mich.; Gresham, Dem., Tex.; Grosvenor, Rep., O.; Grout, Rep., Vt.; Haines, Dem., N. Y.; Hall, Dem., Minn.; Mammond, Dem., Ind.; Hare, Dem., O.; Harmer, Rep., Pa.; Harter, Dem., O.; Haugen, Rep., Wis.; Hayes, Dem., Ia.; Heiner, Rep., Pa.; Henderson, Rep., Ill.; Henderson, Rep., Ia.; Hendrix, Dem., N. Y.; Hicks, Rep, Pa.; Hines, D., Pa.; Hitt, R., Ill.; Holman, D., Ind.; Hooker, Rep., N. Y.; Hopkins, Rep., Ill.; Houk, Dem., O.; Houk, Rep., Tenn.; Hulick, Rep., O.; Hull, Rep., Ia.; Hunter, Dem., Ill.; Johnson, Rep., Ind.; Johnson, Rep., N. D.; Johnson, Dem., O.; Joy, Rep., Mo.; Kiefer, Rep., Minn.; Kribbs, Dem., Pa.; Lacey, Rep., Ia.; Lapham, Dem., R. I.; Lawson, Dem., Ga.; Layton, Dem., O.; Lefevre, Rep., N. Y.; Lester, Dem., Ga.; Lilly, Rep., Pa.; Linton, Rep., Mich.; Lisle, Dem., Ky.; Lockwood, Dem., N. Y.; Loudenslager, Rep., N. J.; Lynch, Dem., Wis.; Magner, Dem., N. Y.; Mahon, Rep., Pa.; Marshall, Dem., Va.; Martin, Dem., Ind.; Marvin, Rep., N. Y.; McAleer, Dem., Pa.; McCall, Rep., Mass.; McCleary, Rep., Minn.; McCreary, Dem., Ky.; McDonald, Dem., Ill.; McDowell, Rep., Pa.; McEttrick, Dem., Mass.; McGann, Dem., Ill.; McKaig, Dem., Md.; McMillin, Dem., Tenn.; McNagny, Dem., Ind.; Mercer, Rep., Neb.; Meredith, Dem., Va.; Meyer, Dem., La.; Milliken, Rep., Me.; Montgomery, Dem., Ky.; Moon, Rep., Mich.; Morse, Rep., Mass.; Mutchler, Dem., Pa.; Northway, Rep., O.; Oates, Dem., Ala.; O'Ferrall, Dem., Va.; O'Neill, Dem., Mass.; O'Neill, Rep., Pa.; Outhwaite, Dem., O.; Paige, Dem., R. I.; Paschal, Dem., Tex.; Patterson, Dem., Tenn.; Payne, Rep., N. Y.; Paynter, Dem., Ky.; Pearson, Dem., O.; Pendleton, Dem., Tex.; Pendleton, Dem., W. Va.; Perkins, Rep., Ia.; Phillips, Rep., Pa.; Piggott, Dem., Conn.; Post, Rep., Ill.; Powers, Rep., Vt.; Price, Dem., La.; Randall, Rep., Mass.; Ray, Rep., N. Y.; Raynor, Dem., Md.; Reed, Rep., Me.; Reilly, Dem., Pa.; Reyburn, Rep., Pa.; Richards, Dem., O.; Richardson, Dem., Mich.; Ritchie, Dem., O.; Robinson, Rep., Pa.; Ruck, Dem., Md.; Russell, Rep., Conn.; Ryan, Dem., N. Y.; Schermerhorn, Dem., N. Y.; Scranton, Rep., Pa.; Settle, Rep., N. C.; Shaw, Rep., Wis.; Sherman, Rep., N. Y.; Sickles, Dem., N. Y.; Sipe, Dem., Pa.; Somers, Dem., Wis.; Sperry, Dem., Conn.; Springer, Dem., Ill.; Stephenson, Rep., Mich.; Stephens, Dem., Mass.; C. W. Stone, Rep., Pa.; W. A. Stone, Rep, Pa.; Stone, Dem., Ky.; Storer, Rep., O.; Strong, Rep., O.; Swanson, Dem., Va; Talbott, Dem., Md.; Tawney, Rep., Minn.; Tavlor, Dem., Ind.; Thomas, Rep., Mich.; Tracey, Dem., N. Y; Tucker, Dem., Va.; Turner, Dem., Ga.; Turpin, Dem., Ala.; Tyler, Dem., Va.; Updegraff, Rep. Ia.; Van Voorhis, Rep., N. Y.; Van Voorhis, Rep., O.; Wadsworth, Rep., N. Y.; Walker, Rep., Mass.; Wanger, Rep., Pa.; Warner, Dem., N. Y.; Washington, Dem., Tenn.; Waugh, Rep., Ind.; Weadock, Dem., Mich.; Wells, Dem., Wis.; Weber, Rep., N. Y.; Wheeler, Rep., Ills.; White, Rep., O.; Whiting, Dem., Mich.; Wilson, Rep., O.; Wilson, Dem., W. Va.; Wise, Dem., Va.; Wolverton, Dem., Pa.; Woomer, Rep., Pa.; Wright, Rep., Mass.; Wright, Rep., Pa.—240.

Nays—Abbott, Dem., Tex.; Aitkon, Rep., Mich.; Alexander, Dem., N. C.; Allen, Dem., Miss.; Arnold, Dem., Mo.; Bailey, Dem., Tex.; Baker, Pop., Kas.; Bankhead, Dem., Ala.; Bell, Pop., Col.; Bell, Dem., Texas; Blanchard, Dem., La.; Bland, Dem., Mo.; Boatner, Dem., La.; Boen, Pop., Minn.; Bowers, Dem., N. C.; Bowers, Rep., Cal.; Branch, Dem., N. C.; Boderick, Rep., Kas.; Bryan, Dem., Neb.; Burnes, Dem., Mo.; Caminetti, Dem., Cal.; Cannon, Rep., Ill ; Clark, Dem., Mo.; Cobb, Dem., Ala.; Cockrell, Dem., Tex.; Coffeen, Dem., Wyo.; Cooper, Dem., Tex.; Cox, Dem., Tenn.; Crawford, Dem., N. C.; Culbertson, Dem., Tex.; Curtis, Rep., Kan.; Davis, Pop., Kan.; Dearmond, Dem., Mo.; Denson, Dem., Ala.; Dinsmore, Dem., Ark.; Dockery, Dem., Mo.; Ellis, Dem., Ky.; Ellis, Rep., Ore.; Enloe, Dem., Tenn.; Epes, Dem., Va.; Fithian, Dem., Ill.; Funston, Rep., Kan.; Fyan, Dem., Mo.; Goodnight, Dem., Ky.; Grady, Dem., N. C.; Hager, Rep., Ia.; Hainer, Rep., Neb.; Hall, Dem., Mo.; Harris, Pop., Kan.; Hartman, Rep., Mont.; Hatch, Dem., Mo.; Heard, Dem., Mo.; Henderson, Dem., N. C.; Hepburn, Rep., Ia.; Hermann, Rep., Ore.; Hilborn, Rep., Cal.; Hooker, Dem., Miss.; Hopkins, Rep., Pa.; Hudson, Pop., Kan.; Hutcheson, Dem., Tex.; Ikert, Dem., O.; Jones, Dem., Va.; Kem, Pop., Neb.; Kilgore, Dem., Tex.; Kyle, Dem., Miss.; Lane, Dem., Ill.; Latimer, Dem., S. C.; Livingstone, Dem., Ga.; Loud, Rep., Cal.; Lucas, Rep., S. D.; Maddox, Dem., Ga.; Maguire, Dem., Cal.; Mallory, Dem., Fla.; Marsh, Rep., Ill.; McCulloch, Dem., Ark.; McDearmon, Dem., Tenn.; McKeighan, Pop., Neb.; McLaurin, Dem., S. C.; McRae, Dem., Ark.; Meiklejohn, Rep., Neb.; Money, Dem., Miss.; Morgan, Dem., Mo.; Moses, Dem., Ga.; Murray, Rep., S. C.; Neill, Dem., Ark.; Newlands, Pop., Nev.; Pence, Pop., Colo.; Pickler, Rep., S. D.; Richardson, Dem., Tenn.; Robbins, Dem., Ala.; Robertson, Dem., La.; Sayers, Dem., Tex.; Sibley, Dem., Pa.; Simpson, Pop., Kan.; Smith, Rep., Ill.; Snodgrass, Dem., Tenn.; Stallings, Dem., Ala.; Stockdale, Dem., Miss.; Strait, Dem., S. C.; Sweet, Rep., Ida.; Talbert, Dem., S. C.; Tarsney, Dem., Mo.; Tate, Dem., Ga.; Taylor, Rep., Tenn.; Terry, Dem., Ark.; Wheeler, Dem., Ala.; Williams, Dem., Ill.; Williams, Dem., Mo.; Wilson, Rep., Wash.; Woodard, Dem., N. C.—110.

The members who stood by silver under the Bland-Allison act, but who finally voted for unconditional repeal were Alderson, Black, (Dem. Ga.), Bretz, Brookshire, Bunn, Conn, Donovan, Doolittle, Edmunds, Hare, Holman, Hunter, Lawson, Lester, Linton, Marshall, McCreary, McMillin, Montgomery, Oates, O'Ferrall, Paschal, Paynter, Pendleton (Dem. Tex.), Post, Prince, Richardson, Ritchie, Russell, Stone (Dem. Ky.), Swanson, Taylor (Dem. Ind.), Tucker, Turpin, Tyler, Weadock, Whiting.

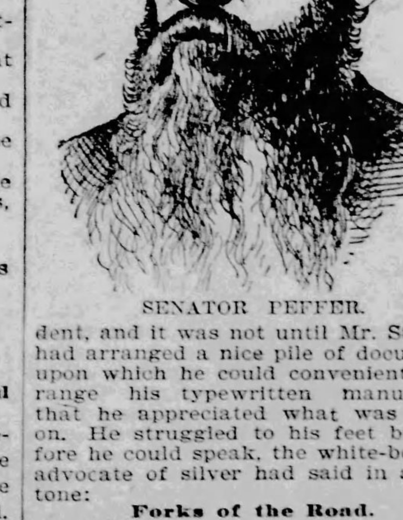
TOOK THE FLOOR AWAY FROM STEWART, OF NEVADA,

And Proceeded to Deliver Long-Winded Harangue—Speeches in House and Senate.

Washington, Aug. 25.—It is universally admitted that Senator Peffer, of Kansas, has plenty of cheek if he has nothing else. The truth of this statement was demonstrated yesterday by a very laughable scene.

Mr. Stewart announced in the early part of the week that he would address the Senate on the silver question Wednesday and on the day previous Mr. Peffer announced that he would talk on Thursday. So soon as the morning business was completed, Mr. Stewart arose and addressing the chair, was accorded the floor by the Vice President.

Mr. Peffer, who had been in deep thought, did not see this little inci-



SENATOR PEFFER.

dent, and it was not until Mr. Stewart had arranged a nice pile of documents upon which he could conveniently arrange his typewritten manuscript, that he appreciated what was going on. He struggled to his feet but before he could speak, the white-bearded advocate of silver had said in a loud tone:

Forks of the Road.

"Mr. President:—We have now reached the fork in the road." He got no further. Mr. Peffer had interrupted and appealed to the chair to sustain him in his right to the floor, which he claimed he was entitled to on account of the announcement that he had previously made that he would speak to-day. Mr. Stewart thought that as he had been cheated out of Wednesday he should speak Thursday. Both of the senators were very anxious to get their silver load off their minds, and both arranged neatly their manuscript and were about to open what might be called a free silver duet, when Mr. Faulkner called their attention to the situation.

The question of which had the right to the floor was argued by some of the members, in the meantime both of them remaining on their feet. The Vice President finally held that Mr. Stewart having been recognized, he had the floor. But Mr. Peffer was still set on making that speech, and finally Mr. Stewart in a magnanimous, but sort of I know-he-won't-do-it tone, said:

Stewart Yielded.

"Well, if the senator wishes to take the floor from me he can do so," and he turned away with a rather hurt and injured expression.

"I do not wish to take the floor from the senator," said Mr. Peffer, "but I would like very much to deliver this speech to-day."

"The senator from Nevada yields the floor to the senator from Kansas and the senator from Kansas is recognized," said Vice President Stevenson, and then the Senate roared.

Thereupon Mr. Peffer proceeded. He held that the present financial trouble has not been caused by any want of confidence on the part of the people, but that it had been caused by practical treason on the part of a class which he hoped would be relieved from the responsibility of stealing from the people. Alluding to the suggestion made by protectionists that fear as to changes in the tariff had much to do with the financial panic, he asked what fears had the farmers, mechanics, or clerks of the country, that manufacturing establishments were in danger from the present administration.

In the House on Thursday.

In the House Messrs. Bynum and Pierce did most of the talking. Tom Johnson, of Ohio, has changed his tactics. His bond bill was discussed for more than two hours by the committee on Banking and was highly spoken of by members of the committee. Afterward Mr. Johnson went into the House and briefly explained his position on the money question.

His position to-day was not his position a brief while ago. Like Voorhees and Bynum, of Indiana, he has seen the error of his way. A short time since Mr. Johnson believed in silver. To-day he declared absolutely unmistakably, and everlastingly for gold. He even said there couldn't be two units of value. He meant that there couldn't be two standards of value. Between gold and silver, therefore, he would take gold and repudiate silver.

THE WHITE CITY'S DESTRUCTION.

World's Fair Buildings Are to Be Torn Down.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—The beautiful white buildings of the exposition are to be sold as junk. They are soon to be advertised and knocked down to the highest bidder. About the only thing of future use in them are the iron and steel arches and timbers. It is thought that not more than $1,000,000 can be realized from the auction. The most expensive buildings will probably bring the least money.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, which cost $1,600,000, and which has $500,000 in arches alone, will, of necessity, it is believed, be given to the man who will tear it down and carry the debris away. The magnitude of the undertaking will be realized when it is stated that each arch contains twenty carloads of steel, all the pieces being firmly riveted together.

World's Fair Attendance.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—The following are the official figures for the paid admissions to the fair:

May (month)	1,050,037
June (month)	2,675,113
July (month)	2,760,263
August (first week)	551,144
August (second week)	697,338
August (third week)	821,422
August 22	154,325
August 23	149,609
August 24	243,951
Total	9,102,202

BIG FIRE IN SOUTH CHICAGO.

There Were 131 Houses Destroyed—Loss Over $200,000.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Chicago has had another visitation from the fire fiend, and so far as extent of territory burned over is concerned it almost equals the famous fire of 1871.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon an alarm was turned in from a box in South Chicago. The fire was located in a three-story brick building at the corner of Ninety-first street and Superior avenue, flames which grew in volume under a gale of wind from the west, ate their way over block after block of small residences until they reached the lake. Within two hours the fire had consumed at least thirty buildings and five blocks of the greatest industrial suburb of Chicago.

The fifty thousand residents of the town were precipitated into a panic second only in this city to that which characterized the conflagration of 1871. As the pine structures in which lived the workingmen employed in the large steel mills of the Illinois Steel company and in which the smaller merchants of the place made their home, were leveled by the roaring flames, those whose homes had not yet fallen fled with their goods and household chattels to other portions of the city. Streets were blockaded with wagons containing the effects of the frightened and fleeing residents and men and women, appalled by the calamity, fled in every direction.

From the brick building in which the fire had its origin and before the few fire engines of the district could make the slightest impression upon the flames they bounded eastward between Ninety-first and Ninetieth streets in the direction of the lake. House after house rapidly fell before the sweep of fire which hurled blazing brands far in advance. After Superior avenue the flames crossed Ontario avenue, Buffalo avenue, Mackinaw avenue, and Green Bay avenue.

The burned district is north of the river, which, at Ninety-second street, opens out into the Calumet harbor, protected on the north and south by government piers. Between the river and the district in which the flames originated, extend the immense lumber yards and lumber docks along the Calumet river and the harbor. These are just south of the Chicago & Western Indiana and Rock Island & Pacific railways. The Baltimore & Ohio railway, running north and south, between Erie and Ontario avenues, marked at its beginning the western boundary of the fire. Two squares from the origin of the fire to the north are the immense shops of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway company. The burned territory is just north of the business center of South Chicago, and was given up almost exclusively to residences.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Insurance agents and adjusters were busy to-day among the ruins of last night's South Chicago fire. Daylight and cooler investigation diminishes the actual number of houses destroyed fully 25 per cent. over the estimates made last night while the fire was in progress. What was last night a red hot, smoking mass of embers, thought to be the ruins of between 200 and 250 houses, was to-day conceded by the police to be 131 houses.

The district burned abounded in one and two-story frame dwellings, the average cost of which was $1,500. Most of the owners were insured, though very few carried insurance on their personal effects. This would make the loss of the residents aggregate $196,300, not including the loss on the larger structures, such as the German Lutheran and Methodist Episcopal churches, or on the property of the Sunday Creek Coal company.

PLENTY OF MONEY IN TEXAS.

Cotton Crop Will Be Moved Without Difficulty.

Baltimore, Aug. 26.—Reports from all the cotton states except Texas, received here last week, state that the banks are able to furnish means to move the crop of this year to market in spite of the general financial depression.

The Manufacturers' Record has been making inquiries among financial authorities in Texas, and learns that the banks have ample reserve to take care of the crop without trouble.

A Railroad Horror.

Long Island City, Aug. 28.—Fifteen people were killed early Sunday morning in a railroad wreck near the village of Berlin.

The Long Island railroad train that left Manhattan Beach at 11:45 o'clock was run into by a Rockaway Beach train. Three of the cars were demolished, and not a person escaped death or injury.

BOIES FOR A THIRD TERM.

The Platform a Mass of Verbiage Endorsing Cleveland.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 24.—Gov. Horace Boies was yesterday nominated the third time for governor of Iowa. The platform adopted was a

GOVERNOR BOIES.

long drawn out affair. It endorsed the stand taken on public affairs and condemned the Republican party for its course in the past. The use of both gold and silver was favored.

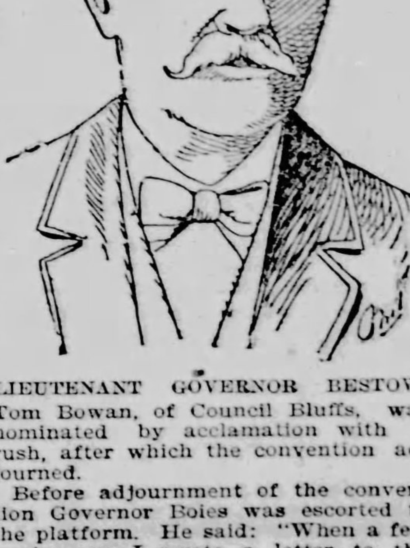
As to state issues the platform calls for a carefully guarded license law, which shall be voted on first by cities, towns and townships where such law is decired. The cost of the annual license shall be fixed at $500, the proceeds to go in the use of such municipalities, and as a partial reparation for the unjust confiscation of private property caused by the prohibitory law, we favor such legislation as will permit the manufacture of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors within the state, thereby giving to our people at least equal rights in this respect with the manufacturers of other states.

Boies Renominated.

After the platform was adopted Senator Dodge, of Burlington, placed in nomination Governor Boies, amid great applause.

Governor Boies was renominated by acclamation and a committee was appointed to escort him to the convention hall. Lieut. Gov. Bestow was placed in renomination. Col. John McKee, of Davis county, nominated G. B. McFall, of Oskaloosa. McFall's nomination was seconded by Senator Perry, of Albia. An effort made to nominate Bestow by acclamation failed at this point. A ballot taken on the lieutenant governor resulted, 632 for Bestow and 442 for McFall. Bestow was declared nominated.

For judge of the supreme court a long list of candidates was placed in nomination. John Cleggett was nominated on the second ballot for railroad commissioner. Ex-Congressman



LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR BESTOW.

Tom Bowan, of Council Bluffs, was nominated by acclamation with a rush, after which the convention adjourned.

Before adjournment of the convention Governor Boies was escorted to the platform. He said: "When a few weeks ago I wrote a letter to the chairman of the state committee declining renomination, I expressed my honest wishes and honest convictions upon the subject, but I am only one of a great political party. Your action to-day comes to me as a command from a party that I am bound to obey. I accept the nomination and I promise to use my every effort to make it successful."

J. B. Knoepfler, of Allamakee county, was renominated by acclamation for superintendent of state instruction.

THE ARMY OF INVASION

Gathering Along the Cherokee Strip.

Caldwell, Kan., Aug. 26.—This place is just beginning to experience the rush of people bent upon securing claims in the Cherokee strip when that country is opened to settlement Sept. 16. The prospective point of most settlers heretofore has been Arkansas City, but so many have gathered along the Cherokee strip line in the vicinity that it is doubtful if all will be able to make a successful run for claims from that point. As a result, hundreds of people are now being brought here by the Rock Island railway from both East and West. This place is nearer the line than Arkansas City and the boomers are not obliged to go out of the city.

The hotels are filling up and many camps have been pitched in the public square and in vacant lots. The prairie schooners, with their loads of children, are beginning to arrive from the West. They, mostly, go direct to the line, where the wagon tops are converted into tents and the homeseekers make a temporary home while awaiting the opening day. A prospective point of gathering here is the land adjoining the south fork of the Arkansas river and the land between that stream and the Cinnamon river, which is as rich as any in the strip.

SOLDIERS WILL MAKE A TEST.

Will Take Advantage of Laws to Protect Them.

Arkansas City, Aug. 25.—There is a movement here among the old soldiers to make a test case of their right to declare their intention of settling on any specified quarter in the strip, and taking advantage of sections 2304 and 2305, revised statutes of the United States, and the Oklahoma law to protect them.

The first heavy rain fell here last night since the middle of June. It was badly needed, as the roads were heavy with dust. Boomers are arriving and going into camp by the hundreds. The whole aspect of the camps on the Walnut and Arkansas rivers has changed in the last two days, but signs that prestage the grand rush between now and September 16, are everywhere apparent.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT ST. LOUIS.

Pipemen Shocked in a Peculiar Manner.

St. Louis, Aug. 24.—Fire to-day destroyed the plant of the Western Brass Manufacturing compnaay at 615 and 617 Walnut street, causing a total loss of about $165,000, on which the insurance is about three-quarters of the loss. The loss in the brass company's stock is $100,000; insurance $90,000.

During the fire, which necessitated three alarms, a stream of water from a hose pipe struck a naked electric light wire, the current from which shocked all the pipemen, one so seriously that he was taken to the hospital. The Standard theater, adjoining, was slightly damaged by smoke and water.

SEVENTEEN PEOPLE KILLED.

Terrible Wreck Reported at Danbury, Conn.

Danbury, Conn., Aug. 26.—A terrible wreck is reported on the Harlem railway at Dickeman's station, ten miles west of here.

The Pittsfield express and a local train collided about 2 o'clock this afternoon. Seventeen persons are reported killed.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

Debate Will Begin in the House of Lords September 5.

London, Aug. 28.—The last stage of the home rule debate in the House of Commons will begin on next Wednesday. This beginning of the end will be marked probably by another great speech from Mr. Gladstone, who will make the motion for the third reading.

In this supreme and perhaps his final effort for the Irish cause, the aged premier is likely to touch on a question or two which the government has ignored so far in the exhausting and exhaustive discussion of the bill. The Radicals are confident that he will speak from the heart concerning the threatened rejection of the bill by the Lords, and many Liberals agree with them, that without a reference to the hostile attitude of the upper house, Mr. Gladstone's speech will be found wanting at a crucial point. After Mr. Gladstone will come all the masters of oratorical fireworks whom the opposition can muster.

The home rule bill will be passed through at the Friday night's sitting. The rule closing the debate at midnight will be suspended by the government and at about 2 o'clock the division will be taken. This close of the six months' struggle will be attended surely with scenes of keen excitement. The government, however, with vivid recollections of the fight that recently disgraced the House, is making every effort to keep feeling below the danger point. All the Gladstonian members have received word from headquarters that they must refrain from demonstration likely to anger the opposition excessively. If the Irish members restrain their enthusiasm sufficiently to conform to this request, there will be no recurrence of brawls on the floor of the House.

In the Other House.

It now has been decided definitely that the home rule bill shall be introduced in the House of Lords on Monday, September 4, and will be taken to the second reading on the following day. The division will be made, and the bill will be rejected on September 8. Some sort of a compromise at the autumn session is now regarded by many as probable. Mr. Gladstone has made temporary peace with the Scotchmen who were claiming his attention for their demands before they went further with him in his Irish home rule bill. He has thrown a sop to the Radicals with their New Castle programme by promising that the next parliamentary session shall be devoted exclusively to British affairs. He has also used the soft answer to turn away the wrath of the Welshmen in the matter of church disestablishment.

DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG DEAD.

A German Prince Who Had a History.

Berlin, Aug. 23.—Duke Ernst, of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, died at midnight last night at his castle at Reinhardsbrunn, in Coburg.

Duke Ernst was born June 21, 1818. He was the son of Duke Ernst I., of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and of the Duchess Dorothea Louise, Princess Louise of Gotha-Altenburg. He married on May 3, 1842, Princess Alexandrine, daughter of the late Grand Duke Leopold, of Baden, and succeeded to the throne of the duchy on the death of his father, January 29, 1844. The duke being childless, the throne now falls to the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria and her late consort, Prince Albert, who was the brother of Duke Ernst. The Duke of Edinburgh thus becomes a reigning German prince. Duke Ernst was one of the first of the German rulers to propose and work for the establishment of German unity, and was the first German ruler to congratulate King William of Prussia, on his proclamation as German emperor.

Coburg, Aug. 24.—Emperor William arrived at Roinhardsbrunn, having traveled from Berlin on a special train. The Duke of Edinburgh was formally recognized as the ruler of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg. He has been spending some time in Germany, and when the condition of Duke Ernst became critical he was notified and at once came to this city. He was at the castle of Roinhardsbrunn when his uncle died, and there he took the oath of allegiance to the constitution in the presence of Emperor William and all the ministers.

Prime Minister Strenge formally thanked Emperor William for attending the ceremony. The emperor went to Roinhardsbrunn at the request of the Duke of Edinburgh. The diet will meet on Saturday for the purpose of swearing allegiance to the new ruler of the Duchy. The body of Duke Ernst has been embalmed. It will lie in state in the castle on Friday. On Monday it was removed to this city, where it was interred in the Moritzkirche at noon.

France Will Decline.

Berlin, Aug. 25.—France will not send military attaches to the German maneuvers this fall because the sham battlefield is to be around Metz. The news of her decision has caused surprise in this city.

FRANCE THREATENS TO RETURN HER GUNBOATS

And Force Siam Into a Compliance With Her Demands—Great Indignation in Bangkok.

Bangkok, Aug. 29.—In order to exercise further pressure upon the Siamese government to compel a compliance with their latest demands, the French are threatening a return of their gunboats. The foreign residents are loud in their indignation at the policy pursued by the French government.

A report received to the effect that the French are fortifying Chantibun tends to increase the anxiety with which the situation is viewed in this city. The German gunboat Wolf sails hence to-morrow, which will leave the port without a single foreign gunboat, causing serious alarm on the part of the foreign contingent.

Throwing Up Earthworks.

London, Aug. 29.—A Bangkok special to the Times says that the French troops at Chantaboon are making intrenchments and throwing up earthworks. The situation is viewed with the greatest anxiety.

THE SITUATION VERY CRITICAL.

Negotiations Between France and Siam at a Standstill.

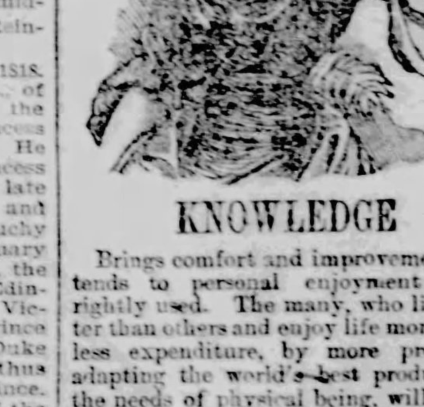
Bangkok, Aug. 28.—The situation of affairs is very critical. The negotiations between France and Siam are practically at a stand still and no date fixed for a resumption of diplomatic correspondence. Siamese commercial interests are attacked in a vital point by the new demands made by the French government and it is believed that Siam cannot assent to them. There is therefore a very unsettled condition and the developments of the next few days are anxiously awaited.

CORRECTED ELECTION RETURNS.

Slight Change in the Results of the French Elections.

Paris, Aug. 28.—Corrected returns from some of the electoral districts make a slight change in the results of the general elections for the chamber of deputies which were held on Sunday.

The figures now at hand show the return of 315 Republicans, 30 socialist radicals and socialists, 13 conservateurs ralies and 56 conservatives.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FREE REMEDY.

BEFORE. MANHOOD RESTORED AFTER.

Small, weak organs enlarged, Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess cured. Never returns. I will gladly send (sealed) FREE to all sufferers a receipt that cured me of these troubles. Address, L. BRADLEY, Box 321, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE NEW BLADE
SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c

A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have sent six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

WASHINGTON.

CODE OF RULES.

Chairman Catchings Finally Makes a Report.

Washington, Aug. 26.—Representative Catchings has reported to the House the code of rules agreed upon by the committee on Rules for Governing the proceedings of the 53d Congress. The code will come up for action in the House on Tuesday.

The old rules are re-adopted, with no important change, except a provision that 100 shall be a quorum of the committee of the whole house, and that committee may limit debate without going back into the House.

The rule providing that there shall be no filibustering against a report of the committee on Rules, and that the committee on Rules may bring in an order fixing the time for a vote on any proposition, are retained. The latter provision was not put in force in the last Congress, for the reason that it was adopted with the understanding that it would never be applied except when asked for by a majority of the Democrats in the House. This time it goes into the rules with no such restriction upon it.

TO ADMIT NEW MEXICO.

Bill to Be Introduced by Delegate Joseph.

Washington, Aug. 28. — Delegate Joseph, of New Mexico, is preparing to make a strong attempt to secure the admission of New Mexico as a state this sessoin, and, as both houses of Congress are Democratic, he has sanguine hopes of success. He has prepared a bill which he will present during the course of the present week, or at the first opportunity.

This bill provides an enabling act for the people of the territory of New Mexico, by the terms of which a constitutional convention will be held in the territory and the constitution framed submitted to the people for their ratification or rejection. All persons who have resided within the limits of the proposed state for 60 days, and are otherwise qualified by the laws of the territory to vote for Representatives to the legislative assembly thereof, are authorized to vote for delegates to form the convention.

BLOUNT HAS A CONFERENCE.

He Will Go to Georgia, But Will Soon Return.

Washington, Aug. 24.—Minister Blount had another conference with Secretary Gresham at the state department to-day in regard to Hawaiian affairs. It lasted about three hours, and was devoted almost exclusively to a review of the points made by Mr. Blount in his reports to the state department. Nothing will be given out for publication at present.

The result of the new treaty with Hawaii will not be known officially until the President communicates it to the Senate in the form of a special message. From present indications it is not at all certain that this will be done before the beginning of the regular session of Congress in December. A strong effort will be made, however, to close up this matter during the extra session of Congress if possible.

PRESIDENTIAL APPROVAL.

Several Appointments Made To-day by Cleveland.

Washington, Aug. 23.—The President at Gray Gables, has approved the joint resolution making immediately available the appropriation for the payment of mileage to Senators and members of the House of Representatives, and has also made the following appointments that do not require confirmation by the Senate:

Sylvan Walter, of South Dakota, as special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to the Sioux Nation of Indians, under the provisions of the act of March 2, 1889; Henry J. Bostwick, of Ohio, to be marshal of the consular court of the United States at Tien Tsin, China, and Moses Neal, of Oklahoma, as special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to the Kickapoo Indians, in Oklahoma Territory, to make payment to them and to prepare a complete roll of such Indians, under the provisions of the act of March 3, 1893.

DEALING OUT PIE.

A Number of Appointments Sent to the Senate To-day.

Washington, Aug. 23.—The President to-day sent to the Senate:

Joshua E. Dodge, of Wisconsin, to be assistant attorney general, vice Wm. A. Maury, resigned.

G. M. Brumby, of Louisiana, to be register of the land office, at New Orleans; C. P. Johnston, of Louisiana, receiver of public moneys, New Orleans; Wm. D. O'Toole, of Washington, to be register of the land office at Seattle, Wash.

I. J. Wooten, of Delaware, to be agent for the Indians of the Nevada agency in Nevada.

Also a number of recess appointments, including the collector of customs at New Orleans, and a half-dozen postmasters.

JOSIAH QUINCY HAS RESIGNED.

To Act as Chairman of Massachusetts' Democratic Committee.

Washington, Aug. 28.—(Special.)—Josiah Quincy, assistant secretary of State, has forwarded his resignation to the President.

He will take charge of the Democratic campaign in Massachusetts.

The Martin Case.

Washington, Aug. 26.—(Special.)—The Republicans of the Senate say they propose to push the investigation into the right of Mr. Martin to hold his seat as a Senator from the state of Kansas, with all possible dispatch. Under the resolution introduced by Mr. Chandler early this week, they believe they have Mr. Martin fairly before the court, and that under that proceeding they have beclouded his title. Last session the Republicans sought to investigate the seat, but the committee on privileges and elections decided that the only matter before them was the inquiry into the other phase of the case, the right of Mr. Ady to the seat. Mr. Ady filed his brief, and so far neither Mr. Martin nor any one acting for him has paid any attention to the matter.

The committee declined, under the circumstances to prosecute the inquiry in that direction, and the Republicans resolved upon the course that resulted in the election of the Senator from New Hampshire. His resolution recited briefly that there was no lawful election of a United States Senator from Kansas by the assembly which met on January 25, 1893; and that John Martin is not entitled to a seat as Senator for the state of Kansas.

When the question comes before the committee, and finally in the Senate, if it ever reaches that stage, the Republicans will try the matter out to the end.

Wants It Enforced.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Representative Geary, of California, the author of the Chinese exclusion act, called on Secretary Gresham and urged him to enforce the law with the small amount of money on hand for the purpose. It is understood that Mr. Geary received very little satisfaction, as Secretary Gresham adhered in his views to the present policy of the administration in the matter.

Ruling Revoked.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Secretary Hoke Smith revoked the former ruling of the department which held that ditches, canals and reservoirs for irrigating purposes cannot be located on unsurveyed public land, and he has directed the commissioner of the general land office to prepare a circular prescribing the manner in which such locations are to be made.

Will Not Retaliate.

Washington, Aug. 24.—Reports that the Chinese government has sent an ultimatum to the United States in regard to the exclusion law are pronounced to be without foundation. Representations to the state department on this subject have been made through proper diplomatic channels, but no disposition to retaliate has been shown.

AMERICAN LABORERS' CONDITION

Interesting Statement From the Commissioner of Labor.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 23.—(Special.)—A statement prepared by the commissioner of labor which has just reached Congress gives some interesting facts about the cost of living among the employes of the great manufacturing establishments of this country as compared with those of other parts of the world, which will prove especially interesting to the readers of The Blade. This report gives the result of a large number of inquiries among the American factories and other parts of the world. Some of these workmen are employed in iron manufacturing establishments, some in cotton factories, some in glass manufacturing establishments and establishments of this sort. It shows a marked advantage which the American workman has over laborer of other parts of the world. For instance the average income of a family employed in the manufacture of bar iron is set down as $784 per annum in the United States, while in Belgium it is $635, in France $464, in Germany $282 and in Great Britain $519.

In the glass works of the United States the average income is set down at $859 per family, in Belgium $627, in Great Britain $501. In the manufacture of cotton the income of the American family is put at $657, in France $365, in Germany $302, in Great Britain $556, and in Switzerland $358. In the steel works the income of the average American family is set down at $663 in the United States, in Germany $250, in Great Britain $589. In the production of bituminous coal the average income of the families of the United States is given at $550, in Belgium $426, in Germany $391, and in Great Britain $495. Thus it will be seen that in every instance the average American workman in this country is far better off than those of other parts of the world.

STATEMENT OF THE TREASURY.

Classified List of Assets and Demand Liabilities.

Washington, Aug. 23.—The statement of the United States treasurer showing the classified assets of the treasury and demand liabilities is as follows:

ASSETS.

Gold coin and bullion....	$179,498,045
Silver dollars and bullion..	330,529,857
Silver dollars and bullion, act July 14, 1890....	149,449,661
Fractional silver and minor coin....	13,235,858
United States notes......	15,671,941
United States treasury notes..	4,960,362
Gold certificates....	4,084,290
Silver certificates..	2,524,599
National bank notes....	3,275,358
Deposits with national bank depositories:	
General account....	12,489,611
Disbursing officers' balances..	3,949,591
Total....	$719,669,233

LIABILITIES.

Gold certificates....	$ 85,272,089
Silver certificates..	330,613,504
United States treasury notes..	150,239,280
Currency certificates....	5,795,000
Disbursing officers' balances, agency accounts, etc........	36,584,855

SENATORS FIRED.

Mantle and Allen Not Entitled to Seats.

Washington, Aug. 29.—The Senate, by a vote of 32 to 29, decided that Mr. Mantle, of Montana, and Mr. Allen, of Washington, are not entitled to seats and that a governor of a state has not the right to appoint a Senator to fill a vacancy caused by the expiration of a regular term, not happening by resignation or otherwise. The House bill to repeal the Sherman act was laid before the Senate and referred to the committee on finance. Mr. Voorhees, chairman of that committee, announced that there would be prompt action by the committee to-morrow.

REPEAL BILL WENT OVER.

Mr. Teller Objected to Immediate Consideration.

Washington, Aug. 29.—In the Senate Mr. Teller objected to immediate consideration of the repeal bill, and it went over till to-morrow.

In the House the report of the committee on rules was taken up and considered.

Senate committee resolved to report the Wilson bill back to the Senate with the recommendation that the Voorhees bill be substituted.

Gold Bullion to Be Coined.

Washington, Aug. 29.—Secretary Carlisle has ordered that the United States mints at Philadelphia and San Francisco be fully manned and the full capacity of both mints be utilized in the coining of gold bullion. The treasury department possesses from 85 to 90 millions of gold bullion, which is a part of the gold reserve of $100,000,000. Gold bars can not be used as currency, so it has been decided in the present need to coin the bullion on hand.

No More Aliens.

Washington, Aug. 29.—Representative Allinger introduced a bill providing for the dismissal from the government service of all persons not citizens of the United States, and preventing their further employment in the service.

ROCKAWAY BEACH AGAIN BURNED

Heavy Loss at That Popular Resort.

Rockaway Beach, L. I., Aug. 29.—Rockaway Beach, the famous summer and pleasure resort, was visited by another disastrous fire early this morning. The place had hardly recovered from the conflagration of last fall, when nearly every structure on the beach was destroyed by the flames.

The fire was discovered in the seaside station of the Rockaway Beach railroad at 2:15 a. m. The flames originated in the top story. Sergt. Wolfert, wife and two children; Section Foreman Anthony Roop, with his family and five railroad gatemen, were asleep at the time on the second floor. They were aroused with difficulty. Wolfert saved his two children but was badly burned. Mrs. Wolfert jumped from the second story and was followed by the five gatemen. All sustained serious injuries.

A heavy rain began falling at 4:15 o'clock, and this caused the flames to be extinguished. The damage will be very heavy, as all the burned structures were entirely new.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S SON WEDS

Notable Nuptials at Auburn, New York.

Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 25.—One of the most brilliant and elaborate society events in the social annals of the town took place last evening at St. Peters Episcopal church. It was the wedding of Wm. Henry Seward, jr., son of Gen. Seward, and grandson of the illustrious premier of Lincoln's Cabinet, and Miss Anna Dennis Myers, daughter of Gorton W. Allen, one of the eight commissioners at large of the Columbian Exposition.

The weather was inclement, but the spacious auditorium of the church was thronged to repletion, 1,600 invitations having been issued. The Rev. Dr. Brainard officiated, and the Wagnerian wedding march was played by the organist.

FARMERS NEED SEED WHEAT.

Crop in Kansas is a Complete Failure.

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 29.—Secretary Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, has issued an appeal for seed wheat and money with which to buy it, for farmers of Western Kansas.

The appeal states that the wheat crop is a total failure in that portion of the state. The appeal adds that the popular opinion that Western Kansas is not adapted to the growing of wheat is erroneous, that in three out of four, last year's wheat crop in this section shows as large a yield per acre as the eastern third of Kansas, and a larger yield per acre than Illinois and Indiana.

Banks Have Resumed.

New York, Aug. 29.—The World today prints a list of twenty banks which have resumed business, also a list of about 50 manufacturing establishments which have resumed operations since August 12.

ALMOST DESTROYED A PORTION OF SAVANNAH.

The Storm Also Devastated Charleston—Damage Second Only to the Earthquake Disaster of a Few Years Ago.

St. Louis, Aug. 29.—A Republic special from Savannah, Ga., says:

Cyclone-swept! Those two words only partially stated the condition of the Tybe island (that portion of the city lying at the mouth of the Savannah river) last night, which was struck by the most terrific cyclone that ever visited this section of the country. The quarantine station, one of the finest in the South Atlantic 24 hours ago, is now a total ruin, with the exception of the doctors' residence, which miraculously escaped.

The wharves are gone, the new fumigating plant which has cost the city so much money, is in the bottom of the sea, and nine vessels which were waiting there for release to come to the city, are high and dry on the marsh, and will no doubt be total wrecks. The Conshine was the only vessel which managed to keep afloat. The tug Paulson arrived in the city at 5 o'clock this afternoon. She brought up about 60 passengers from the Tybe. One of the passengers stated that four negroes engaged in clearing the railroad track were drowned. It is reported that eight of the crew of a terrapin sloop which went ashore on the south end were drowned.

Details Are Meager.

It is impossible to yet learn all the details of the disaster. There are many stories afloat of numerous other dead, but, while no doubt many of them are true, yet they cannot be verified. The property damage on the island is enormous. The Hotel Tybe is considerably damaged. All of its verandas and the whole front are carried away. The bath-houses are destroyed, the Knights of Pythias club house was washed away, two cottages of the Cottage club were demolished and the ruins washed away, the Butler house is completely destroyed and the Nailor house slightly damaged, Henry Green's house was burned, George Boswell's cottage was swept out to sea and the residence of Mr. Starr was washed into the woods.

The railroad track is cleaned out. The storm swept with tremendous force over the north part of the island. Railroad tracks were carried three to five hundred feet by the force of the water. The Chatham club house is practically ruined, the pavilions on the hotels are gone and things destroyed generally. The church steeples are demolished, and at least five hundred large trees are blown down all over the city. The Tybee road is under water the entire distance, and many places is entirely washed out.

There is no communication whatever with Tybee except by boat. Nothing definite can be learned from Tybee island until morning, as all the wires and railroad communication is interrupted. It is believed that the first bulletins of the cyclone's destructiveness have not been exaggerated. While thus far only sixteen lives are known to have been lost, yet the loss of life must certainly have been twice that.

The property loss already known will exceed a million dollars, and there is no telling where the figures will end when the full details of the damage are known.

AT CHARLESTON.

The City Storm Swept and Great Damage Done.

Charleston, S. C., Aug. 29.—While the record of terror and ruin wrought by the great disaster of 1885 remains unbroken, Charleston has again stood in the track of a cyclone which has shaken the old city to her foundation stones. The damage to property cannot now be told and the loss of life is unknown. The citizens awoke Monday morning and gazed upon innumerable raids of the hurricane which swept over the city Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. Uprooted trees had fallen, roofs, broken fences and in the less substantial parts of the town wrecked sheds and shanties were found everywhere. The cyclone swept up the coast and across Charleston. Early Saturday morning the dreaded signal was run up and the city held its breath, hoping that the storm might pass by. Saturday night a heavy Northeast gale started shortly after midnight and blew for several hours, but as a partial lull had preceded dawn and continued throughout the early hours of the morning it was hoped that after all the city would not fall within the track of the cyclone. But the weather looked exceedingly dirty yesterday morning and the wind rose again to a gale and came in fitful, angry gusts out of the Northeast.

Lightning went flying in every quarter until it was unsafe to walk the streets. Pedestrians venturesome enough to weather the storm, found themselves drenched with rain, their umbrellas turned wrong side out, and themselves almost swept off their feet. The rain did not set in until about 2 o'clock. When it did start in it came in torrents which deluged houses and flooded the streets. The terrific force of the storm forced the water into the cracks of windows and doors in quantities sufficient to drench the furniture in dwelling houses, and in some instances to flood the floors. This was the storm in the daytime, but it grew worse as night drew on. The gloom was apparent everywhere. The streets were now almost deserted. The flying timber, falling trees and falling wreckage of all descriptions made it dangerous to walk the streets. When night did come, it wrapped the city in perfect darkness. The electric wires were all down, and it would have been impossible to keep gas jets burning.

Dangerous in the Streets.

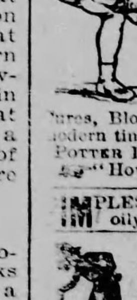
The flying tiles, falling trees and wreckage of all description made it dangerous to walk the streets. When night did come, it wrapped the city in perfect darkness. The electric wires were all down, and it would have been impossible to keep gas jets burning. A feeble ray from shutterless windows, and the faint glow of a full moon were the only rays of light which relieved the perfect darkness.

It is, of course, out of the question to hazard a good guess as to the loss which has been occasioned. Several casualties to persons and much serious damage are reported, but a complete inventory places the extent of damage at $1,000,000. Estimates at this writing are impossible. None of the business houses are open this morning. Half of the streets are impassable on account of the fallen trees, telegraph poles and timbers. Serious fears are entertained for the inhabitants of Sullivan's Island and coast. The former place was last heard from at 3 p. m. Sunday. Communication is suspended.

The Niedringhaus tinplate and stamping works at St. Louis, Mo., will start up this week, giving employment to 2,000 hands.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,



CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.
"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

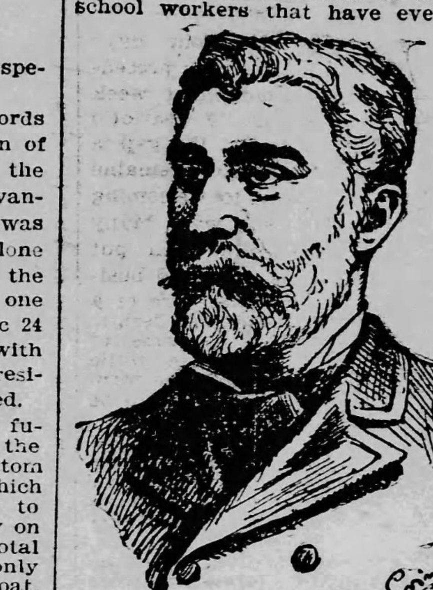
WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

SABBATH SCHOOL WORKERS.

Big Gathering at St. Louis This Week.

St. Louis, Aug. 26.—On Wednesday, August 30, until Wednesday, September 6, St. Louis will be filled with perhaps the largest number of Sabbath school workers that have ever con-



REV. B. F. JACOBS.

gregated. Three separate organizations will hold conventions. On August 30, the Field Workers will gather; August 31 marks the opening of the seventh international Sunday school convention of the United States, while the second World's Sunday school convention will hold its first session on Monday, September 4.

The sessions of the conventions will be held in the music hall of the St. Louis Exposition building. The delegates from the states and territories will be sent at the ratio of four for every 150,000 population, and from Canada and Newfoundland the same. The number from foreign lands is not limited, but is restricted to such as bear credentials from national and international Sunday school organizations where they exist. In all, however, the delegates are limited to 3,000. Visitors to the conventions will greatly swell the number.

Mr. Edward Towers, of London, has charge of the foreign forces, while Rev. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, is at the head of America's representatives and chairman of the International Sunday school committee.

Mr. Jacobs has been actively connected with Sunday school work for many years.

WAITE IS NOT WANTED.

Not a Wise Man to Give Workingmen Counsel.

Columbus, Aug. 29.—It transpired last night, in the regular meeting of the Columbus Trades and Labor assembly that Governor Waite, of Colorado, had been invited by a committee to speak here on Labor day. The assembly is composed of delegates from all of the unions in the city.

A delegate raised the point that Governor Waite, on account of his effort to divide the East and the West, "was not a wise man to have here," and offered a motion, which was carried, the effect of which is to recall the invitation.

MAYOR HARRISON TO MARRY.

Will Go Through the Ordeal the Third Time.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—Mayor Carter Harrison will take unto himself a bride some time in September. The lady is Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans. She is about 30 years old, and is said to be worth about $3,000,000.

Mayor Harrison is 68 years old, and this will be the third time he has gone through the marriage ceremony.

He has three children, all of them older than Miss Howard. The wedding is set for some time during the latter part of September.

CARTER IS PHILANTHROPIC.

Orders a General Reduction in Rents.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Instead of reductions in wages Mayor Carter Harrison believes in reductions in other directions. He to-day announced that he has ordered his agents to make a general reduction in rents.

"I have done so," said Mr. Harrison, "because times are hard and money is scarce. I hope my action will be the means of relieving those who are embarrassed. I believe that a general reduction in rents is in order, and it would be a good thing if landlords and agents would follow my example."

PEARY CAN'T BUY DOGS.

Four or Five Dollars Each Asked for the Canines.

St. John's, N. F., Aug. 29.—Further discouraging news concerning the Peary expedition comes from Labrador by the mail steamer arriving here last night. According to the last report, Peary was at Davis inlet on August 2, and on the fifth had reached Nain. There he tried again to purchase dogs, but failed, because he refused to pay the prices asked. He had not at last accounts purchased dogs, although he had tried several places. The dogs are worth $4 or $5 apiece, while Peary offers but 40 cents.

A Japanese Prince.

Chicago, Aug. 28.—Prince Komatsu Yorihito, one of the ten imperial princes of Japan and about seventh

THE JAPANESE PRINCE.

cousin of the Mikado, arrived in Chicago on the 9:30 train from St. Paul this morning.

The prince is supposed to be traveling incognito, but it didn't work, for 150 people jammed around the train to see the young man step off.

Factories Resuming Work.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 29.—Resumptions of verious mills here during the past few days have given employment to 6,000 men. Among the plants resuming were Park Bros. steel works, 700 men; Howe, Brown & Co., and Schoenberger's, 600 men each; United States tin plate works, 200 men; Sligo iron works, 200 men, and Singer & Co., 50 men. The Lapweld department of the National Tube Works company; Anderson Dupuy's plant, and the Liggett spring and axle works are preparing to resume this week.

The Last Trip.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Aug. 29.—The dense fog which has hung over this locality did not interfere in the least with the President's plans. In company with Mr. Clark Davis and Mr. Benedict, of Philadelphia, the President left for the fishing grounds soon after breakfast. The trip is the last for the President this season.

INDIANAPOLIS GETTING IN SHAPE FOR THE ENCAMPMENT.

Decorations Will Be Complete and Superb—Statue of Miss Indiana—Extra Policemen Appointed.

Indianapolis, Aug. 29.—Four days before the grand naval parade preceding the G. A. R. encampment week the city bears a decidedly patriotic aspeot. The closing lap of the gap is commenced, and little now remains to be done preparatory to welcoming the veterans of the late war. Many decorations have already been put into place, both on resident and business streets. Many of these are of a very elaborate and beautiful design. Heroic sized equestrian pictures of famous generals are to be seen, while some of the war scenes take the form of transparencies, and at night will be illuminated.

Large forces of men have been repairing the asphalt thoroughfares along the line of march, filling up the little holes, smoothing over the rough places, and removing all curb obstructions.

The immense reviewing stand on Washington street, extending from Delaware to Alabama street, is nearly completed. This structure occupies all of court-house square, and will have a seating capacity of nearly 20,000 people. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and tickets will be sold to its fullest capacity. The executive board expects to derive a sum from this piece of enterprise that will aid materially in defraying the week's expenses. The lines of march for the three great parades, viz: Naval on Saturday; G. A. R. on Tuesday, and War Pageant on Thursday, have all been selected.

Extra Police Appointed.

Several hundred extra police and detectives have been appointed and Superintendent of Police Colbert has issued a circular for the benefit of citizens and visitors, which is intended to quicken their wits relative to the law of self-preservation. The great soldiers' monument on Monument Square, will be one of the many attractions to the visitors. Miss Indiana in bronze has been elevated to the top, a distance of 300 feet. The scaffolding has been removed from about her, and she will be ready to greet the old soldiers from every quarter.

Decorations on Monument Square were commenced several days ago. Massive columns have been placed at regular distances around the entire circle. These will be covered with vari-colored bunting and flags, and each column will represent an army corps. The shaft will be covered with electric lights, and a search light will be placed on top of the crowning figure. The effect of this electrical display will be dazzling and beautiful.

Quite a number of veterans are already here, many of them being delegates who have preceded their posts to prepare quarters for those bodies on their arrival.

Adams, of Massachusetts, and Hurst, of Ohio, are thus far most talked of locally for commander-in-chief. Many other candidates, however, are expected to enter the race. It is also said by many of the advance forces that a good portion of the business and executive meetings will be given over to the discussion of the much agitated pension question.

STILL PREACHING REVOLUTION.

Anarchistic Speech Made by Mrs. Lease Yesterday.

Mount Gretna, Pa., Aug. 25.—Thursday was recognized as the big day at the national encampment of the Farmers' Alliance. Owing to the rain the morning's programme was abandoned, but there was an outpouring of people in the afternoon, when the

MARY JANE LEASE.

clouds rolled away. Conservative estimates place the attendance at over 30,000.

In the afternoon, 2,000 people assembled in the auditorium of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua to hear Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, make her first address to a Pennsylvania audience. The speaker was introduced to the audience by Col. J. H. McDowell, of Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Lease said: "The people of Kansas will never give up their fight for human rights and human liberty until we have in deed and in truth a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Not only are the people of Kansas, but the people of the entire country, in the midst of the most tremendous social and political revolution that ever swept over the nation. The tendency of the times is toward revolution; the fires of discontent have been kindled all over this land, and we are now living in an age of thought, and there never was a time when the people investigated political and social problems so deeply as now."

LABOR CONGRESS AT CHICAGO.

Lady Dilke Tells of Suffering in England.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Kate Field read the first paper before the labor congress. It was written by Lady Emelia Dilke, of London, telling of the frightful condition of women in the labor market of the United Kingdom. Herbert Burrows, representative of the London social democratic federation, led the discussion which followed. He told of the women who work twelve hours a day for $1.25 a week in the rail and chain forges of Gredleigh Heath, and there were many damp eyes in the hall when he said that they hung the cradles containing their little babies over the forges to prevent the little ones from freezing or starving at home for want of care.

He demanded equal pay for women who do the same work as men, and declared the woman question must be settled in labor circles before the labor question can be satisfactorily settled. Mr. Burrows was vigorously applauded. Last night the chief speakers were Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, of New York, and Samuel Gompers, president of the American federation of labor.

MINING TROUBLE IS SETTLED.

Work Down in the Valley Will Begin at Once.

Shawnee, Aug. 28.—(Special.)—The mining question in regard to times of payment for work has at last been settled at a meeting here yesterday of delegates representing 60,000 men.

The following resolution was adopted: That each and every mine in Hocking, Perry and Athens counties make the best possible terms with their respective operators, said terms not to exceed sixty days from date of issue, and to continue on such a basis until the money market will justify the operators to resume the old system of semi-monthly pay. Work at the mines here will start immediately.

A Denver Bank Resumes.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 29.—The German National bank opened its doors for business at the regular hour this morning. This is one of the oldest banks in the city, and one of the last to suspend during the July panic. Soon as the doors were opened, County Treasurer Hart deposited $20,000; Appell & Co., the clothing merchants, $25,000, and several others nearly as large amounts, while the lines of small depositors reached to the streets. The other two suspended banks expect to resume this week.

EX-SENATOR EVARTS'S WEDDING

Golden Anniversary to Be Celebrated.

Windsor, Vt., Aug. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. William Maxwell Evarts will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary Wednesday at Runnymede, the beautiful home near this village with 1,200 acres of ground, where the venerable lawyer, ex-senator, and ex-secretary of state and his wife will gather their children, grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends to observe the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Evarts have lived at Runnymede during the summer months ever since they were married, and there the eleven children born to them, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood and ten of whom are yet living, have passed the happiest days of their lives. The hearts of all the people of this historic town will be with the Evarts family in this celebration of 50 years of ideal married life, for the family and the family of Wardner, of which Mrs. Evarts was the oldest daughter, are so closely identified with Windsor's history as to make the celebration more than a family affair.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The decided improvement in the financial situation at New York for the past week was indexed in the bank statement, which was more favorable than had been expected. The reserve was increased over five millions, there was a slight increase in deposits, and the increase in circulation was $1,042,000. This statement shows an increase in confidence, due to the growing certainty that Congress will pass a bill for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law—that is, without any free coinage amendment. This is practically certain now, unless some unforeseen obstacle arises during the Senate debates. But it is also well known that a Presidential veto is ready for any bill that may pass which has any such rider, and it is felt that Congress, under the tremendous pressure of public sentiment, will not dare dally, but will unconditionally repeal the Sherman law.

The total imports of gold for the week were $6,573,458, chiefly from London and Bremen. Call money ranged during the week between 7 and 3 per cent, with renewals at 5 and 6 per cent. Time money is in urgent demand, with but little offering. Loans were made on a basis of 6 per cent with such commission added as may be agreed upon between the parties.

The close of the week showed a decidedly improved feeling in various trade centers. The weekly statement of bank clearings shows an enormous decrease as compared with a year ago. For the first week of August the total clearings showed a decrease of 6 per cent compared with the same week of 1892; the second week showed a decrease of 20 per cent, the third of 24 per cent, and last week of 33 per cent. This indicates a vast shrinkage in the business of the country, but it also means that production and distribution are getting down to bed rock; that the reduction of available stocks of commodities can not go much farther, and that an increase is speedily coming. The iron industry, the first to curtail production, is beginning to revive, in response to the demands of trade, and other industries will speedily follow suit. The outlook is growing more hopeful.

The stock market last week held the undertone of firmness remarked upon in this column a week ago, but the market was narrow, and not participated in by the outside public, because of the scarcity of currency and the high interest rates. The repeal of the Sherman law is awaited, to bring the hoarded currency again into its accustomed channels; and when this is done, and not till then, will stocks take the long-delayed upward movement.

Under a continued demand for bar silver from China and the Straits the market last week exhibited an advancing tendency. The closing price in New York on Saturday was 74 1-2 cents per ounce, at which rate the silver in the standard dollar is worth 57 5-8 cents.

CONDITION OF THE CROPS.

Bulletin Issued by the Department of Agriculture.

Washington, Aug. 23.—The department of agriculture has issued the following bulletin on condition of the crops in the Central states:

Illinois—More rain badly needed. Thrashing progressing.

Indiana—Rain badly needed; much corn damaged beyond recovery; pastures almost ruined.

West Virginia—Much corn fired; tobacco short.

Ohio—Drought partly broken but crop conditions generally unchanged. Upland corn and late potatoes beyond help; tobacco light crop.

Michigan—More rain greatly needed. Wheat better than expected; oats about average.

HARVESTS OF THE WORLD.

The United States Will Lead the Exporting Countries.

Vienna, Aug. 28.—The estimate of the harvests of the world, which are prepared annually by government officials, will be given out to-day. The grain and seed market, as estimated, will show Austria's yield of wheat to be 14,000,000 meterzentner, or 88.8 per cent; rye, 24,500,000 meterzentner, or 89 per cent; barley, 145,000 meterzentner, or 93.5 per cent; oats, 500,000 meterzentner, 8.69 per cent. The estimates for Hungary will show: Wheat, 40,000,000 meterzentners; rye, 17,000,000; barley, 15,250,000; oats, 12,000,000.

Estimates for other countries are as follows:

Prussia—Rye, 96 per cent; winter wheat 94; summer wheat, 92; barley, 81; oats, 53.

Denmark—Rye and wheat, 100 per cent.

Norway and Sweden—Wheat, 100 per cent; rye, 90 per cent.

Switzerland—Rye, 71 per cent; wheat, 81 per cent.

Holland—Wheat 85 to 90 per cent; barley 85.

Belgium—Wheat, 85 to 90 per cent.

France—Wheat 90,000,000 to 95,000,000 and oats, 86 per cent; rye, 20,000,000 hectolitres.

England—Wheat, 90 per cent; barley, 75; hay and fodder, a decrease of 60 per cent.

Italy—Wheat, 50,000,000 hectolitres.

Servia and Bulgaria have 465,000 metzernen availble for export.

The estimates for Roumania show a deficiency of 40 per cent in the wheat and rye harvests.

Poland, after the needs of her inhabitants are supplied, will have a surplus of 4,000,000 poods of wheat and 400,000 poods of barley.

Central Russian provinces—Wheat, 70 to 80 per cent; rye, 80 to 90; barley, 110 to 120; oats, 120 to 130.

Taurus—Winter wheat and rye, 150 per cent; barley and oats, 300 per cent.

Egypt will have 230,000 meterzentner available for export.

The estimated yield for British India is 2,236,000 tons.

The estimated yield for North America is 382,000,000 bushels of wheat; 24,333,000 bushels of rye, and 1,809,000,000 bushels of corn.

The Hungarian minister of Agriculture estimated the world's production of wheat this year at 2,279,000,000 bushels, against the official average of 2,280,000 annually for the last ten years. He gives, also, the following figures: The deficits to be filled by the importing ciuntries will require 379,000,000 bushels. The surplus available in exporting countries to satisfy this demand is 378,666,000 bushels. The world's product of rye is given as 485,000,000 hectolitres. The production of wheat and the deficits in amount needed above the domestic supply (in each importing country) is given:

Production in Wheat.

	Product in bush.	Deficit.
Great Britain	56,750,000	184,427,000
France	283,764,000	46,818,000
Germany	90,700,000	25,537,000
Italy	122,012,000	22,700,000
Netherlands	6,384,000	8,512,000
Switzerland	4,539,000	12,768,000
Belgium	15,605,000	24,118,000
Denmark	4,256,000	3,688,000
Norway and Sweden	4,823,000	2,270,000
Spain	76,612,000	8,512,000
Portugal	5,675,000	5,675,000
Greece	4,255,000	7,377,000
Austria	45,400,000	39,725,000

The production and surplus in each exporting country are given thus:

	Product in bush.	Surplus.
Russia	342,965,000	97,893,000
Hungary	141,870,000	45,400,000
Roumania	46,818,000	34,050,000
Turkey	23,375,000	5,875,000
Bulgaria	31,977,000	10,782,000
Servia	8,512,000	3,406,000
United States	397,250,000	69,518,000
Canada	43,980,000	9,931,000
India	274,885,000	42,562,000
Rest of Asia	65,262,000	7,093,000
Africa	36,716,000	3,688,000
Australia	39,725,000	19,295,000
Argentina	56,700,000	26,105,000
Chile, etc.	19,862,000	6,526,000

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Improvement Is Now More Distinct and General.

New York, Aug. 26.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade: The improvement observed last week has become much more distinct and general. Many disasters have been avoided by a more general pooling of resources and a greater spirit of mutual helpfulness and forbearance. One large stock failure for several millions was thus prevented on Wall street on Thursday. Money on call is more abundant, but there is little relief as respects mercantile accommodations. The difficulty of collections and the interruption of exchanges are nearly as serious as ever. The number of industrial establishments resuming begins to compare fairly with the number stopping work.

The absorption of money, it is evident, has not yet ceased and credit substitutes in use as yet poorly supply its place. But it is well to remember that a mere change in public sentiment would unlock many millions of money and add enormously to the volume of credits. Though such a change has not yet come, there is general hope that it may not be long deferred.

The failures for the past week number 410 in the United States and 20 in Canada.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Aug. 29, 1893.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 29.	Aug. 22.
U. S. 4s, coupons......	111	112
U. S. 4s, registered......	111	112
U. S. 2s, registered....	97	95
Pacific 6s of 1895......	101	103

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-day.

There was a fair trade in wheat this afternoon, and the markets closed up firm. There was no particular feature to influence trade. There seems to be a growing belief among traders that wheat will soon go to a higher basis, but a sharp advance under existing conditions may not be looked for. Wheat is certainly very low, and traders as a rule would be pleased to see the producers get more money for it. On an advancing market trade would be brisk, and that is what grain men would like to see. Dragging markets means no profit, or but very little. Prices of wheat will be advanced steadily, if at all. The big bulges of former times are not indulged in now. Traders have become more conservative, and are not disposed to run the unwise risks which occurred formerly. England and France, as well as Germany, will take American wheat at a fair price, and exports are likely to be large. Under the recent difference of views between Russia and Germany regarding tariff matters, Germany is disposed to buy wheat in the American markets. Her main cereal food supply, however, is rye.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 420,000 bushels, of which 160,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 260,000 bushels to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1892 were 600,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 were 11,740,000 bushels, of which 6,940,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 4,800,000 bushels to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 21,800,000 bushels, of which 13,440,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 8,360,000 bushels to the Continent.

In corn prices held up at the close to nearly the highest point. Yesterday's charters for about 800,000 bushels of corn at Chicago helped the market. At Chicago August corn closed at 37 1-2c; September, 37 1-4c, 37 1-8c, 37 3-4c, then 37 1-2c. At New York September corn closed at 45c.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

There was fair activity in wheat this afternoon, and prices closed steady for future delivery. Cash wheat was steady all day. Corn received no attention. Clover seed was active, closing a little lower but steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 61 1-2c; No. 3 soft red, 60c; No. 3 white, 58c.

September wheat, 61 7-8c, and finally 62c; October, 64 1-2c, then 64 1-4c; December, 69 1-2c, and to close, 69c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Aug.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	61½a
Chicago	....	....	....	61
St. Louis...	59	59	58⅝	58⅝
September—				
Toledo	61¾	62	61¼	62
Chicago ...	62¼	62¼	62⅛	62@62¼
New York..	....	....	....	68⅜
St. Louis...	60	60	59¼	59⅝

Corn—No. 2, about 40c.
Oats—No. 2, 25 1-2c.
Rye—No. 2, 45 1-2c.
Clover seed—Prime, cash, $5.30; September, $5.45; October, $5.50; No. 2 seed, $5.15.

C. A. King & Co. report street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 57c; white wheat, 54c; Corn, 40c; oats, 25@27c; rye, 40c.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market was active this morning. Prices show but little change in most things. Fruits are more plentiful.

Butter—Creamery, 21@22c, dairy, 15@18c; fair quality, 13@14c.

Eggs—Fresh, receipts, 13c.

Vegetables—Potatoes, 75c; cucumbers, doz., 5@8c, tomatoes, bu., 40c; sweet potatoes, bbl., $4.00; celery, bunch, 25c; lettuce, doz. heads, 15c; cabbages, bbl., 75c; cabbages, doz., 20@25c; onions, doz. bunches, 8@10c; onions, bu., $1; corn, green, ears, doz., 6c; radishes, dozen, bunches, 10c; pickling cucumbers, per 100, 25 cents.

Fresh Fish—(Retail)—Fresh cod, lb. 10@12½c; roe shad, each, 75c; buck shad, 60c each; pompano, lb. 25c; black bass, lb. 15c; pickerel, lb. 10c; red snappers, lb. 12½c; trout, 10c; lobsters, each, 20c; striped bass, lb. 25c; herring, lb. 6c; smelts, lb. 12½c; whitefish, lb. 12½c; Kennebec river salmon, lb. 15c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs. $7@7.50; calves, lb. 6@7½c; mutton, lb. 6½@7c; lambs, lb. 8c.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, old, 11c; young, 14c.

Fruits—Huckleberries, per bu. $3.50; lemons, box, $3.50@5.00; peaches, bushel, $2.50; pears, bu. $1; nutmeg melons, per 100, $4@5; watermelons, per 100, $10@15; plums, bu. $2.50; apples, bu. 75c; grapes, lb. 4c.

Wool—Unwashed, 10@14c; washed, 15@19c; tub-washed, 20@21c; sheep pelts, 10@15c; shaved, 25@30c for lamb pelts.

Salt Meats—Heavy mess pork, bbl. $20.00; light mess, $21.00; clear mess, $22.00.

Hams—Sugar-cured, lb. 15c; breakfast bacon, 14c; shoulders, 12½@13c; bologna, lb. 6c. Lard, tierces, barrels, half-barrels and 50-pound tins, 12½c.

Timothy, ton, $12.50.

Hides—Cured, heavy steers, lb. 4c; light hides, 3½c; green, heavy steers, 3½c; light hides, 2½c; calf, green, 5c; cured do, 5½c. Skins—Lambs, 30c; shearlings, 15c.

Grain and Produce.

Liverpool, Aug. 29.—Closing—Pork—The demand is fair and market unchanged. Lard in moderate demand and unchanged. Wheat—Demand fair; No. 2 red winter steady at 5s 4½d; No. 2 red spring steady at 5s 5½d. Flour—Demand moderate and market unchanged.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—11:45 a. m.—Wheat—Sept., 61¾@61⅞c; Dec., 68@68⅛c. Corn—Sept., 37½@37⅝c; Oct., 38¼c; May, 40⅝c. Oats—September, 23⅞c; Oct., 24½c; May, 29⅝c. Pork—Oct., $14.10; Jan., $12.82½. Lard—Sept., $8.02½; Oct., $7.90. Ribs—Sept., $8.65; Oct., $8.10.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Close—Wheat easy; cash, 62c; Sept., 62¼c; Dec., 68⅛@68¼c. Corn firm. Cash, 37¼c; Sept., 37¼c; Oct., 38⅛@38⅜c. Oats steady; cash, 23¾c; Sept., 23⅝c; Oct., 24⅝c. Pork steady; Sept., $14.45; Oct., $13.75. Lard steady; cash, $7.75; Oct., $7.70. Short ribs are steady; Sept., $8.62½; Oct., $7.90. Rye dull at 43½c. Flax seed steady. Timothy seed steady at $5.45 per cwt. Butter firm and eggs steady. Whisky, $1.12.

New York, Aug. 29.—Flour, dull but steady. Wheat—Receipts, 356,000 bu; sales, 535,000 bu; No. 2 red, dull but steady; September, 68 5-16@69¼c; October, 70⅜@71¼c; December, 75¼@76⅝c; May, 82¾@83¼c. Rye, nominal; western, 54@55c. Corn—Receipts, 42,000 bu; sales, 5,000 bu; No. 3 dull; September, 45c; No. 2, 45¼@46c. Oats—Receipts, 214,000 bu; sales, none; No. 2, dull but steady; August, 30¼@30¾c; October, 30¾c; December, 32¼c; western, 31@39c. Beef, steady but dull. Pork, firm but quiet; new mess $16@17. Lard, firmer but dull at $8.65. Butter—Receipts, 11,000 packages; western dairy, 14½c; western creamery, 17c. Cheese, easy but dull at 8½c. Eggs, firm but quiet; western, 15½c. Sugar, firm and active; crushed, 5⅝c; granulated, 5 3-16c. Petroleum, quiet but steady at $5.10@5.15. Spirits of turpentine, firm at 26½@27½c. Molasses, dull but steady at 30@68c. Freights, easy but dull. Resin, 90@95c; dull but steady. Tallow, steady at 4⅞c. Hops, firm but dull; Pacific coast, 19@22c. Coffee—Spot Rio, quiet at 16½@16¾c for No. 7.

Live Stock.

St. Louis, Aug. 28.—Cattle—Market 25c higher for Texans; top steers, $3.20; no natives here. Hogs—Market opened lower and closed steady; top, 6.15; bulk of sale, $5.30 to $5.50. Sheep—Market unchanged.

Cleveland, Aug. 29.—(Special.)—Receipts of cattle, 3 cars; market about steady; demand fair; milch cows steady. Receipts of veals, 30 head; market steady; choice calves, $5.25 to $5.65. Receipts of hogs, 16 cars; market closing slow; good corn pigs and lights, $5.90 to 6.10. Heavies, $5.50 to 5.60. Receipts of sheep, 3 cars; market slow.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 28.—Cattle—Market steady to strong; Texas and shipping steers, $1.75 to $5; Texas and native cows, $1.15 to $2.95; butcher stock, $2.75 to $4; stockers and feeders, $2 to $3.50. Hogs—Market opened weak and closed stronger; bulk, $5 to $5.45; heavies and packers and mixed, $4.90 to $5.50; lights, Yorkers and pigs, $5 to $5.60. Sheep—Market steady and slow.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—The Evening Journal reports: Receipts of cattle, 7,000 head; largely Texans and rangers; steady on prime natives, with top sales for the week so far at $4.90 to $5.10; others, $4.50 to $4.75; common, $2.50 to 3.50. Receipts of hogs, 22,000 hed; market opened strong but closed easier; rough, $5 to $5.15; prime mixed and packers, $5.20 to $5.40; heavy, $5.50 to $5.65; light, $5.75 to $5.95. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 15,000 head; market slow and weak; top sheep, $3 to $3.50; top lambs, $4.75 to $5.25.

The British Grain Trade.

London, Aug. 28.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly report of the British grain trade, says: English wheats are weak, and prices have fallen 6d, both for the new crop and the old. There have been large offerings of foreign wheat, and prices have declined 1s for American, including Californian and Argentine, and 6d for Indian and Russian. Flours have fallen 6d to 1s per sack. Barley, oats and corn have shared the downward tendency. Wheat has sold for 30s per quarter. Some red wheats brought only 25s. Old wheats were in moderate request. Prices were extremely low. Foreign wheats were a shade firmer. Foreign flour was offered at prices that were 6d lower. This induced increased inquiry. Barley and oats were steady. The prices of beans and peas were in buyers' favor. Corn was easy.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Money on call is easier. Time money is about 6 per cent, with very little doing as yet. Mercantile paper is merely nominal. Speaking of the premium on currency a leading money broker said this morning that it ranged from ¼ to ¾ per cent. The demand from their largest customers, railway companies and others has fallen off, for the reason that the companies are handling their own currency; in other words, are hoarding enough for pay roll purposes. Spot gold is merely nominal and no quotation can be given for gold to arrive.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
A. C. O.....	30	.....	.....	31¼
Atch	16½	.....	.....	16⅞
A. S. R.....	80¼	.....	.....	82⅞
C. S.........	45½	.....	.....	46
C. G. T.....	52¼	.....	.....	52⅞
C. B. Q.....	78⅞	.....	.....	79⅛
C. C. C.....	35	.....	.....	35½
D. L. & W..	135	.....	.....	136½
Erie	13⅝	.....	.....	15
H. V........	16¼	.....	.....	16
L. S.........	117	.....	.....	118½
L. & N.....	53½	.....	.....	54
Lead	26½	.....	.....	28
M. P........	22	.....	.....	22¾
N. A.........	4¾	.....	.....	4¾
N. E.........	22¼	.....	.....	22¼
N. Y. C.....	100	.....	.....	100¼
N. P.	5⅞	.....	.....	6¼
N. P. Pfd...	22¾	.....	.....	22½
N. W.	97½	.....	.....	97⅞
O. M.	29⅞	.....	.....	29⅞
R. G.	16	.....	.....	17
R. I.	60	.....	.....	60½
St. Paul ...	55⅝	.....	.....	56⅜
Tex. P.	5½	.....	.....	5¼
U. P.	20	.....	.....	21¼
W. P.	14¾	.....	.....	15⅞
W. U.	79¼	.....	.....	79⅞
G. E.	40	.....	.....	40½
D. C. F.....	20⅞	.....	.....	21¼
T. C. I.	13	.....	.....	13½
Man.	114½	.....	.....	114½

Trade.

The financial situation has shown improvement during the past week, but business has not shown much increased activity. Manufactories are resuming work and there is evidence of a rapid recovery from the great depression that has existed.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Aug. 28.—The week has been an encouraging one for the tobacco trade. Easier money enabled manufacturers to take hold more freely. Reports from the crop now in the ground are not favorable. The drouth has seriously affected the plants. The feature of the week was the strengthing of high grades. Official quotations are:

1892 CROP—BURLEY.

Red.

Trash (green or mixed)......	$3 50@4 50
Trash (sound)......	4 50@5 50
Common lugs	5 50@6 50
Medium lugs	6 50@7 50
Good lugs	7 50@8 50
Common leaf (short)	8 00@9 00
Common leaf	9 00@10 00
Medium leaf	11 00@14 00
Good leaf	14 00@18 00
Fine leaf and selections	18 00@20 00

Colory.

Trash (green or mixed)	$5 50@6 50
Trash (sound)	6 50@7 50
Common lugs	7 50@8 50
Medium lugs	8 50@9 00
Good lugs	9 00@11 00
Common leaf (short)	8 00@9 00
Common leaf	10 00@12 00
Medium leaf	12 00@15 00
Good leaf	15 00@18 00
Fine and selections	18 00@25 50

1892—DARK.

Trash (green or mixed)	$3 25@3 75
Trash (sound)	3 75@4 00
Common lugs	4 00@4 50
Medium lugs	4 50@5 00
Good lugs	5 00@6 00
Common leaf (short)	5 25@6 00
Common leaf	5 50@6 00
Medium leaf	6 00@7 00
Good leaf	7 00@8 00
Fine and selections	8 00@10 00

GREEN RIVER.

Trash (green or mixed)	$4 00@4 50
Trash (sound)	4 50@5 00
Common lugs	5 00@5 50
Medium lugs	5 50@6 25
Good lugs	6 25@7 50
Common leaf (short)	7 00@8 00
Common leaf	7 50@9 00

Unsound or defective in condition, length or color, or mixed packages from 1@3c lower.

Cotton Markets.

Memphis, Aug. 28.—Cotton steady at 1-16c advance; middling, 7 3-16c.

Cincinnati, Aug. 28.—Cotton quiet and steady; middling, 7¾c.

St. Louis, Aug. 28.—Cotton steady and ⅛c higher; middling, 7⅛c.

Galveston, Aug. 28.—Cotton firm; middling, 7c; low middling, 6 11-16c; good ordinary, 6⅜c.

New Orleans, Aug. 28—Cotton quiet and firm; middling, 7 1-16c; low middling, 6 13-16c; good ordinary, 6⅜c.

Wool Markets.

St. Louis, Aug. 28.—Wool lifeless and prices entirely nominal and unchanged.

TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CURED

HILL'S DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD TABLETS

will completely destroy the desire for Tobacco in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, and may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, and will cause him to voluntarily quit smoking or chewing in a few days.

DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT may be easily cured at home by the use of Hill's Special Formula Gold Tablets.

IMPORTANT.

A remedy that requires the patient while taking it, to give up the use of Tobacco or Stimulants, has no curative powers. Beware of such nostrums.

When taking HILL'S TABLETS the patient need make no effort in his own behalf, and we permit the use of Tobacco, Liquor or Morphine until such time as it is voluntarily given up.

HILL'S CHLORIDE OF GOLD TABLETS are for sale by all first-class druggists at $1 per package.

BEWARE OF FRAUD.

The wonderful success of Hill's Tablets has caused many worthless imitations to be placed upon the market. If your druggist does not keep Hill's Tablets, but offers you something "just as good," shun it—he is deceiving you in order to sell something in which there is a greater profit.

REMEMBER, we guarantee a complete and permanent cure, or failing, will refund the money paid us.

FREE. A pamphlet of particulars together with testimonials from persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS, will be sent free on application.

If your druggist does not keep Hill's Tablets, send us $1.00 and we will forward you package by mail.

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